

MICHIGAN STATE JOURNAL

# PUTNAM'S & THE READER

THE JULY NUMBER

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By an Eye-Witness

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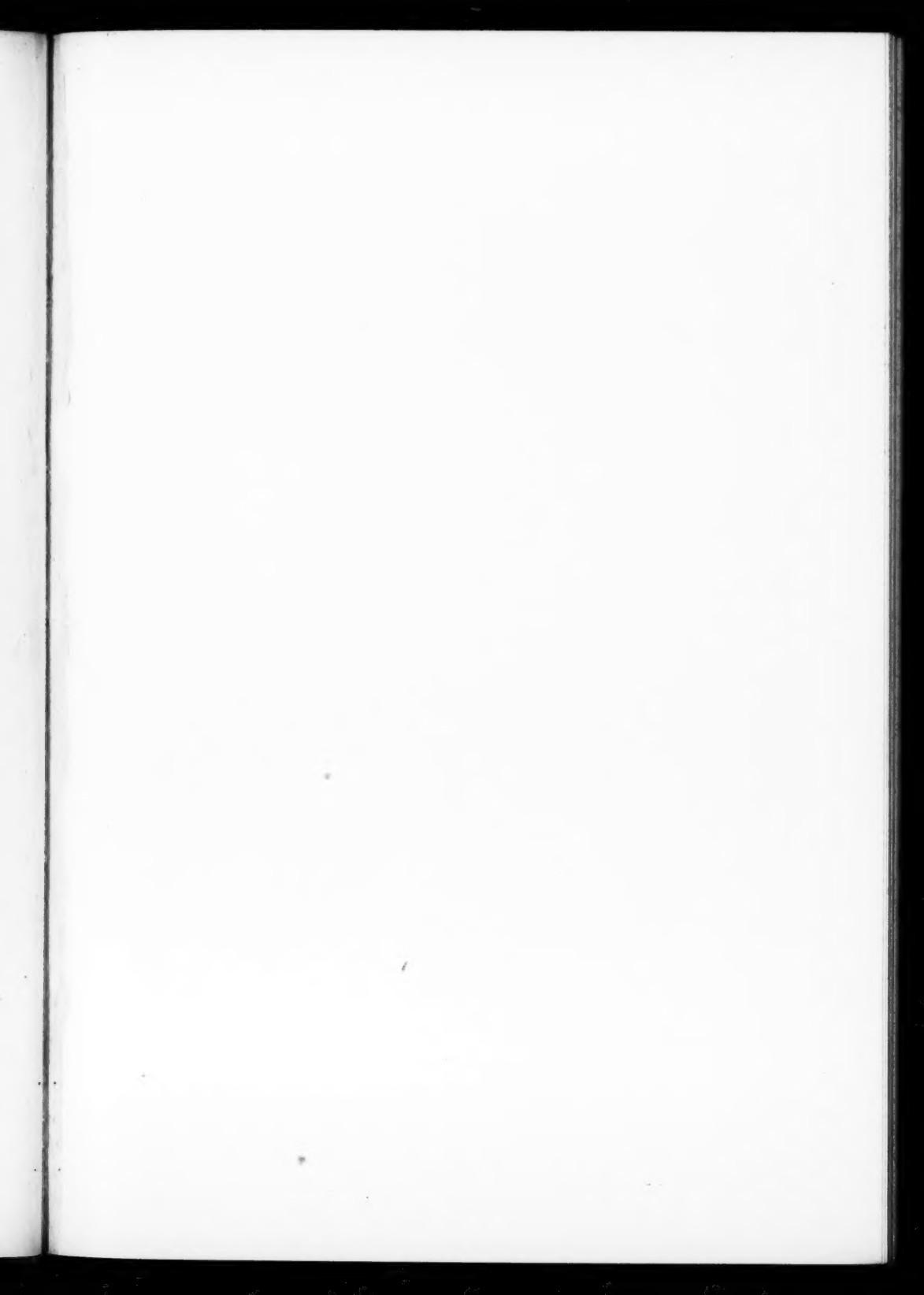
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(See page 443)

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

# PUTNAM'S MONTHLY & THE READER

VOL. IV

JULY, 1908

NO. 4



## NAPOLEON'S RETURN FROM ST. HELENA

AN EYE-WITNESS'S ACCOUNT OF A MEMORABLE EVENT

By KATHARINE PRESCOTT WORMELEY



NE of the mysteries of history is the motive that led Louis Philippe to bring the body of the Great Emperor back to France. It was a political blunder; soon made manifest so far as his own reign and dynasty were concerned. Warning after warning had reached him. Not a year of the July monarchy had passed before Prince Louis Bonaparte, lately affiliated with the Carbonari, was secretly rousing the Napoleonic fervor of the south of France; until, in May, 1831, he brought the veterans of the Grand Army before the Emperor's column in the Place Vendôme, to proclaim the son of their great general as Napoleon II. In 1836 (the Duc de Reichstadt being dead) Louis Bona-

parte, now styling himself Louis Napoleon, made the attempt on his own behalf at Strasburg, where his strength with the army was much greater than the authorities allowed it to appear. And at Boulogne, in 1840, his third attempt, made ridiculous by a tame eagle, was in reality a gathering of the officers and men of the Old Army, prepared to rouse the north of France—a project which was nipped in the bud solely by Prince Louis's incurable lack of punctuality.

Yet these very veterans were summoned by Louis Philippe to receive the body of their hero on its arrival in Paris!

Perhaps it was the old man's confidence in himself as the "citizen-king," the chosen "King of the French"; a vanity that may have been—probably was—worked upon by his then Prime Minister, M. Thiers,

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THE HOUSE AT ST. HELENA IN WHICH NAPOLEON SPENT HIS LAST DAYS

for ends of his own. Thiers, a true patriot at times, was always, first and last, for self; and he doubtless felt that Napoleon's return would place a crown upon his history of "The Consulate and the Empire." The old politician may also have looked for some personal glory in the return. If so, he was disappointed. The Eastern Question (that crucial question raised by the crusades and left unsettled to this day) cropped up; war was imminent between France and England, and M. Thiers was forced, before the arrival of Napoleon's body, to resign his position to Soult and Guizot.

Be this as it may, it is certain that the dramatic return of the Emperor, keeping alive the Napoleonic tradition in the hearts of the people, was one of the causes that led to the Second Empire; which, by a strange turn of fate, was destined to destroy, for ever and aye, the power of that tradition over the minds of Frenchmen.

On the 7th of July, 1840, the frigate *Belle Poule*, under command of Louis Philippe's third son, the Prince de Joinville, sailed from Toulon for St. Helena, having on board, in addition to the government officials, Baron Las Casas, Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud, the Abbé Coquereau, and four of Napoleon's former servants.

On the 30th of November the Prince de Joinville announced the return of the frigate to Cherbourg, bearing its precious freight. The coffin had been opened, for two minutes, at St. Helena, and the Emperor was found to look exactly as Las Casas and Bertrand remembered that he looked when laid within it. The face was perfect; the well-known green uniform retained its color, the cross of the Legion of Honor its brilliancy. Thus it was indeed the body of Napoleon himself, and not his mere "remains," that came back, according to the prayer of his last will and testament, to the banks of the Seine.

At Cherbourg the body was transferred, with its attendant company and the crew of the *Belle Poule*, to a flotilla that bore it to Havre, at the mouth of the Seine; where again it was transferred, with its guard of honor, to the deck of a barge, on which, visible to all eyes, it was floated up the river. This was, perhaps, the most remarkable period of the great return—the most purely emotional. From far and near the population of the north of France, men, women and children, flocked to the banks of the Seine, where they knelt, weeping and praying, as their Emperor passed. The survivors of the Grand Army brought their old

muskets to fire, under no word of command, their individual salutes. It was indeed a triumph—greater than Rome could show; without pomp, without victory, the untutored homage of a population.

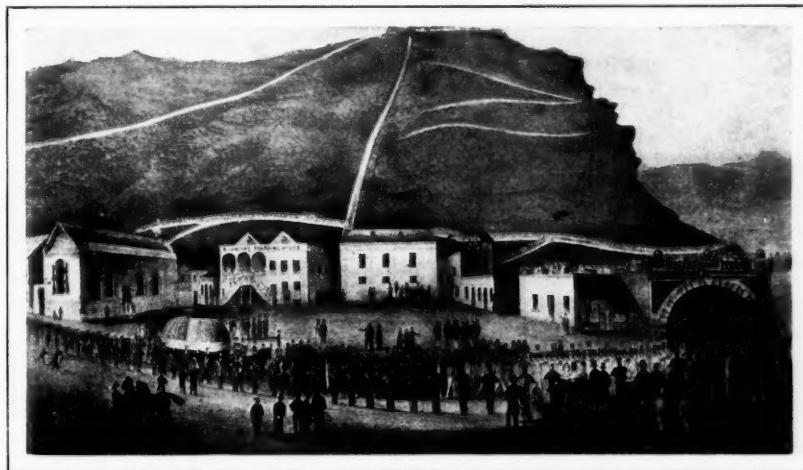
The *Belle Poule* had reached Cherbourg before she was due; the preparations for the reception in Paris were far from completed; five miles of quay and avenue were still to be decorated. Armies of workmen, soldiers, labourers, artisans, toiled night and day under the general orders of the Director of the Beaux Arts.

We were living in Paris at the time. After passing the summer in Switzerland, intending to spend the winter in Italy, our humble plans were interfered with by that upsetting Eastern Question. Our father, being a British naval officer, could not obtain a furlough beyond a certain distance from the English coast. His loss proved to be our gain on this occasion. We spent that preparatory week in roaming over the whole line of march, peeping, when we could, under the canvas screens and into the wooden huts where artists and artisans were putting the last touches to their work.

The evening before the great day

we walked the whole length of the Champs Elysées, from the Place de la Concorde to the Arch, to see the general effect of the decorations, which were then uncovered. Hundreds of carts and workmen were sanding the avenue, which gave the whole roadway a golden hue. Of course neither vehicles nor pedestrians were allowed upon it. At each side of the avenue and close to the leafless trees were colossal statues of Napoleon's victories, raised high on pedestals bearing the name of each victory, garlanded with laurel and *immortelles*. Alternating with the statues were triumphal columns, surmounted by golden eagles and draped with flags and other trophies. Between each statue and column were huge vases, of wide, open shape, also on pedestals, in which incense was to burn the next day as the procession passed. On the summit of the Arch of Triumph stood the Emperor, bearing his sceptre, and surrounded by allegorical figures. From this vantage-ground the great captain looked down upon the flags of all his armies, floating beneath him in the breeze.

The next day the cold was intense, the north wind piercing, but the sun



REMOVAL OF NAPOLEON'S REMAINS FROM ST. HELENA, 15 OCT., 1840

Lower Parade, Jamestown. Reproduced from a photograph of an old print

was bright. Crowds, the like of which were never seen (they were said to number over 700,000 persons), filled the sides of the avenue by day-break; roofs were invisible; every tree was laden with men and *gamins*. We had great difficulty in reaching the house from the windows of which we were to view the procession. This house was on the right of the Champs Élysées (going toward the Arch) and a little above the Rond Point. It was nearly opposite to a small house in which lived the Duc de Morny, then an ardent Orleanist, though just eleven years later (Dec. 1851) he inspired and engineered the Coup d'État!

The cold, as I have mentioned, was bitter; many hundred persons were said to have died from its effects. A Portuguese gentleman in the room with us tell a victim to it. Yet it could not have been as severe as the cold of America, for I recollect my girlish satisfaction in a new winter garment, a thin silk mantilla, slightly wadded, to be sure, but so made as not to cover the arms below the elbows.

A great pang was in our minds that day. After sixty-eight years I remember it keenly. Louis Napoleon had made, during the previous summer, his attempt at Boulogne. With him at Ham was Count Montholon, Napoleon's faithful friend and companion at St. Helena. He had been inveigled into joining Prince Louis's expedition, not knowing its purpose. He now implored the government to allow him to be present at the return of his great master, offering to appear "as a prisoner if necessary." His request was denied. I remember perfectly the anguish we felt as the other friends and generals of the Emperor passed and he was not among them! Nobody thought or cared for the "neveu de mon oncle," but that Montholon was not there was a grief.

The Emperor's body, when landed from the barge at Courbevoie, was placed upon the imperial car, or catafalque. The place intended for it, the sarcophagus, was at the apex of the car, over thirty feet from the ground. This sarcophagus was supported by twelve angelic figures, life-

size. They stood on the centre of the body of the catafalque, which, in its turn, was guarded by other life-sized figures, all of them symbolical. The whole construction, wheels and all, was of burnished gold. Its sides were draped with violet velvet, while from the upper sarcophagus floated an exquisite transparent veil of violet gauze studded with golden bees. The car was drawn by sixteen horses, harnessed four abreast, and covered entirely, so that their color could not be seen, by trappings of cloth of gold. Stately white and violet plumes were on their heads, and each horse was led by a groom in the imperial green.

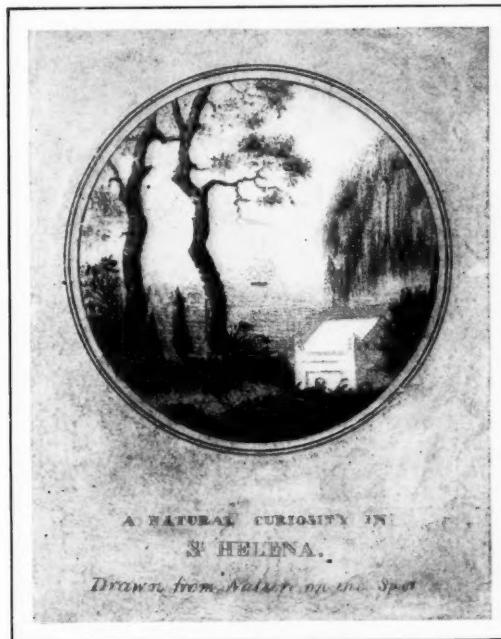
The intention had been to place the body in the upper receptacle. But, on attempting to do this, the structure was found to be too weak; the Emperor's coffin was therefore laid on the main body of the catafalque, concealed by the velvet draperies. This, however, was not known at the time; and as the procession passed we all thought that he lay in the upper sarcophagus.

The Champs Élysées, golden-sanded as I have said, was guarded on its left side, from the Place de la Concorde to the Arch, by the National Guard. When the procession, coming from Neuilly, reached the arch—the Arch of his Glory—the catafalque was halted beneath it for a few moments. During those moments the people, in their blind enthusiasm really believed, many of them, that Napoleon would rise from the dead when brought beneath the Arc de Triomphe. I recollect how eager we were to go up and see the car pause under the Arch. But our father would not take us, for the crowd was terrific; and moreover, there was a dumb alarm felt that some formidable Bonapartist uprising might, then and there, take place. Certain it is that the cannon stationed round the Arch, under the guise of "trophies," were so placed as to rake the avenues in case of an outbreak.

At last—at last, the procession was seen coming down the Champs Élysées past our windows. First came innumerable squadrons of all regiments, in all uniforms, preceded

by a body of trumpeters. I cannot remember anything about them, except their splendid effect. Neither can I remember any sounds. Music there

Emperor passed us. Men stood with bared heads in the biting wind; silent, it seems to me, till their pent-up emotion broke forth in a sort of sob



NAPOLEON GUARDING HIS OWN GRAVE

From an old print entitled "A Natural Curiosity in St. Helena. Drawn from Nature on the Spot"

must have been, shouts there may have been, but I remember nothing of them. We were breathless to see the *real* thing. It came—first in the shape of an old white horse, said to be the son of Marengo who carried his master at Wagram. At any rate, the saddle, bridle and housings were those worn by Marengo on that occasion, and preserved in the Hôtel Cluny.

Then, after its guard of honor, came the imperial car—came Napoleon to the banks of the Seine. On either side were the sailors of the *Belle Poule*, marching two and two at the edge of the avenue; thus leaving a broad golden space, along which the car moved lightly, gracefully, yet grandly.

I cannot recall any sounds as the

as the remnants of the Grand Army followed their great leader. Ah, what a sight that was!—those old, maimed men, in faded uniforms of every grade and color; sappers and miners, grenadiers, dragoons, lancers, and, above all, the survivors of the Old Guard. Poor, broken heroes! of what were they thinking? Did the piercing cold remind them of the Russian retreat? Or were their thoughts on glory only? on the "little corporal" who led "the terrible blast that carried their laurels the wide world through" to victories amid the images of which they were then marching? Thirty long years had elapsed since they won them. Could they have looked forward thirty years and seen the degradation to which the glory of



CATAFALQUE CONTAINING REMAINS OF NAPOLEON PASSING DOWN THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES FROM THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE

This sketch was evidently made on the spot by someone stationed on the left side of the Champs Élysées, not far from the Place de la Concorde. It is good, except that it cannot give the golden glow, the exquisite color, the brilliancy of the whole scene.—K. P. W.

war and the Napoleonic tradition were to bring France in the "Terrible Year," the great delusion as to what a nation's true glory is must have dropped from their aged minds.

Well, the great event was over. We did not see the reception at the Invalides, the two sights being incompatible. But we had seen the real thing—the Coming of Napoleon through the masses of his people to the place where he would be. The services in the church were somewhat perfunctory. The King advanced to meet the coffin. The Prince de Joinville said, "Sire, I present to you the body of Napoleon." The King replied, "I receive it in the name of France." Then, turning to General Bertrand, he said, "General, place the glorious sword of the Emperor upon his coffin." Mass was then said, and Mozart's "Requiem" sung; the solo parts being taken by Lablache, Rubini, Tamburini, Duprèz, Mario, Grisi, Persiani, Cinti-Damoreau, Pauline Garcia and others.

Thackeray has given an account of this day, but the tone of it is not worthy of either himself or the event, and he makes one signal mistake. He speaks of danger to the English on this occasion. I am certain there was no such danger and no fear of it. There was fear, as I have said, of a Bonapartist uprising around the Arch, but none of an attack on the English. Our father was a man of very marked personality, a British officer who would have been a target for such an attack had any been intended. Yet, so far from expecting it, we, a family of young girls and children, were allowed to roam the avenues during that preparatory week with no attendant but our maid.

Thackeray also tells of the "mean and tawdry character of the preparations," producing "vain heaps of tinsel, paint and plaster." True, in a paltry sense. Five miles of avenue and the spaces around the Invalides and the Chamber of Deputies were to be decorated for the event of *one* day. Some parts of that great distance were adorned with real trophies,

real statues. For instance, in the Court of Honor leading to the Invalides were placed historical portrait-statues of the greatest men of France, brought from all the national galleries of the Kingdom. The statues on the Champs Élysées, the columns, the tripods were, it is true, of plaster, and their pedestals of painted canvas. Could it have been otherwise? They were there to honor *one* event—the Coming of Napoleon. Permanency was impossible, and also out of keeping. The only fitting permanency is the tomb that may be seen to-day in the crypt of the Invalides.

It is true that a few absurdities crept in. For instance, the wings of the Victories were added after the statues were set up—probably for safety in handling. Now wings, like boots and shoes, are rights and lefts, and in the hurry of preparation Eylau received a couple of right wings and some sister Victory a couple of lefts. Also, when Marshal Ney's statue was about to be erected it was found to be life-size, while those of the other marshals among whom he was to stand were colossal. It was therefore cut through the middle, supports were inserted, and the surgical operation was adroitly concealed by a drapery of flags.

On further reflection, I am not sure whether he was life-sized or colossal. At any rate, the Bravest of the Brave did not match with his co-heroes, and his stomach was either elongated or dispensed with altogether. But what of that? it was something to provoke a merry laugh, not a sneer.

On the following day we went to the Invalides to see Napoleon lying where he had prayed to lie. But it was all unsatisfactory. The crowd was terrible; women were fainting; the church was dark with black and purple hangings; the only light came from green and lurid flames belching from tripods; the air was suffocating; and the Emperor's coffin was almost invisible within a sort of gilded cage. Nothing rewarded us but the idea—no, the reality—that *Napoleon was there!*

# A NEW ITALIAN NOVELIST

SIBILLA ALERAMO AND HER STORY OF "A WOMAN"

By MARIA PASTORE MUCCHI



BOOK has fallen like a meteor into the midst of the tranquil literary world of Italy—a world peopled by novelists who limit themselves to painting aristocratic or middle-class society, or peasant life, with no further idea than that of external exactitude. Social questions in Italy have not yet left the realm of parliamentary debates and scientific books to become matters of popular interest, and consequently they have not found a place in fiction. Only writers endowed with quick and almost prophetic understanding feel in the pulse of society the quivers of hidden pain, of aspirations, and of approaching revolt. "Una Donna" reveals one of these writers. It is by a woman, and the name of the author—Sibilla Aleramo—is evidently a pseudonym. Its success has been sudden and sincere.

It is indeed true that the near neighborhood of France, and the favor in which we hold her work, enable us sometimes to hear discussed the problems that agitate modern society, but the social conditions of France resemble those of Italy only in part. The great thinkers and writers of the North, Ibsen, Tolstoi and even Nietzsche, have been translated, but without gaining more than a literary influence. In Italy the novel with a purpose scarcely exists, if one excepts Giovanni Cena's "Gli Ammonitori," known in its English form as "The Forewarners," and Antonio Fogazzaro's popular romance, "Il Santo," the first dealing with the life of the working classes in the north of the peninsula, the second with the struggle for

the reform of Catholicism. It seems as though literature with a purpose had exhausted itself in preparing the national revolution. Afterwards, the theory of Art for Art's sake served to divert noble thoughts, and to conceal an able and aesthetic corruption very dangerous to the national character. The question of divorce, which has given to France a fecund literature of before and after, has almost never inspired our novelists or dramatists to any effort that has attained fame, although the condition of woman in Italy as regards marriage is unequalled in Europe, elsewhere than in Spain. Among the modern Italian writers Mme. Grazia Deledda, very popular at home and abroad, limits herself to the wild and primitive country and inhabitants of Sardinia. She makes superb photographs, but nothing more. Great questions do not move her; even the strikes of the peasants and miners that have ensanguined her native land, have left her indifferent.

Mme. Mathilda Serao, after her fine painting of Neapolitan popular life, has tried to evoke scenes of a more fashionable life, but so mannered are they that the De Courcelles in France have tried in vain to resuscitate her vogue by dramatizing her novels. "Néera," who, in a charming book called "Teresa," the story of an old maid, has produced an appreciable example of feminine psychology, now produces *feuilletons* of old-fashioned romanticism. The boldness of the Contessa Codrouchi ("Sflinge") is still struggling with the aristocratic traditions of her world. She provides us with a sort of conservative and academic feminism in her novels, "After the Victory" and "The Victim"; while

"Jolanda" preaches a neo-Catholic feminism, afraid of touching the dogma of the indissolubility of the marriage tie. Not one Italian woman has looked at the marriage question in a spirit of deep human feeling. Hitherto the more active and enlightened have kept silent, or concentrated their attention and sympathy on the works of certain men who, in poetry, philosophy or criticism, have sought to lighten the horizon. Besides, generally speaking, systematic adultery, fashionable chatter, chronic sentimentalism, semi-virile affectation of anti-feminism, and ultra-ridiculous prudery constitute the sportive occupation of our *dilettante*, and characterize the attitude of the various social classes towards the responsibilities of life.

But now an unknown woman, gifted with an unusual individualism of will, puts herself in accord with the most advanced thought of modern women, and gives us a book that goes much further than the question of marriage—a book of art and of life, of revolt and of restoration. It is a voice that springs from all feminine life—a voice which the writer seems to have caught from the lips of her sad sisters. Like a flame she has traversed Italy, enveloping their hearts with an atmosphere of suffering and nobility which penetrates and moves them. There are things in this book which have fallen into their minds like seed. Perhaps they were already there, unfelt, and its quick contact has caused them to germinate. Solid bonds attach this book to the theses of the feminist movement, though one cannot say that it is solely a book of feminism, for it is above all a book of life—a work so true that some *soi-*



SIBILLA ALERAMO

From an amateur photograph taken recently in Rome

*disant* Italian feminists have been astonished at it, then disconcerted, and some have even been indignant.

The questions that it puts, or rather solves, naturally touch women, for it is the whole life of a woman, presented to the public in the form of a confession. I shall not attempt a long *résumé* of this book, which has been translated into French, German, Russian, Spanish and English and is now being put into Swedish. Though called by the author a novel, it might as well be termed a *journal intime*.

It is the autobiography of a young and most unhappy woman, who, to escape from the brutalizing yoke of the man who holds her to him by an inhuman law, frees herself by the most painful sacrifice that a woman's heart can be called on to bear. It is a condemnation of conjugal life based



SIGNORA ALERAMO

From a crayon drawing by the distinguished sculptor, Leonardo Bistolfi

on the submission of one sex to the other; it is the proclamation of the right of a woman to free human dignity, when crushed under the feet of the stronger sex. The first part of the book would suffice to place an author. The latter part has given rise to much discussion; some, unmindful of the severity of the Italian law, have declaimed hotly against the mother who could leave her child, even to gain her own soul. So poignant is the scene of parting, that one has to lay down the book for a moment, even though enthralled by the human interest of the story.

But Sibilla Aleramo has given the warning cry. The strong determination of this woman, endowed with a rare will, gives to the novel the character of an admonition. The author's cry of alarm and of wrath is the most artless and sincere expression of the chastity and spirituality of a noble soul. Vernon Lee, the English poet,

ture, full of courage, looks at man with clear and spiritual eyes, and says to him, with a mingling of deep gravity and light irony: 'Be at once proud and strong in love, and understand! Do not be content to hold only our bodies in your arms! Have the power to subjugate our souls as well, or leave us at liberty.'

There is something besides a terrible drama in this book. The poignant situation does not inspire the heroine with revolt alone; but, having a fervent intelligence, a great and apostolic heart, in all these years of introspection and sympathetic observation of moral evils, she arrives at a conception of woman, of love and maternity, which all honest men and women—even if they cannot free themselves of uneasiness as to the solution of the drama of "Una Donna"—must accept as very high and noble. The heroine seems to say to the reader: "This solution, I and life have ar-

stirred by the perusal of "Una Donna," hopes for a near future when Sibilla Aleramo's novel "may become an historical horror, like Diderot's 'Religieuse,' or Keller's history of the child martyr ('Das Meretlein')." Rosalie Jacobsen, a German familiar with European literature and quick to discern the typical authors who arise in Italy, France and elsewhere, writes, a propos of Signora Aleramo's work, in an article on the problem of marriage, published in a Berlin magazine: "With this woman a new world arises; a world in which a fresh young

rived at; but for you and those who shall be born of you, here is an ideal. Woman responsible for herself, developing all her faculties, free even to try what her instinct and the teachings of life will make her wisely abandon; equal to man in the face of happiness or pain. And man respecting female individuality in his mother, his sisters and his companion. Let love be unity and harmony; maternity a sacred office, accomplished not merely by instinct, but with intelligence and heart. From parents of healthy and noble mind and body will be born happy children."

The life of the author of "*Una Donna*" (whom I knew before the publication of her book) is not shown to the public. She has taken a pseudonym to screen herself from the curious gaze that immediately fixes itself on exterior details rather than on the thoughts of a writer. But the curious have obtained nothing, and her portrait was published for the first time in *PUTNAM'S MONTHLY* for September 1907. A magnetic and genial woman herself, Sibilla Aleramo infuses humanity and energy into the hearts of those who approach her. She is an apostle of ideas, which she not only spreads in writing, but also puts into actual practice, with an enlightened and practical propaganda. Besides this, without speaking of it to any one (and I record this for the first time), at Rome, where she lives, she gives her services freely to a hospital for infirm children, and like the protagonist of her novel, has become a social mother. With other Roman ladies she has instituted secular Sunday-schools in the Roman Campagna—a fever-stricken desert, where the nomadic peasants, absolutely ignorant and deprived of almost all the necessities of life,—live in prehistoric huts. Lately, in passionate articles, published in the best-known paper in Rome, she has revealed new and pitiable details of the Pontine marshes, which, only a few miles from the capital of Italy, lie in a condition of incredible barbarism.

This woman, then, has before her something fixed, precise, which is the distinguishing mark of her character,

and is seen in her acts and slightest motions. She puts the imprint of her personality on all that she touches, and even in her least important writings does not fail to show the fertile seriousness of her life. A manner at once candid, thoughtful and grave, harmonizes perfectly with a face that strikes one immediately by its compelling and gentle serenity. The abundant hair seems to draw down by its weight her delicate and noble head. She is a creature of tenderness, of attraction, of kindliness. In daily life she puts no veil between the interior and exterior, between feeling and gesture, being incapable of concealment or pretence. Complex she is, though not complicated; ripe, yet with the simplicity, the spontaneity and the transparency of a child. An almost conscious desire to please is evident in her bearing, but repressed by a moderation which I should call Greco-Umbrian, thinking of some Diana invested with the air of mystery and reserve which one finds in the Umbrian masters. An avowed Bohemian, she astonishes settled women, above all those who try to appear sedate, come what will; but here is a woman capable of heroic efforts and great deeds, while of the others one must ask nothing that transcends their regular course of life.

In summarizing we must ask Plato for the formula of which this modern Sibilla is the last representative. To speak truth, from the Diotima of Plato to the Beatrice of Dante, from the Fiammetta of Boccaccio to the Elisabeth Siddale of D. G. Rossetti, from the Aurora Leigh of Mrs. Browning to this Sibilla Aleramo, who bears on her forehead the triple crown of suffering, of thought, and of work, love has only covered with the symbols of art the choicest revelations of the feminine soul. We may hope, then, that if successive generations give us the measure of their civilization by their attitude toward womanhood, the work of this new Diotima will not only be prolific of good, but will remain a psychologic document of the first rank concerning the Italian life of our day.

# JUDITH OF THE CUMBERLANDS

By ALICE MACGOWAN

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE WRIGHT

## CHAPTER III



T was April in the mountains. For nearly a month, whenever the wind was high enough to set free the voice of the cedar tree under Judith's window, it had talked to her of the coming of Creed Bonbright. The time must be near at hand now.

"Whar did you say Huldy was gone?" the girl inquired of Iley, Jim Cal's wife, who halted complaining in the doorway. She sauntered to the door and looked, across Iley's shoulder, out on the glad beauty of the morning with fond, brooding eyes.

"Over to Nancy Cyard's, to git her littlest spinnin' wheel—so she said. I took notice that she had a need for that wheel as soon as ever she hearn tell that Creed Bonbright was up from Hepzibah, stayin' at the Cyards's."

Had not Iley been so engrossed with her own grievances, the sudden heat of the look Judith turned upon her must have enlightened her.

"Huldy knowed him right well when she was waitin' on table at Miz. Huffaker's boarding-house down at Hepzibah," the woman went on. "I ain't got no use for these here fellers that's around tendin' to the whole world's business—they own chil'en is mighty apt to go hongry. But thar, what does a gal think of that by the side o' curly hair and soft ways?"

For Judith Barrier suddenly all the light was gone out of the spring morning. The bird in the Rose of

Sharon bush that she had taken for a thrush—why, the thing cawed like a crow. She could have struck her visitor. And then, with an uncertain impulse of gratitude, she was glad to be told anything about Creed, to be informed that others knew his hair was yellow and curly.

"Gone?" inquired old Jephthah's deep tones from within, as Mrs. Jim Cal made her reluctant way back to a sick husband and a house full of work and babies. "Lord, to think of a woman havin' the keen tongue that Iley's got, and her husband keepin' fat on it!"

"Uncle Jep," inquired Judith abruptly, "did you know Creed Bonbright was at Nancy Card's—stayin' there, I mean?"

"No," returned the old man, seeing in this a chance to call at the cabin, where, beneath the reception that might have been offered an interloper, even a duller wit than his might have divined a secret cordial welcome. "I reckon I better find time to step over that way an' ax is there anything I can do to he'p 'em out."

"I wish't you would," assented Judith so heartily that he turned and regarded her with surprise. "And ef you see Huldy over yon tell her she's needed at home. Jim Cal's sick, and Iley can't no-way git along without her."

"I reckon James Calhoun Turrentine ain't got nothin' worse 'n the old complaint that sends a feller fishin' when the days gits warm," opined Jim Cal's father. "I named that boy after the finest man that ever walked God's green earth—an' then the fool had to go and git fat on me! To think of me with a *fat* son! I

allers did hold that a fat woman was bad enough, but a fat man ort p'intedly to be led out an' killed."

"Jude, whar's my knife," came the call from the window in a masculine voice. "Pitch it out here, can't you?"

Judith took the pocket-knife from the mantel, and going to the window tossed it to her cousin Wade Turrentine, who was working over some matter of rude carpentry at the chip pile.

"Do you know whar Huldy's gone?" she inquired, setting her elbows on the sill and staring down at the young fellow accusingly.

"Nope—an' don't care, neither," said Wade, contentedly returning to his whistling. He was expecting to marry Huldah Spiller, Iley's younger sister, within a few months, and the reply was thus conventional.

"Well, you'd better care," urged Judith. "You better make her stay home and behave herself. She's gone over to Nancy Card's taggin' after Creed Bonbright. I would n't stand it ef I was you."

"I ain't standin'—I'm settin'," retorted Wade with rather feeble wit; but the girl noted with satisfaction the quick, fierce spark of anger that leaped to life in his clear hazel eyes, the instant stiffening of his relaxed figure. Like a child playing with fire, she was ready to set alight any materials that came within reach of her reckless fingers, so only that she fancied her own ends might be served. Now she went uneasily back to the hearth-stone. Her uncle, noting that she appeared engrossed in her baking, gave a surreptitious glance into the ancient mirror above the mantel, made a half-furtive exchange of coats, and prepared to depart.

When the orphaned Judith, living in her Uncle Jephthah's family, was fourteen, the household had removed from the old Turrentine place to her better farm, whose tenant had proved unsatisfactory. Well hidden in a gulch on the Turrentine acres was an illicit still, what the mountain people call a blockade still; and it had been in pretty constant operation in earlier

years. When Jephthah abandoned those stony fields for Judith's better farm he definitely turned his own back upon this feature; but Blatch Turrentine, who rented his uncle's farm, continued the illegal activities, and enlisted the old man's boys in them. Jeff and Andy had a tobacco patch on one corner where the ground suited, and in another field Jim Cal raised a little corn. Aside from these small ventures the place was given over entirely to the secret still. The father held scornfully aloof; his attitude was characteristic.

"Ef I pay no tax I'll make no whiskey," he declared. "You-all boys will find yourselves behind bars many a time when you'd ruther be out squirrel-huntin'. Ef you make blockade whiskey every fool that gits mad at you has got a stick to hold over you. You are 'Good Lord, good Devil' to everybody, for fear they'll lead to yo' still; or else you mix up with folks about the business and kill somebody an' git a bad name. These here blockaded stills calls every worthless feller in the district. Most o' the foolishness in this country goes on around 'em when the boys gits filled up. I let every man choose his callin', but I don't choose to be no moonshiner, and ef you boys is wise you'll say the same."

Up at the crib now Blatch Turrentine was loading corn, and Jim Cal came creeping across from his own cabin whence Iley had ejected him. He stood for a while, humped, hands in pockets, watching the other's strong body spring lithely to its task. Finally he began in his plaintive, ineffectual voice.

"Blatch, I take notice that you seem to be settin' up to Jude. Do ye think hit's wise?"

The other grunted over a particularly heavy sack, swung it to the wagon bed, straightened himself suddenly and faced his questioner with a look of dark anger.

"I'd like to see the feller that can git her away from me!" he growled.

"I was n't a-meanin' that," said Jim Cal patiently but uneasily,



Drawn by George Wright

(See page 402)

**'I THOUGHT I'D COME OVER AND GET ACQUAINTED WITH MY NEIGHBORS'**

shifting from the right foot to the left. "What pesters me is how you two would make out, once you was wed. Jude's mighty pretty, but then agin she's got a tongue."

"Her farm hain't," chuckled Blatch pulling a sack into place; "and I low Jude would n't have, after her and me had been wed a short while."

"I don't know, Blatch," maintained the fleshy one, timid yet persisting. "You're a great somebody for havin' yo' own way, an' Jude's mighty high sperity—why, you two would shorely fuss."

"Not more than once, we wouldn't," returned Blatch with a meaning laugh. "The way to do with a woman like Jude is to give her a civil beatin' to start out with and show her who's boss—would n't be no trouble after that. Jude Barrier has got a good farm. She's the best worker of any gal that I know, and I aim for to have her an' this farm."

Within the house Judith, her cheeks glowing crimson as she bent above the heaped coals, was going with waxing resentment over the catalogue of Huldah Spiller's personal characteristics. Her hair, now: she was mighty particular to call it "orbun," but a body might as well say red when they were namin' it, because red was what it was. If a man admired a turkey egg he would be likely to see beauty in Huldah's complexion—some folks might wear a sunbonnet to bed, and freckle they would! A vision of the laughing black eyes and white flashing teeth that went with Huldah Spiller's red ringlets and freckles, and made her little hatchet face brilliant when she smiled or laughed, suddenly put Judith on foot and running to the door.

"Uncle Jep," she called after the tall retreating form, "*O, Uncle Jep!*"

He turned, muttering: "I hope to goodness Jude ain't goin' to git the hollerin' habit. There's Iley never lets Jim Cal git away from the house without hollerin' after him as much as three times; and the thing he'd like least to have known abroad is

the thing she takes up with her for the last holler."

"Uncle Jep," came the clear hail from the doorway, "don't you fail to find Huldah and send her straight home. Tell her Iley's nigh about give out, and Jim Cal's down sick in the bed—hear me?"

He nodded, and turned disgustedly. What earthly difference did it make about Jim Cal and Huldah and Iley? Why should Judith suddenly care? And then, being a philosopher and in his own manner an amateur of life, he set to work to analyze her motives, and guessed obliquely at them.

The sight of his broad back, once more receding, evidently spurred Judith to fresh effort. "Uncle Jep!" she screamed, cupping her hands about her red lips to make the sound carry. "If you see Creed Bonbright tell him—howdy—for me!"

The sound may not have carried to the old man's ears, but it reached a younger pair. Blatch was just coming into the grassy yard with his wagon. As he heard Judith's bantering cry, he pulled up his team with a muttered curse. He looked down at her through narrowed eyes, jerking his mules savagely and swearing at them in an undertone. He was a well-made fellow with a certain slouching grace about him as he sat on his load of corn; but there were evil-promising bumps on either side of his jaws that spoke of obstinacy, even of ferocity; and there was something menacing in his surly passivity of attitude. He looked at the girl, and his lips lifted with a peculiar, sidelong sneer.

"Holler a little louder an' Bonbright hisself 'll hear ye," he commented as he started up his team again and rattled away down the steep, stony road.

#### CHAPTER IV

After all her tremulous hopes, her plannings, the dozen times she had taken a certain frock from its peg to minutely inspect and repair, that it might be ready for wear on the great

occasion, the first meeting with Creed found Judith unprepared, happening in no wise as she would have chosen. She was at the milking lot, clad in the usual dull blue cotton gown in which the mountain woman works. She had filled her two pails and set them on the high bench by the fence while she turned the calves into the small pasture reserved for them and let old Red and Piedy out.

He approached across the fields from the direction of his own house, and naturally saw her before she observed him. It was early morning. The sky was blue and wide and high, with great shining piles of white cloud swimming lazily at the horizon, cutting sharply against its color. Around the edges of the cow-lot peach trees were all in bloom and humming with bees, their rich, amethystine rose flung up against the gay April sky in a challenge of beauty and joy. The air was full of the promises of spring, keen, bracing, yet with an undercurrent of languorous warmth.

Judith came forward and greeted the new-comer, all unaware of the picture she made, tall and straight and pliant in her simple blue cotton, under the wonderful blue-and-white sky and the passionate purple pink of the blossoms, with the scant folds of her frock outlining the rounded young body, its sleeves rolled up on her fine arms, its neck folded away from the firm column of her throat, the frolic wind ruffling the dark locks above her shadowy eyes. There were strange gleams in those dark eyes; her red lips were tremulous whether she spoke or not. It was as though she had some urgent message for him which waited always behind her silence or her speech.

"I thought I'd come over and get acquainted with my neighbors," Bonbright began in his impersonal fashion.

"Uncle Jep and the boys has gone across to the far place ploughing today," said Judith. "They's nobody at home but Jim Cal and his wife—and me." She forebore to add the

name of Huldah Spiller, though her angry eye despaired that young woman ostentatiously hanging wash on a line behind the Jim Cal's cabin.

"I won't stop them this morning," said Bonbright. "I'll get along over to the far place. I wanted to have speech with your uncle. He was at Aunt Nancy's the other day and we had some talk; he knows more about what I'm aiming at up here than I do. A man of his age and good sense can be a sight of help to me."

"Uncle Jep will be proud to do anything he can," said Judith softly. "Won't you come in and set awhile?"

She dreaded that the invitation might hurry him away, and now made hasty use of the first diversion that offered. He had broken a blooming switch from the peach-tree beneath which he stood and she reproached him fondly.

"Look at you. Now there won't never be no peaches where them blossoms was."

He twisted the twig in his fingers and smiled down at her, conscious of a singular and personal kindness between them, aware too, for the first time that she was young, beautiful, and a woman; before, she had been merely an individual to him.

"My mother used to say that to me when I would break fruit blows," he said meditatively. "But father always pruned his trees when they were in blossom—they can't any of them bear a peach for every bloom."

She shook her head as though giving up the argument, since it was after all a matter of sentiment. Her dark, rich-colored beauty glowed its contrast to his cool, Northern type.

At present neither spoke more than a few syllables of the spiritual language of the other, yet so powerful was the attraction between them that even Creed began to feel it, while Judith, the primitive woman, all given over to instinct, promptly laid about her for something to hold and interest him.

"The young folks is a-goin' to get up a play party at our house sometime soon," she hazarded. "I reckon

you would n't come to any such as that, would you?"

"I'd be proud to come," returned Creed at once. But he spoiled it by adding: "I've got to get acquainted with people all over again, it's so long since I lived here; and looks like I'm not a very good mixer."

"Will you sure come?" inquired Judith insistently, as she saw him preparing to depart.

"I sure will."

"You could stay over night in your own house, then—ain't you comin' back, ever, to live there?"

"Why, yes, I reckon I might stay there over night, but it's too far from the main road for a justice's office."

"Well, if you're going to try to sleep in the house, it ort to be opened up and sunned a little; you better let me have the key now," observed Judith, assuming airs of proprietorship over his inept masculinity.

Smiling, he got the key from his pocket and handed it to her. "Help yourself to anything you want for the party, or any other time," he said in mountain fashion.

She looked down at that key with the pride of one to whom had been given the freedom of a city. Its possession enabled her to bear it with a fair degree of equanimity when Huldah Spiller, having "jest slung her clothes anyway onto that line," as Judith phrased it to herself, came panting and laughing up the slope between the two houses and called a gay "Howdy!" to the visitor. The lively little red-haired flirt professed greatly to desire news of certain persons in Hepzibah, and as Creed was departing sauntered unconcernedly beside him as far as the draw-bars, detaining him in conversation there as long as possible. She had an instinctive knowledge that Judith, looking on, was deeply disturbed.

Creed set his justice's office about a hundred yards from Nancy Card's cabin, on the main road that led through the two Turkey Track neighborhoods out to Rainy Gap and the Far Cove settlement. The little

shack was built of the raw yellow boards which the new saw-mill was ripping out of pine trees over on the shoulder of Big Turkey Track above Garyville. Most of the mountain dwellers still preferred log houses, and the lumber was sent down the mountain by means of a little gravity railway, whose car was warped up after each trip by a patient old mule working in a circular treadmill.

God knows with what high hopes the planks of that humble shanty were put in place, with what visions sill and window-frame were shaped and joined, Aunt Nancy going out and in at her household tasks calling good counsel over to him; Beezy the irrepressible adding shaving curls to her red frazzle; Little Buck, furnished with hammer and tacks, gravely assisting, pounding his fingers only part of the time.

As Creed whistled over his work, he saw a shadowy train coming down the road, the people he should help—his people, to whose darkness he should bring light and counsel. They knew so little, and needed so much. True his own knowledge was not great; but it was all freely at their service. His heart swelled with good-will as he prepared to open his humble campaign of usefulness.

To come into leadership naturally, a man should be the logical outgrowth of his class and time, and this Creed knew he was not. Yet he had pondered the matter deeply, and put it thus to himself: The peasant of Europe can only rise through stages of material prosperity to a point of development at which he craves intellectual attainment, or spiritual growth. But the mountaineer is always a thinker; he has even in his poverty a hearty contempt for luxury, for material gain at the expense of personality. With his disposition to philosophy, fostered by solitude and isolation, he readily overleaps those gradations, and would step at once from obscurity to the position of a man of culture were the means at hand.

"Bonbright," remonstrated Jephthah Turrentine, in the first conversation the two held upon the subject, "ye cain't give folks what they ain't ready to take. Ef our people wanted law and order, don't you reckon they'd make the move to get it?"

"That's it exactly, Mr. Turrentine," responded Creed quickly; "they need to be taught what to want."

"Oh, they do, do they?" inquired Jephthah with a humorous twitch of the lips. "Well, ef you're a-goin' to set up to teach, had n't you better have a school-house instead of a jestice's office?"

"Maybe you're right. I reckon you are—exactly right," Creed assented thoughtfully. "I'd studied about that considerable. I reckon I'm a more suitable age for a schoolmaster than for a justice; and the children—but that would take a long time, and I wanted to give the help where it was worst needed."

"Oh, well, 't ain't a hangin' matter," old Jephthah smiled at the younger man's solemn earnestness. "Ef this new-fangled buildin' o' yours don't get used for a jestice's office we can turn it into a school-house; we need one powerful bad."

The desultory, sardonic, soft-footed, deep-voiced, mountain carpenters who worked leisurely and fitfully with Creed were mightily amused by the exactness of the town feller's ideas.

"Why lordy! Lookeey hyer, Creed," remonstrated Doss Provine, over a question of matching boards and battening joints, "ef yo' git yo' pen so almighty tight as that you won't git no fresh air. Man's bound to have ventilation. Course you can leave the do' open all the time like we-all do; but when yo're a-holdin' co't and sech-like, maybe you'll want to shet the do' sometimes—and then whar'll ye git breath to breathe?"

"I reckon Creed knows his business," put in the old man who was helping Doss, "but all these here glass winders is blame foolishness to me. Ef ye need light, open the do'. Ef somebody comes that you don't want in, you can shet it and put up a

bar. But saw the walls full o' holes an' set in glass winders, an' any feller that chooses can pick ye off with a rifle ball as easy as not whilst ye set by the fire of a' evenin'."

He shook a reprobating head, hoary with the snows of years, and presumably, therefore, containing wisdom. He had learned the necessary points of life in his environment, and, as always occurs, the younger generation seemed to him lavishly reckless.

It was only old Jephthah's criticisms that Creed really minded.

"Uh-huh," allowed Jephthah, settling his hands on his hips and surveying the yellow pine structure tolerantly; "mighty sightly for them that likes that kind o' thing. But I hold with a good log-house, becaze it's apt to be square. These here town doin's that looks like a man with a bile on his ear never did ketch me. Ef ye hew out good oak or pine timber, ye won't be willin' to cut out short lengths for to make such foolishness."

Creed would often have explained to his critics that he did not expect to get into feuds and have neighbors pot-hunting him through his glass windows, that he needed the light from them to study or read, and that his little house was as square as any log hut ever constructed; but they lumped it all together and made an outsider of him—which hurt.

Word went abroad to the farthest confines of the Turkey Track neighborhoods—carried by herders who took sheep, hogs, or cows up into the high-hung inner valleys of Yellow Old Bald or the natural meadows of Big Turkey Track to turn them loose for the season, recited where one or two met, out salting cattle, discussed by many a chip pile, where the willing axe rested on the unsplit block while the wielder heard how Creed Bonbright had done set up a jestice's office and made peace between the Shallidays and the Bushareses.

"But you know in reason hit ain't a-goin' to hold," the old women at the hearthsides would say, withdrawing their cob pipes to shake

tolerant heads. "The Bushareses and Shallidays has been killin' each other up sence my gran'pap was a little boy. They tell me that the Injuns mixed into that there feud. I say Creed Bonbright's nothin' but a fool boy. He better larn something before he sets up to teach. He don't know what he's meddlin' with." All this with a pride in the vendetta as an ancient neighborhood institution and monument.

The office of the new justice never became, as he had hoped it would, a lounging place for his passing neighbors. He had expected them to drop in to visit with him, when he might sow the good seed in season without appearing to seek an occasion for so doing. But they were shy of him—he saw that. They went on past the little yellow pine office, on their mules, or their sorry nags, or in shackling wagons behind oxen, to lounge at Nancy Card's gate as of old, or sit upon her porch to swap news and listen to her caustic comments on neighborhood happenings. And only an occasional glance over the shoulder, a backward nod of the head, or jerk of the thumb, told the young justice that he was present in their recollections.

But there was one section of the community which showed no disposition to hold aloof from the new-comer. About this time, by twos and threes—never one alone—the virgins of the mountain-top sought Nancy Card for flower seed, soft-soap recipes, a charm to take off warts, or to learn exactly from her at what season a body had better divide the roots of day lilies.

"Well, I vow!" said the old woman one day, peering through her window that gave on the road, "ef here don't come Huldy Spiller and the Lusk gals. Looks like to me I have a heap of gal company of late. Creed, you're a mighty learned somebody, cain't you tell me the whys of it?"

Creed, sitting at a little table deep in some books and papers before him, heard no word of his friend's teasing speech. It was Doss Provine, at the big fireplace heating a poker to burn

a hole through his pulley-wheel, who turned toward his mother-in-law and grinned foolishly.

"I reckon I know the answer to that," he observed. "The boys is all a warnin' me that a widower is mo' run after than a young feller. They tell me I'll have to watch out."

"I say watch out—you!" cried Nancy, wheeling upon him with a comically disproportionate fury. "Just you let me ketch you settin' up to any of the gals—you, a father with two he'pless chapstolook after, and nobody but an old woman like me, with one foot in the grave, to depend on!"

There was one girl, however, who, instead of multiplying her visits to the Card cabin with Creed's advent, abruptly ceased them. Judith Barrier was an uncertain quantity to her masculine household at this time; unreasonably elated or depressed, she led them the round of her moods, and they paid for the fact that Creed Bonbright did not come across the mountain-top visiting, without being at all aware of where their guilt lay. Finally she saddled Selim and, with something in her pocket for Little Buck and Beezy, set out for Hepzibah—reckon they's nothin' so turrible strange in a body goin' to the settlement when they's out o' both needles an' bakin' powder!

As she rode up Nancy herself called to her to 'light and come in, and finally went out to stand a moment and chat; but the girl smilingly shook her head.

"I got to be getting along, thank ye," she said. "I can't stop this mornin'. You-all must come and see us, Aunt Nancy."

"Why, what's Little Buck a-goin' to do, with his own true love a-tearin' past the house like this and refusin' to stop and visit?" complained Nancy, secretly applauding the girl's good sense and dignity.

"Where is my beau?" asked Judith. "I fetched him the first June apples off the tree."

"Judy's brought apples to her beau, and now he's went off fishin' with Doss and she's got nobody to

give 'em to," old Nancy called as Creed stepped from the door of his office and started across to the cabin. "Don't you want 'em, Creed?"

The tall fair young fellow came up laughing. "Aunt Nancy knows I love apples," he said. "If you give me Little Buck's share, I'm afraid he'll never see 'em."

Judith reached in her pocket and brought out the shiny, small red globes and put them in his out-stretched hand.

"I'll bring Little Buck a play-pretty from the settlement," she said softly. "He'll keer a sight more for hit than for the apples. I wish I'd known you liked 'em—I'd brought you more. Why don't you come over and see us and git all you want? We've got two trees of 'em."

## CHAPTER V

"I wonder you can have the heart to git up play parties and the like when Andy and Jeff's a-sufferin' in the jail," Pendrilla Lusk plucked up spirit to say when the plan was first mooted to her.

Andy and Jeff, the wild young hawks, with the glamour upon them of lawless, adventurous spirits, and bold, proper lovers, equally fascinated and terrified the Lusk girls—timid, fluttering pair—and were in their turn attracted to them by an inevitable law of nature.

"I don't see how it hurts the boys, for us to have a dance," rejoined Judith with asperity. "If we was all to set and cry our eyes out it would n't fetch 'em back on the mountain any quicker."

But all through April she met opposition to her play party plan; for not only were the men hard at it making ready for the putting in of the year's crops, but it was gardening time as well, when women and children are pressed in to help at the clearing and brush-piling. All the hollows were haunted with wood smoke from clearing fires.

And old Jephthah offered the very just observation that the Turrentine

house was "too handy to that cussed still of Blatch's. A passel of fool boys is mighty apt to go over thar and fill themselves up with corn whiskey, and the party will jest about end up in a interruption."

So April passed in mists and showers and young sun; May and June followed, ripening into summer's full beauty; Andy and Jeff were back at home when Judith finally succeeded in getting her guests promised for the festivity, and a Thursday evening was set for the party. On Thursday she hurried her work that she might get through and go over to the Bonbright house, there to put in execution her long-cherished plan of cleaning it and making it fit for Creed's occupancy that night. Her household labors hastily finished, taking broom, cloths, and a little gourd full of soft soap, she struck across fields and came, flushed and panting, to the door of Creed's old home, unlocked it with the key she had carried in her hand, went in, closed it behind her, and gazed about.

The Bonbright home had been a good one for the mountains, of hewn logs, with four rooms, and two great stone chimneys. Over everything now lay a fine dust; and the place wore the look of decay which comes with disuse; the air bore the musty odor of a shut and long uninhabited house. Reverently Judith moved among the dumb witnesses and servitors of Bonbright generations, the furniture which Mary Gillenwaters brought to this home as a bride, the trundle-bed rolled in under the big mahogany four-poster, the cradle where Creed's baby head had lain. She stood looking down at this with quickening pulse—Creed's cradle—the cradle of his children!

All the warm, fragrant afternoon she toiled at her self-appointed labor of love, proud of the strength and skill that made her a good housewife. When all had been done—swept, dusted, scrubbed, the beds sunned and aired and made up afresh—she gathered up her cleaning paraphernalia to depart.

"If it looks slightly, and seems like

home, mebbe he 'll give out the notion of stayin' at Nancy Card's, and come and live here," she said to herself as she passed out, and once more locked the door.

In Mary Bonbright's garden, now given over to weeds as the gardens of dead women are so apt to be, there had grown a singular half-wild rose. This flower was of a clear blood-red, with a great yellow heart which its five broad petals, flinging wide open, disclosed to view, unlike the crimped and guarded beauty of the more evolved sisters of the green-house. Mowed down spring after spring by the scythe of Strubley the renter, the vigorous thing had spread abroad, and as Judith stepped from the door its exultant beauty caught her eye. Flaming shields of crimson, bearing each its boss of filigree gold, the hosts of the red rose stood up bravely in the choking grass to which the insensate scythe-blade had so often levelled them, and shouted to the girl of love and joy, and of youth which is the time for both. Wide-petaled, burning red, their golden hearts open to sun and bee, they were the blossoms for the earth-woman. She ran and knelt down beside them.

He had said that his favorite color was blue—but there are no blue roses. She did not follow it far enough to guess that the man who was content with the color of the sky might not get his gaze down close enough to earth to care for roses. She bent over them gloating on their fierce, triumphant splendor. Was there ever such a color? But the stems were dreadfully short. A sudden purpose grew in her mind. With hasty, tremulous fingers she gathered an apronful of the blossoms. Once more she unlocked the front door, hurried back to that bed which she had so lovingly spread, and on its white coverlet began arranging a great, glowing wreath, fashioned by setting a circle of red roses petal to petal, whispering to herself: "He 'll wonder who put 'em there. Ef nothin' else don't take his eye, these is shore to."

## CHAPTER VI

"You thar, Unc' Jep?" sounded Blatchley Turrentine's careless voice from the dark.

"I make out to be," returned the old man lazily.

Judith's play party was in full swing. Old Jephthah held state in his own quarters, a detached cabin standing some distance from the main building, ready to intercept and entertain any of the older men who might accompany their women-folk. Now Blatchley came into the circle of dim light about the door, Andy and Jeff at his shoulder. Wade followed a moment later.

"Why ain't you-all boys down thar whar the gals is at, playin'?" inquired Jim Cal fretfully from inside. "Looks like to me ef I was a young feller an' not wedded I would n't hang around whar the old men was."

"Is Creed Bonbright comin' over here to-night?" inquired Andy abruptly, in obedience apparently to a nudge from Blatch.

"I reckon he is," observed the old man quietly; "Jude has purty well bidden the whole top o' the mountain."

"Well," persisted Andy, breaking a somewhat lengthened silence in which all the new-comers stood, and through which their breathing could be distinctly heard, "well, I think Creed Bonbright has got the impudence! He come to the jail, whar me and Jeff was at, an' he had some talk with us, an' I let him know my mind. He stood in with that marshal—I know it—and so does Jeff. Pone Card got out quicker beca'se Bonbright tipped the marshal the wink; but I don't hold with him nor his doin's."

The parent of the twins regarded them both with sardonic black eyes half shut. "You don't? And who-all might you be, young fellers?" he asked. "This here Bonbright man has come up on Turkey Track to give us a show at law. If they's persons engaged in unlawful practices on this here mountain-top, mebbe he 'll knock up against 'em. Them that

keeps the law and lives decent has no reason to fear the law. Ain't that what you say, Blatch?" turning suddenly to his nephew.

The big swart mountaineer drew up his shoulders with a sort of shrug. "Ef you stand in with Bonbright, Unc' Jep," he said, bluntly, "we might as well all go down to Hepzibah and give ourselves up. You've done rented me the land, and yo' boys is in the still with me—air ye a-goin' to stand from under, and have the marshal forever keepin' us on the jump?"

"Well—you *air* a fool," observed the old man meditatively. "Who named standin' in with Bonbright, or standin' out agin' him? When I rented you my farm for five years I had no thought of you starting up that pesky old still on it. But I never was knowed to rue a trade. My daddy taught me when I made a bad bargain to freeze the tighter to it, and I've no mind to do other."

"They'd been a still thar," said Blatch defensively.

The old man nodded. "Oh, yes," he agreed. "Hit had been—I put it thar. I've made many a run of whiskey in my young days—and I've seed the folly of it. I reckon you fool boys'll have to see the folly of it too befo' you've got yo' satisfy. As for Creed Bonbright, he 'pears to think that if we have plenty of law in the Turkey Tracks we'll all go to heaven in a hand-basket. Mebbe he's right, and then agin mebbe he's wrong; but this I know: ain't anybody goin' to jump on him in my house, and he gets a fair show when fightin' time comes."

"Well, if he ain't standin' in with the marshal, what does he—" began Andy's high-pitched boyish voice, when somebody called "Good evening," in pleasant tones, and Bonbright himself got off a light-stepping mule, tethered him to the fence, and came toward the cabin steps. The sons of the house replied but gruffly to his greeting, and, as though his coming had been a signal, the younger group promptly disappeared in the direction of the main cabin.

At the old man's hearty invitation, Creed seated himself on the door-step, while his host went in for a coal from the smouldering hearth to light his pipe, and joined the guest a moment later.

"Well sir, and how's the law coming on these days?" inquired Jephthah somewhat humorously.

"I reckon it's doing pretty well," allowed Creed. "The law's all right, Mr. Turrentine; it's what our people need, and if any failure comes, it's bound to be in me, not in the law."

"That's right," old Jephthah commended him. "Stand up for yo' principles. Ef you go into a thing, back it. I never could get on with these here good-Lord-good-Devil folks. I like to know whar a man's at—cain't hit him unless'n you do."

"That's what I say," piped Jim Cal's ready voice from the interior. "Is it true that you've done made up the Shalliday fuss over that thar cow, Creed? I thort a jecture of the peace was to he'p folks have fusses, place o' settlin' 'em up."

"I had hoped to get a chance to do something that amounted to more than settling small family fusses," Creed said in a discouraged tone. "I hoped to have the opportunity to talk to many a gathering of our folks about the desirability of good citizenship in a general way. This thing of blockaded stills keeps us forever torn up, with a bad name in the valley and the settlement."

Old Jephthah stirred not a hair; Jim Cal sat just as he had; yet the two were indefinitely changed the moment the words "blockaded stills" were uttered.

"Do you know of any sech? Air ye aimin' to find out about 'em?" quavered the fat man finally, and his father looked scornfully at him, and the revelation of his terror.

"No. I don't mean it in that personal way," Creed answered impatiently. "Mr. Turrentine, I wish you'd tell me what you think about it. You've lived all your life in the mountains; you're a man of judgment—is there any way to show our peo-

ple the folly as well as the crime of illicit distilling?"

Jephthah surveyed with amusement the youth who came to an old moonshiner for an opinion as to the advisability of the traffic. He liked the audacity of it: it tickled his fancy.

"Well, sir," he said finally, "the gov'ment sets off thar in Washington and names a-many a thing that I shall do and that I sha'n't do. Howsoever, they is but one thing hit will come here and watch out to see ef I keep rules on—and that's the matter o' moonshine whiskey. Gov'ment," he repeated, meditatively but with rising rancor, "what has the gov'ment ever done fer me, that I should be asked to do so much for hit! I put the case this-a-way: That man raises corn and grinds it to meal and makes it into bread. I raise corn and grind hit to meal and make clean, honest whiskey. The man that makes the bread pays no tax; gov'ment says I shall pay a tax—an' I say I will not, by God!"

The big voice had risen to a good deal of feeling before old Jephthah made an end.

"Nor I would n't neither," bleated Jim Cal in comical antiphon.

In the light from the open doorway Creed's face looked uneasy.

"But you don't think—you wouldn't—" he began and then broke off.

Old Jephthah shook his head.

"I ain't got no blockade still," he asserted sweepingly. "I made my last run of moonshine whiskey many a year ago. I reckon two wrongs don't make a right."

Creed's dismay increased. Inexperienced boy, he had not expected to encounter such feeling in the discussion of this the one topic upon which your true mountaineer of the remote districts can never be anything but passionate, embittered, at bay.

"You name the crime of makin' wild-cat whiskey," the old man's deep, accusing voice went on, after a little silence. "It ain't no crime—an' you know it—an' no gov'ment o' mortal man can make a crime out'n it. As for the foolishness of it"—he dropped his chin on his breast, his black eyes looked out broodingly, his great beard rose against his lips and muffled his tones—"I reckon the foolishness of a thing is what each feller has to find out for hisself," he said. "Daddies has been tryin' since the time of Adam to let their knowin' it serve for their sons; but ef one of 'em has made the plan work yit, I ain't heard on it. Nor the gov'ment can't neither, A man'll take his punishment for a meanness an' l'arn by it; but to be jailed for what's his right makes an outlaw of him, an' always will. Good Lord, Creed! What set you an' me off on this tune? You ort to be down yon dancin' with the gals, instead of up here talking foolishness to a' old man like me."

Creed arose to his tall young height and glanced uncertainly from his host to the lighted room from which came the sounds of fiddle and stamping feet. It was a little hard for a prophet on his own mountain-top to be sent to play with the children; yet there might be compensations.

Across the square of the illuminated door-way figures came and went. Suddenly, in the midst of it, all the ruddy light concentrated on her glowing face, her smiling red lips, and shining dark eyes, Judith Barrier appeared. The young justice, with a hasty word of adieu, moved forward as one who has heard a call. As he neared the house a man's form came between him and the picture of the girl—it was Blatch Turrentine. There was a struggle, and when Judith's voice came out to him in a call for help he began to run.

*(To be continued)*

# AMERICA IN THE ORIENT

## A WORD CONCERNING OUR NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY



LASKA, the Golden Land, became a part of the United States because a certain man looked far into the future. He made this prophecy: "Henceforth European commerce, European politics, European thought, though actually gaining force will nevertheless sink in importance while the Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands and the vast region beyond, will become the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter."

Fifty years after William H. Seward uttered these words, sixteen American battleships started on a voyage from the Atlantic to the Pacific—the greatest unit of sea power ever assembled by any nation with such a journey in prospect. Why was this fleet, comprising the bulk of our naval strength, sent around the Horn, leaving our Atlantic and Gulf coasts unprotected? Was it a partial fulfilment of this prophecy?

When Mr. Seward made his prediction, he may have looked across the Pacific on whose shores dwell two-thirds of the earth's people. He may have realized then, what few of his countrymen realize now—that, the Pacific is the world's greatest market, that the nation supreme on that ocean is the world's greatest nation and that compared with its prospective trade and commerce that of all Europe combined is but little. Then, Japan was not considered as civilized, China was sealed to the foreigner, the Pacific States were a wilderness save for the

gold camps of California. A sawmill and a store occupied the site of Seattle, the metropolis of the Pacific Northwest.

What has happened since? Not much in the way of American achievement. True, Commodore Perry carried the flag into the harbors of Nippon. We have taken possession of the Philippines and Hawaii. We have established a few steamship lines—most of them flying foreign colors—between coast and coast. As to securing our rights as one of the Pacific nations and our place as a trader in this market of the world, what we have accomplished is a trifle, compared with the achievements of other countries, for while we have been indifferent our rivals have bestirred themselves. The development of Asiatic territory has proceeded with marvellous rapidity. The few vessels plying the waters of this ocean when Seward uttered his prophetic words have increased to thousands—more than the great armada of commerce on the Atlantic. Port after port has been thrown open to the world, and the world—except America—has responded. Half a century is not a long time, yet it has been long enough to so transform the people of the Pacific and their relations with other nations, that "the vast region" has already "become the chief theatre of events."

Strange it is that our eyes have been so continually turned to the eastward—to Europe,—when history records that most of the European countries have drawn their wealth from the source whence we may draw it—that

limitless storehouse of riches, the continent of Asia. Only recently Mr. James J. Hill, who has realized more vividly than any other American save Seward, what awaits us over the Pacific, made this statement: "The trade of the Orient created Byzantium and the Venice of old. Then the Portuguese sent their ships around the Cape of Good Hope, and the trade of the East passed from the camel to the galleon. It made Portugal rich and powerful until Europe's North country—Holland and Belgium—grasped the prize to enrich themselves for centuries." So confident was Mr. Hill in the probable future of the Pacific, that the largest ship floating on its waters was placed there by him.

Yes, the prize to be won by the nation that turns to the Orient is far greater than that beyond the Atlantic, for which we have striven since the republic has existed. If we pause to consider the facts and figures, we shall soon be convinced. The imports of China alone, with her 450 million souls, amount to 200 million dollars in American money every year, of which her Asiatic neighbors sell her two-thirds. The United States gets about one-tenth of the whole amount expended. In a single year Japan has sold to China five million dollars' worth of goods more than the United States has sold to her. But of what China buys from the rest of Asia, much could be furnished by this country. Her people must be clothed, and as yet not enough cloth is made in the Empire to meet their wants. This is why Japan takes so much cotton from our Southern planters. The Japanese bill for cotton in 1904 startled the American growers, for it was double the quantity they bought during the previous year. The secret leaked out that Japan's cloth-makers had taken America's place in the Asiatic market that year, as American goods had been boycotted. The year prior to the Russian war, Japan sold the Chinese two million dollars' worth more of cloth made from American cotton

than did the American weavers themselves. Some of the stuff was woven on looms supplied by American manufacturers. During the last trade year Japan sold us goods valued at 66 million dollars—26 millions more than we sold to Japan, the value of exports and imports between the two countries amounting to \$105,500,000. The trade of the island empire with China aggregated 69 million dollars.

No wonder that 40,000 steam and sailing craft have entered the ports of China alone in a single year. Even five years is enough to show how this commerce is swelling, for in that space the total number of vessels "docking" at Chinese ports for the year increased from 24,000 to 43,000. And this is what the records show: The Japanese increased their business from about 1000 to 7000 cargoes in that time. The Germans increased theirs from 1900 to 6000. England's ships carried 21,000 cargoes during the first year and nearly 25,000 in the last. The United States? We expanded too—333 the first year and 1295 the last. The little group of merchant ships carrying our merchandise had a tonnage of a half million compared with seven million for Japan. Oceania includes the Philippines which we guard and govern at a cost of twenty million dollars a year. The United States sells this great island archipelago one-eighth of the total value of its imports—more to the other ports, in proportion, than to our own dependency, for but one-tenth of the bill for supplies purchased abroad by the Filipinos is paid to us, the balance being divided principally between Japan, China and Europe.

The people of the Pacific coasts including Oceania send nearly one and three-fourths billions of dollars a year outside of their own countries for articles they want. Although much of this is material that may be produced in the United States, we get only about a twentieth of the trade, while Great Britain gets five-twentieths, or one-fourth. The republics of South America buy more manufactures from Europe than we sell to

Europeans, although this comprises most of our foreign market.

It is indeed a curious fact that all these years we have directed our efforts to making customers of people who are thriving on the Orient—enjoying the commercial relations which we should enjoy, not only because of our importance among nations, but because we are next-door neighbors to the East. We sell Great Britain over 600 million dollars' worth of our grain, meat, cotton and manufactures in a year. The energetic Lancashire cotton-maker takes the staple from our Southern fields and serves us as does Japan—turns it into cloth, on which he puts the stamp of Britain, and sells it in China and India. He does more than this: he sends so much of his cloth woven from American fibre to the Argentine Republic, that most of the cheap clothing worn by the people of that country is of material which crosses the Atlantic from North America to England, and then comes back across the sea to South America. From the Argentine we get less than a million dollars a year, while Great Britain gets from fifty-to sixty millions. We are trying to convert Germany into a profitable customer of the United States, yet they say in the Orient that the Teuton is trying to Germanize the Pacific. What does it mean? That the German trade-seekers are sending more and more vessels to the greater ocean, are continually entering seaports where they have not before ventured, are establishing regular lines of steamships from their maritime cities to the coasts of Asia and to Japan. Even Belgium and Holland—kingdoms in miniature—have such associations with the Pacific that many a cargo from the other side of the world finds its way to Antwerp and Amsterdam.

A common saying is it that America is reaching out for "the markets of the world." The "trade balance" in our favor is proudly pointed out. Look into this trade balance, however, and the figures may not be as gratifying as those which are put on paper

to our credit. The money we receive from Europe is 80 per cent. of all our sales abroad. To the world's greatest market goes only five per cent. in value of what we might sell in it. During the past year what we bought from Europe cost us 50 per cent. more than what we bought in 1901, while we sold the Europeans but 30 per cent. more in value than in the same year. But the Yankee money that goes into the treasuries of the foreigners who own the ocean ferry-lines and the pockets of the hotel-keepers, spent annually for the national holiday abroad—an item not counted in the balance—would reduce that balance by two hundred millions or more. The balance is to our credit because from American farms and ranges come over 750 million dollars' worth of food for Europe's people. Though we have made every effort to keep them as customers for that which comes from our mills and shops, it is a fact that Great Britain and the Continent are steadily declining in importance as a market for our manufactures. Since 1900 the sales of our wares across the Atlantic have shrunk in value to the extent of one hundred million dollars.

Within the last two years, two men next to the President in national importance have for the time given up the direction of their departments to become envoys of this country to other lands. During the months that the Secretary of State spent in South America, the press had it that he had gone to our southern neighbors in the interest of the Monroe doctrine and in general as a peace-keeper to establish such relations with the Latin Americans that future friction with them would be impossible. After Mr. Root went the "Secretary of Peace," as the newspapers termed Mr. Taft, not merely to tour the Philippines, but to visit Japan and China and pass through Manchuria. Through him the American nation had a heart-to-heart talk with the Mikado of Japan and with those who are the real rulers of China. Through him we have had a chance to note just

what Japan is doing to advance herself in industry and commerce, how China is opening her gates wider and wider to the trader from abroad, and what are the resources and possibilities of Manchuria—the great empire which may be open to the world as a result of the latest war.

These men had an opportunity to study "the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter," and they returned with a fund of information such as no other Americans have ever gathered. Probably they did go to South America and the Philippines and Eastern Asia as the envoys of our friendship and goodwill, but they were also the advance-agents, so to speak, of our influence in the Orient. Two of America's greatest statesmen, they were not merely personating its diplomacy, they were not merely representing the President: they stood for the farmer, the merchant, the manufacturer—the entire American people, and their visits have given us a prestige on the shores of the Pacific that we have never had before.

(Since this paragraph was written, it has been authoritatively announced that a commission comprising about two hundred members, will be sent to the Far East, next winter, by the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, to study our commercial interests in China, Japan and other oriental countries.)

Great Britain, Germany and other commercial powers have secured their grasp largely because the state has aided the citizen in his efforts to trade beyond his own borders. So long have the countries in Europe depended on the money of the foreigner for their progress, that the commercial policy of each government is far-reaching. While we are receiving our primary lessons in Asiatic commerce, at least, they have long been educated to the value of the world as a market. Governmental departments have investigated trade possibilities, detailing experts to visit other countries and study their resources and industries, and advise as to the best plans for

fostering commercial relations with them. The idea of the trade commissioner may be new to the American but it is old to the European.

The visits of the State and War secretaries to the lands of the western ocean marked a new era in our relations with them. They were not only acting for the President of the United States in bearing abroad his message of friendship, but their official distinction raised this country to a higher position in the mind of Orientals and Latin Americans. Not in our previous history have Cabinet officers been outside of the United States for such a length of time. But no man knows better than the Man in the White House our neglect of the great trade field in the East, and the absolute need of broadening our market over the seas. He showed it when he urged Congress to follow the example of the Old World and send trade commissioners to study the methods of our rivals—a request to which Congress paid no heed. So Mr. Root and Mr. Taft assumed these rôles in addition to that of diplomacy.

Navies are created not wholly to wage war, but to prevent war. It is an accepted theory of diplomacy that the sea-power of a nation exerts a moral influence even upon nations with whom peace may be permanent. A fleet of such ships as left Hampton Roads is a far more convincing argument for the greatness of the country whose flag they fly, than would be the most elaborate display of its ambassador. As old as history is the fact that warships have gone from shore to shore merely to impress one people with another's power. Spain sent its fleets of armed galleons on peaceful missions. The Portuguese diverted the Oriental trade from Venice and Byzantium to themselves by their pacific display of sea-power. To the frequent movements of her squadrons is due much of the expansion in ocean commerce that has made Britain the leading nation in this respect. The island kingdom is the world's best illustration of the saying that "Trade follows the flag," for in the wake of

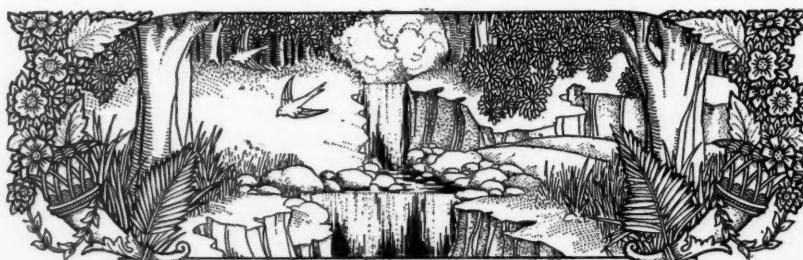
her warships have gone her merchantmen all the way from the ice-bound Arctic to the myriad islands of the far southern seas. So a good reason exists for the voyage around the hemisphere and across the Pacific. It would be worth while even if we were assured of perpetual peace on that ocean, because, to use a plain word, it will advertise the greatness and progressiveness of the United States where it most needs such publicity.

Meanwhile, our Eastern seaboard is not left defenceless. Across the Atlantic is another fleet, flying another flag, it is true, but which is ready to police our waters should an enemy's ship approach them. When, a few years ago, England withdrew her garrisons from her main strongholds in Atlantic America, her War Office took this step because it knew the United States would protect her dependencies on this side of the ocean, not only to fulfil its pledge to uphold the Monroe doctrine, but as an act of friendship. Since then it is not a state secret that our navy has ever been ready to preserve order in these British possessions, and to warn away possible enemies, in return for the confidence reposed in our good-will. Such is the present spirit of amity between the two nations, that no invaders can land on our seaboard if the ships of Britain can prevent it.

Across the Isthmus of Panama we are digging a waterway. The nation is willing to spend its wealth for a canal through which ships of the largest size that float can pass from ocean to ocean. Men versed in the science of war says that the work is

worth the labor and expense, if only to afford greater protection to our coasts. The Panama Canal, however, is not solely a strategic scheme. It is to be by far the greatest commercial channel yet created in the Old World or the New. And through it will move vessels flying the flags of Europe, carrying the products of Europe and transporting the people of Europe. True, the steamship which goes from New York or Boston or New Orleans to San Francisco or Shanghai by way of this cut between the continents, will save the seven thousand or more miles now required by the Straits of Magellan route. But the fleets of Europe have the same advantage. The two hundred million dollars which it costs the United States to make the gap in the Culebra hills, to build the great walls restraining the mountain streams, and to dredge the miles of swamp and river, do not give us an advantage over our trade rivals. As the canal brings us nearer "the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter," so are they also brought closer thereto; but to them a route has long been opened. Their ships have sailed by way of Suez, of Good Hope and Magellan. Ours have been only the few sent from the half-dozen ports on our Western coast—a mere handful by comparison.

We may build the inter-ocean passage, but unless we turn our eyes to the West and reach out for what awaits the trade-seeker there, it will only aid in keeping the supremacy of the Pacific in the hands of the foreigner, and we will maintain it for the benefit of alien nations.



# A FOREIGN TOUR AT HOME

By HENRY HOLT

## V

### SAN FRANCISCO



S already said, we first reached San Francisco about three o'clock in the morning. The dawn was creeping up cold and desolate amid the ruins. "It is Pompeii," said Altera.

Our hotel, the Fairmont, newly opened, on Nob Hill, is, on the whole, the finest hotel structure I ever saw, and in perhaps the finest position. It was designed by a firm of New York architects of whom I never heard! And yet I supposed that I knew personally virtually all the leaders of the profession. So far as I can judge, none of them would be apt to surpass this work.\*

San Francisco is a big and complicated proposition. The impressions from a three days' stay can be little more than impressions, and must contain a large margin of error, especially as they are largely mere reconstructions from ruins.

To begin with Nob Hill, where our lines were cast. Opposite the hotel stand the walls of the Fair "mansion." They are of brown stone and over a hundred feet square. Except the Cornelius Vanderbilt house in New York, Schwab's, and some palaces in Italy, I know of no city private residence so grandiose; and the Italian palaces were rather family pueblos than residences of single families in the ordinary sense. The remaining terraces and terrace-walls

of the Hopkins house are more impressive still, though I understand that the house itself, out of respect for earthquakes—which were guarded against more than fire—was built of wood. There were remaining several other stone entrance steps and foundations (generally, I presume, of wooden houses) almost equally magnificent, and there are other corresponding remains of houses that were obviously of stone—one with a beautiful Ionic four-columned portico. Take them all in all, the ruins give the impression that, always saving the Italian palaces, there had probably stood on that hill at least the most *expensive* group of private residences in the world. Even to the exception of the Italian palaces should be made the qualification that, perhaps barring the Grand Canal, there probably was no such *group* of them, and that when grouped in the confines of cities, perhaps they had elsewhere no such grounds as in San Francisco, and perhaps even in Naples they did not command such views.

Though the tower of the ferry house is a good Campanile, except in color, and the dome of the City Hall (obviously thrown by the earthquake several feet out of line with its support) is a very good tall narrow dome, the city's towers could hardly have equalled those of Rome and Florence and Venice. But to my taste, the bay and hills surpass even those of Naples. And when the denizens of these palaces drove in the Golden Gate Park or the Presidio, they also had the shores and cliffs bordering the Pacific, and the Pacific itself.

\*My lack of acquaintance has since been satisfactorily explained by a report, from another source, that the office of these architects is in Chicago.

The impressions of the bay were reinforced by our sail (or steam, rather) to Mount Tamalpais, which rises on the northern peninsula beside the Golden Gate. On the southern one San Francisco is built. Both capes rise to a beautiful dignity. The bay within them is a hundred and fifty miles long, and ramifies into four minor bays bordered by many hills, and backed at various distances by mountains. In the bay, a mile or so from the city, rises the fortified rock of Alcatraz, which is commonplace enough in merciless daylight, but which in mist, or at poetic hours, shows great forms that would make it fit subject for pictures to hang with the famous ones of Mont Saint Michel and Ischia and Meissen.

Near the foot of Mount Tamalpais we disembarked at Sausalito, a beautiful Italian-like village climbing a hill. We ascended the mountain by a wonderful serpentine railroad. It was not a cog road, but the locomotive was very much *sui generis*. Instead of having two cylinders, one on each side, it had four, all on the same side; these, instead of lying horizontally, were strung along vertically, and instead of being directly connected with the driving wheels, were all connected with a horizontal shaft geared into the driving wheels. Later I was told that the object of the contrivance was to have the thrust of the engine grip the track, as that of a horizontal engine could not.

The friend who went with us, and knew all about the views, had no personal regret for the fog that, for a large part of the year, sweeps in from the Pacific nearly every afternoon, and obscures not only this beautiful bay and its hills, but the Pacific itself; indeed, this friend of artistic tastes rather preferred the fog effects. But on a first visit we preferred our scenery vulgarized with a little topography. The next day we autoed along the cliffs above the ocean without seeing anything; but this day, though we could not see the ocean or the Golden Gate, we saw enough in all conscience over the bay and the

interior, and the fog clouds did their best for it. Nevertheless, it is one of the most remarkable examples of the jealousy ascribed to Nature that she has qualified this lavish prodigality of beauty by veiling it so much of the time.

The people who threw open Mount Tamalpais to general access have set a most commendable example by not disfiguring the summit of the mountain when seen from below—as so many summits are disfigured—by setting their tavern on top. A mountain should be left as far as possible to give its natural impression of an inaccessible and sacred mystery. In the greatest mountains, Nature has provided for that by the eternal snows which will tolerate only rare men, for only a little time, and with the abiding threat of destruction. From even her less august mountains, she diffuses this salutary feeling of reverence, and when men interfere with it, they destroy a beneficial moral force, and substitute something ugly and ridiculous. Consider Mount Tom, for instance, which should be an uplifting influence, and which has been converted into a mere pedestal for an ugly staring white tavern. The Mount Tamalpais people have deserved well of God and man by placing their building where its lines escape notice, on a platform below the summit, and coloring it soberly. Then they have ringed the mountain with a path at the same level, and at each point commanding any view or object worthy of special attention, they have placed an iron tube fastened on a rod sunk in the rock, and directed toward the object. Each such fixture is labelled with a word or two of explanation, and on looking through the tube one sees a beautiful circular picture, with the significant point at the centre. Having got his bearings and his understanding, he is at liberty of course to treat himself to a more comprehensive view outside the tube. This gives him all the instruction of a lettered and annotated map, without any disfigurement or confusion, and of course complete and



THE CLIFF HOUSE, GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO

This famous building, which was burned on Sept. 7, 1907, is about to be replaced

beautiful beyond the possibilities of art.

The next day, as already intimated, we took an auto, and, though we covered more ground than could have been done otherwise, it was, on the whole, a sell. We wanted to go through the Golden Gate Park to the Cliff House—and we did it—through roads carefully planted out from the most interesting parts of the park, in which autos are not permitted. The famous Cliff House is a more imposing building than I expected, of a high-piled florid architecture. We could barely see the ocean for the fog, and on a return drive which ran for a mile or two beside it, could not see it at all, even with the fog over it; for the perverse ingenuity of planting, fostered by the climate's love of luxuriant vegetation, had, of all things, spread a screen between the drive and the shore!

After that we drove through the Presidio, whose ocean cliffs are magnificent. But we could get only a tantalizing notion of them through the fog, and no notion at all of what must be the glorious outlooks they command.

To return to the city itself. In rebuilding it, the main attention, so

far, seems to have been given to the skyscrapers fundamentally necessary to the city's activity. In Van Ness Avenue, however, the residences have been replaced by low, temporary shops for the retail trade, and their contents and activity seem to indicate that the gorgeous structures usually devoted to that business in American cities (hardly in European) embody a large element of superfluity: quite possibly the little shops in the Rue de la Paix distribute diamonds and other glittering agencies of vanity and ruin as effectively as Tiffany's beautiful new Italian palace in New York.

We were immensely amused by one agency for personal convenience in San Francisco, whose parallel we had never seen before. Pilgrim footsteps had been too much for a pair of rubber heels on my shoes. I asked at a big retail shop where I could have them replaced, and was directed to a shop which I was told I would find "quite an establishment." And so I did. There were in it all sorts of appliances evolved through generations from the old bench and lapstone and hammer and awl, including four or five machines run by electricity. One of them was a sort of lathe with several circu-



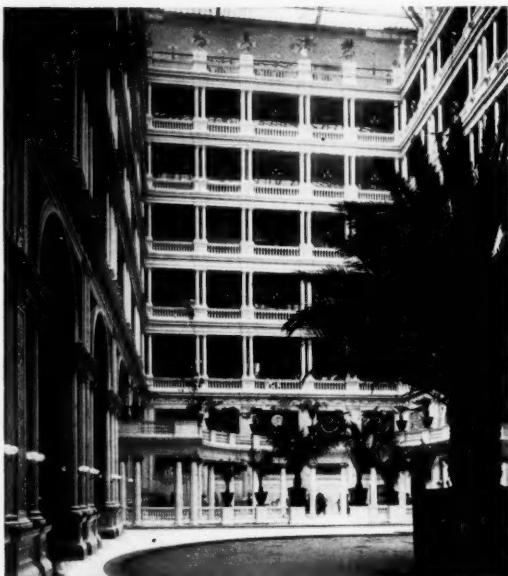
THE HOME OF THE SAN FRANCISCO  
"EXAMINER" BEFORE THE FIRE

lar brushes. They were presided over, of course, by a corresponding number of busy artisans. And this was not a factory, but, if you please, a shop for the cobbling of worn shoes. My job was done in a jiffy; and so impressed was Altera with the whole proceedings, that she enthusiastically sacrificed an inch or two from her heels, which all my logic had been for weeks hammering against in vain.

I am reminded of a San Francisco sign which was the first well lettered ungrammatical one I ever saw. It declared its owner to be "The best cleaner of paper, kalsomining and floors you ever seen."

It is an abrupt transition to the music in the

hotel. It was very fine, and not too "popular." The instruments were, as I remember, two violins, perhaps a viola, and a cello, bass, flute, clarinet, piano and portable organ. We found about the same combination in restaurants at Los Angeles, Portland and Seattle. At Seattle they were playing a piece which I thought must be by Wagner, but was astonished to learn was from "Pagliacci." It was surprisingly well done. I had heard the opera only twice, but certainly never as well rendered as by this little restaurant orchestra. The same band did the *Pilgerchor*—the organ starting with the theme scored for French horn, clarinets and cellos. The sextette from "Lucia" seems to hold its own, as it deserves to. It



COURTYARD OF THE PALACE HOTEL

It was in this building that the Metropolitan Opera House Company had its thrilling experience at the time of the earthquake

was played at San Francisco and Portland, and well played, though of course not all the parts were in register. There was generally a woman in the caste—usually at the piano of course; at Los Angeles, leading on the violin.

I find myself wanting to make a note of the Adelmans. When in Denver we went to a vaudeville show, where a big vulgarian made a lot of rotten noise on several wind instruments, the ugliest of which was his own whistling mouth. After a time we had something different. The curtain rose on a toy booth with a man behind it. A pretty woman came sauntering in with a couple of girls of about twelve and fifteen. They went to the booth and selected toy trumpets, and began playing on them under the tuition of the dealer. Soon all four were going in a quartet, rendering some trivial piece. This sort of thing they did with a lot of other toy instruments, including children's rattles. At last they brought out a drum and three queer trumpets, each consisting of half a dozen—probably seven—flaring from one mouthpiece. With these things they played a fanfare that we thought could have held its own anywhere.

After a quick change into evening dress, Adelman (whose name we were by this time interested enough to hunt up in the program), his wife and elder daughter (as we suppose them to be) appeared with three xylophones. Now if there is anything we unite in detesting, it is a xylophone, but by this time we had reached some confidence in Adelman. They began on the "Blau Donau," I believe; and, though I had certainly heard it from more beautiful instruments, I probably never before heard it as well played: the three artists—for that is what Adelman is, and had made the others to be—played as one, and with

enthusiasm, delicacy, gradations and light and shade that could not be surpassed. Why were such artists fooling with xylophones? I could imagine the fellow saying, "It makes no difference what old thing I play on—the worse it is, the more can I prove myself a musician." The house



HOME OF THE SAN FRANCISCO "CHRONICLE" BEFORE  
THE FIRE

went wild—not only the vaudeville audience of Denver, but two habitual subscribers to the Philharmonic and the Kneisels, who look down hard on xylophones. Then Adelman—his blond hair shaken down over his blue eyes by stooping and wriggling over his abominable instrument, waved one hand deprecatingly palm outward, telling us as plainly as he had told us what Strauss felt: "Oh, that's nothing! Just you wait!" and, with his

pupils, he began playing, of all things, "Yankee Doodle." We all knew it was "Yankee Doodle," but by that time we did n't care; all we wanted was to hear what that fellow would do with it. Well, on his confounded bars of wood, he simply made it our national air. I forgot whether we stood up or not. I think I did. We ought all to have done it, at least in honor of a rare artist.

One of my profoundest reasons for considering Du Maurier a very great writer is the way I have always (except at the time) thought that he fooled me into believing that Svengali really did all that job with his flageolet; but since I heard Adelman with his xylophone, I'll believe Svengali really did anything with his flageolet that his creator said he did. Query: Do I now consider Du Maurier a less writer than I did before, or a greater one?

Well ("well" comes in often in this connection), at Seattle, we saw on the menus that "Herr Adelman and his orchestra of soloists" would, etc., etc., and wondered if our little blond genius had turned up again with some instruments worthy of him. But this man was tall and dark. I should n't wonder, though, if he were own brother to the other one: for he fiddled from memory as if under demoniacal possession. It was he who led the "Pagliacci" so beautifully, and in that scrap from the "Tannhäuser" overture, over the *Pilgerchor* from all the other instruments, he had to do all the tripping couplets alone on his one fiddle, and he spread himself over the whole platform in the gestures with which, while doing his own work well, he made the others doubly effective

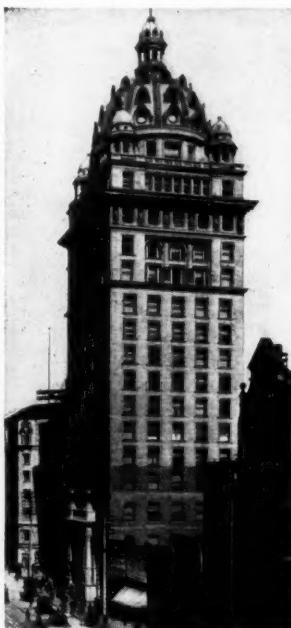
in theirs. I incline to think that we have not heard the last of the Adelmans. Altera, whose other accomplishments compete for her musical enthusiasms, says that I got too much wrought up over them. I humbly thank God that I did—if I did.

A long episode has grown from the music in the San Francisco hotel. Let us now return to that most interesting town.

As the time for leaving approached, I went to the railroad offices to arrange for getting into the Yosemite—a complicated matter, as the new railroad from Merced to the Valley, saving a day or more of strenuous staging, was just opened; and nobody seemed to know anything, or to be willing to tell anything, about it. I also wanted to engage sleeping-car accommodations to Portland, from Portland to Glacier in the Canadian mountains and from Banff, also therein, to Minneapolis. These accommodations are pretty important—especially with people to whom a sleeping-car

is at best a misery, and who want to mitigate it by exercising a choice of location.

Throughout California and the West generally, people are moving so much more than in the settled East, that a Western railroad office compares with an Eastern one as a beehive compares with a snail-shell. The Yosemite functionary was out, but would "be in in a few minutes." I waited about an hour, and hours were precious, and Altera was waiting at the hotel for a drive, and there was packing to be done, or not done: for our whole course was to be determined by the information I was seeking—and had



HOME OF THE SAN FRANCISCO "CALL"  
BEFORE THE FIRE



THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE CLAUS SPRECKELS

A brownstone building richly carved—one of the few stone houses on Nob Hill. One of the bronze shutters having been left open, the interior of the building was gutted by fire. It is now being restored.

sought in vain for other precious hours the day before. I left the Yosemite man who had kept me waiting, knowing rather more of nothing at all than I did before he cost me my hour.

Then I went to the sleeping-car

man. He was out, but had promised to be back in twenty minutes. I waited another hour for him, during which I tried to 'phone Altera the situation. It took three attempts to get a connection. "We're all in



THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE C. P. HUNTINGTON

The handsomest house in San Francisco—built in the Seventies by Mrs. Colton. Like most of the other "palatial residences" on Nob Hill, this building was of wood.



CITY HALL, SAN FRANCISCO

The steel framework of this great building withstood the earthquake shock, though the dome was thrown out of plumb and the stone facing suffered severely.

confusion: The telephone people are on strike, you know."

Altera at the hotel was washing some handkerchiefs. Our baggage was a scandal of soiled clothes, because "We can promise you no washing under a week: the laundry people are on strike, you know."

Getting about the town had been a torturing study and expense—hack rates out of sight: "Our street-car people are on strike, you know."

The president of the street railway company was under indictment, and so were half the leading citizens who ought to have been handling the situation, for bribing the city authorities to get their franchises; so were pretty much all the city authorities, including the Mayor.

All this reminded me of the telegraph operators at Del Monte, and of the California trains that are never on time, and always killing people;

and a suspicion awoke that railroads take their character more from the people they go among than from the people at headquarters.

At Del Monte, when I was struck by the first stones of this avalanche, my thoughts turned toward the San Francisco chaos, of which I had read, and I said to a resident friend, "What is the matter with this people?"

He answered, substantially: "They began in '49, making their money by luck. They have always been worshippers of the goddess of luck—a careless people and a gambling people. Their climate permits keeping their race-courses going the year round, and they go to the races the year round. Nature supplies them, too, with the best and most abundant food in the world, and abundance of wine: they have the best restaurants in the world, and live in them. They are a gay and careless people, and spend too much



A RUSTIC SCENE IN GOLDEN GATE PARK

money, not only in gambling, eating and drinking, but on their clothes and jewelry: that's about it."

I asked: "The dashing determination to rebuild San Francisco, then, despite the chance of future earthquakes, was as much from pure love of taking chances, as from our boasted American pluck and energy?"

"I'm afraid so."

Well, they are not building it as fast or as well as, to judge by myself, those whose sole information is from Eastern newspapers—or from California newspapers—suppose; and yet they have had enough civic enthusiasm—of a characteristic kind—to fill their town with memorial fountains and groups of statuary.\*

And as to newspapers—those of California, with a crescendo from Los

Angeles up to San Francisco, reminded me forcibly of the New York yellow journals. They abounded, however, like the New England country papers, in personal and "society" twaddle. They were intensely local, or at least Western, paying little more attention to New York, and even Washington, than the European papers did a generation ago, the only exception being the most scandalous trial of the age, then on in New York, and the doings of "the four hundred" or the supposed four hundred. New York papers, at least the decent ones, were hard to get. As far back as the Chicago Exposition in '93, I noticed that they were not nearly as much in evidence in that city as they had been in '62. On this trip, as we travelled north from San Francisco, the papers steadily improved.

(*To be continued*)

\*As I read the proof of this paragraph, some ten months after writing it, I have before me a "Bulletin of Progress," published by the California Promotion Committee, March 31, 1908. It says: "In San Francisco, building activity has gone on with undiminished vigor. Sanitation work has been carried on most successfully, and the city is now declared to be one of the most healthful and cleanest in the United States." The Bulletin says that the building permits issued since the fire call for an expenditure of \$99,683,459, the amount for February 29th to March 28th, inclusive, being \$2,676,909.

I also see in the newspapers a statement that Governor Gillett, addressing the officers of the Atlantic fleet at a banquet at Los Angeles on April 20th, said that they would find in San Francisco, "in place of the eleven miles of blackened ruins of two years ago, a magnificent city of skyscrapers and reconstructed streets."

That these favorable indications may be even short of the actuality, must be the wish of everybody who knows that magic land.—H. H.



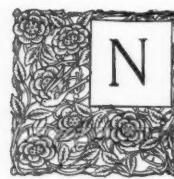
BOATS IN THE ICE AT THE "SOO"

Thirty-two vessels with a total tonnage of 200,000 were involved in this block

## THE ROMANCE OF THE GREAT LAKES

### IV.—WHAT THE SHIPS CARRY. PART II.

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD



OT long ago I went to see William Livingstone, President of the Lake Carriers' Association—Great Admiral, in a way, of the world's mightiest fleet of steel—an enrolled navy of 571 ships and a tonnage of nearly two million. Unconsciously I had come to call this man the Gray Man and the Man who Knows. Both titles fit, as they will tell you from the twin Tonawandas to Duluth. For five consecutive years president of the greatest organization of its kind on earth, an association of ships made up, if weighed, of a half of the iron and steel floating on the Inland Seas, he has become a part of Lake history. I sought him for an idea. I found it.

The Gray Man was at his desk studying over the expenditure of a matter of six millions of dollars for a new canal at the "Soo." He turned slowly—gray suit, gray tie, gray eyes, gray beard, gray hair—all beautifully blended. He seldom speaks first. He is always fighting to be courteous,

yet the days are ten hours too short for him.

"I want a new idea," I opened bluntly. "I want something new in marine—something that will make people sit up and take notice, as it were. Can you help me?"

He swung slowly about in his chair until his eyes rested upon a picture on the wall. It was a picture of the old days on the Lakes. My eyes, too, rested on the old picture. It reminded me of things, and I kept pace with the thoughts that might be his. I saw him, more than half a century before, the stripling son of a ship's carpenter, swimming in the shadows of the big fore-'n'-afters that were monarchs before steam came—glorious days when ninety-eight per cent. of vessels carried sail, and sailors dispensed law with their fists and bore dirks in their bootlegs. Later I saw the proud moment of his first trip to "sea"—and then, quickly, I noted his rise: his saving dollar by dollar until he bought an interest in a tug, his monopolization of it later, his climb-up-up—until—

"I'm busy—very busy!" he broke

in quietly. "But say, did you ever think of this? Did you ever build a city of the lumber we carry each year, populate that city, feed it with the grain we carry and warm it with our coal? You can do it on paper and you will be surprised at what you find. It will show you more graphically than anything else just what the ships carry. Try it. You'll be interested."

I have kept that idea warm. Now I am going to use it. For probably in no better way can the immensity of the lumber, grain, coal, flour and package freight traffic of the Great Lakes be given. Imagine, then, this "City of the Five Great Lakes." We will build it, we will people it, feed it and heat it—and our only material, with the exception of its inhabitants, will be the cargoes of the Lake carriers for a single season. And these carriers? If you should stand at the Lime Kiln Crossing, in the Detroit River, one would pass you on an average every twelve minutes, day and night, during the eight months of navigation; and when you saw their number and size you would wonder where they could possibly get all of their cargoes. The cargoes

with which we will deal in this article will be of lumber, grain, flour and coal, for these, with iron ore, constitute over ninety per cent. of the commerce of the Inland Seas.

To build our city we first require lumber. During the present season of navigation about 1,500,000,000 feet of this material will be carried by Lake ships. What this means it is hard to conceive until it is turned into houses. To build a comfortable eight-room dwelling modern in every respect requires about 20,000 feet of lumber, and when we divide a billion and a half by this figure we have 75,000 homes, capable of accommodating a population of about 400,000 people. With the thousands of tons of building stone transported by lake each year, the millions of barrels of cement, the cargoes of shingles, sand and brick, our "City of the Lakes" for 1908 would be as large as Buffalo, Cleveland or Detroit. (It is believed that this year's financial depression will cause a shrinkage of 30 per cent. in the Lake tonnage estimated for 1908.)

But one does not begin fully to comprehend the significance of the enormous commerce of the Great



CANISTEO MINE, COLERAINE, MINNESOTA

The surface of the earth here consists of iron ore, which is scooped up in enormous steam-shovels.



CAPTAINS OF THE VESSELS OF

Lakes, and what it means not only to this country but to a half of the civilized world, until he begins to figure how long the grain which will be carried by ships during the present year would support this imaginary city of 400,000 adult people. There will pass through the "Soo" canals this year at least 90,000,000 bushels of wheat and 60,000,000 bushels of other grain, besides 7,500,000 barrels of flour, all of which represents the "bread stuff" that is shipped from Lake Superior ports alone. There will, in addition, be shipped by lake at least 50,000,000 bushels from Chicago, Milwaukee and other ports whose east-bound commerce is not reported at the "Soo." In short, estimating conservatively from the past four years, it is safe to say that at least 200,000,000 bushels of grain and 11,000,000 barrels of flour will have been transported by the Great Lakes marine by the end of this year's season of navigation.

But what do these figures mean? They seem top-heavy, unwieldy, valuable perhaps to the scientific economist, but of small interest to the ordinary every-day eater of bread. Let us reduce this grain to flour. It takes from four and a half to five

bushels of grain for a barrel of flour, and dividing by the larger figure our grain would give us 40,000,000 barrels, which, plus the 11,000,000, would make a total of 51,000,000 barrels. Now we come right down to dinner-table facts. At least 250 one-pound loaves of bread can be made from each 196-pound barrel of flour, or a total of 12,750,000,000 from the whole, which would mean at least five loaves for every man, woman and child of the two and one-half billion people who inhabit this globe! In other words, figuring from the reports of food specialists, the grain and flour carried by the ships of the Lakes for one year would give the total population of the earth a food supply sufficient to keep it in life and health for a period of three weeks!

This enormous supply of the staff of life would give each of the 400,000 bread-eating people in our "City of the Lakes" a half-pound a day for one hundred and seventy-five years, or it would supply a city of the size of Chicago with bread for fifty years! To each of the 60,000,000 bread-eaters in the United States it would give 212 one-pound loaves, or, with an allowance of half a pound for



THE AMERICAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY

each person per day, it would feed the nation for one year and two months!

Now, having built our city, peopled it, and supplied it with food, we come to the point of heating it. Last year there were transported by Lake nearly 15,000,000 tons of coal, and this year another million will probably be added to that figure. Here again mere figures fail to tell the story. But when we come to divide this coal among the homes of a city like Cleveland, Detroit or Buffalo, which rank with our 75,000-home "City of the Lakes," we again come to an easy understanding. Each of these 75,000 home-owners would receive as his share over 213 tons of coal, and if he burned six tons each winter this would last him for thirty-five years!

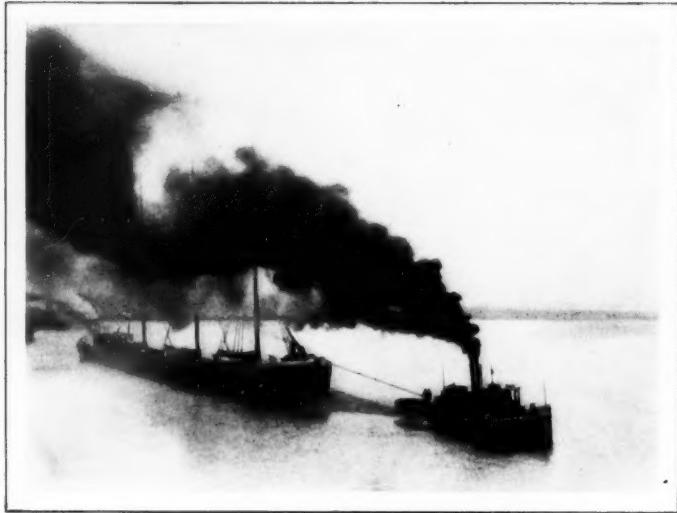
In a nutshell, there is enough lumber and other material carried by Lake ships each year to build a city the size of Detroit; there is enough grain transported to supply its 400,000 inhabitants with bread-stuffs for a period of one hundred and seventy-five years, conceding the total population of the city to be adults; and enough coal is shipped from Erie ports into the North to

heat the homes in this city for thirty-five years!

When one knows these facts, when perhaps for the first time in his life he is brought to a realization of the enormous proportions of the commerce of the Inland Seas, he may, and with excellent excuse, believe that he has reached the limit of its interest. But as a matter of fact he has only begun to enter upon its wonders, and the farther he goes the more he sees that economic questions which have long been mysteries to him are being unravelled by the Great Lakes of the vast country in which he lives.

"Because of the ships of our Inland Seas," James A. Calbick, late President of the Lumber Carriers' Association, said to me, "the people of the United States, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rocky Mountains, and as far south as Kentucky and Tennessee, have been able to build the cheapest homes in the world—and the best," and this assertion, which can be proved in several different ways, brings us at once to the lumber traffic as it exists on the Lakes to-day.

Going through almost any one of the eastern and central States one will find thousands of old sheds and barns, travelling the road to ruin through

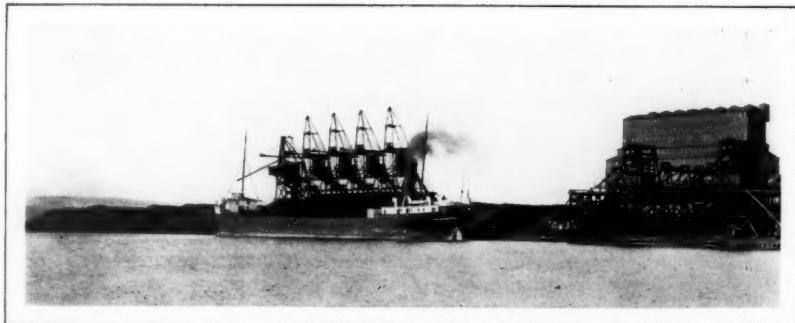


THE "MONTEZUMA" BEING TOWED OUT OF THE MAUMEE INTO LAKE ERIE AT TOLEDO  
This is the largest wooden ship that sails the Lakes

age alone, though built of the best of pine and oak—materials of a quality which cannot be found in the best of modern homes in this year of 1908. For ten years past the price of lumber has been steadily climbing, and since 1900 the increase in the cost of building construction has brought lumber to a par with brick. While the commerce of the Lakes is increasing by tremendous bounds in other ways, people are now, perhaps unknowingly, witnessing the rapid extinction of one of their oldest

and most romantic branches of traffic—the lumber industry; and each year, as this industry comes nearer and nearer to its end, the price of lumber climbs higher and higher, home-owners become fewer in comparison with other years, and fleets and lumber companies go out of existence or direct their energies into other channels.

To Lake people it is pathetic, this death of the lumber fleets of the Inland Seas. An old soldier who had sailed on a lumber hooker since the



THE COAL DOCK AT SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN, ACROSS THE HARBOR FROM DULUTH, MINNESOTA  
This pile of coal is fourteen hundred feet long and thirty feet high

days of the Civil War once said to me, "They're the Grand Army of the Lakes—are those old barges and schooners, and they're passing away as fast as we old fellows of the days of '61." To-day no vessels are built along the Lakes for the carrying of lumber. Scores of ancient "hookers" and picturesque schooners of the romantic days of old are rotting at their moorings, and when a great steel leviathan of 10,000 tons passes one of these veterans the eyes of her crew will follow it until only her canvas remains above the horizon.

Yet from the enormous quantity of lumber which will be transported by Lake during the present year, one would not guess that the great fleet which will carry it is fast nearing the end of its usefulness in this way. In every lumbering camp along the Lakes, in the great forests of Minnesota and in the wilderness regions of Canada, unprecedented effort has been expended in securing "material" because of the high prices offered, and the result has been something beyond description. Recently I passed through the once great lumbering regions of the Lakes to see for myself what I had been told. Michigan is stripped; the "forest" regions of Georgian Bay are scrub and underbrush; for hundreds of miles around Duluth the axe and the saw have spread most absolute desolation. In the vast lumber regions of a decade ago, once lively and prosperous towns have become almost depopulated. Scores of lumbering camps are going to rot and ruin; sawmills are abandoned to the elements, and in places where lumbering is still going on, timber is greedily accepted which a few years ago would have

been passed by as practically worthless. A few years more and the picture of ruin will be complete. Then the lumber traffic on the Great Lakes will virtually have ceased to be, the old ships will be gone, and passed forever will be the picturesque life of the lumberjack and those weather-beaten old patriarchs who, since the days of



THE GRAIN-CARRIER "WAHCONDAH" IN A BRAND-NEW  
WINTER SUIT

Finding refuge in Port Arthur Harbor, Minnesota, from a Lake Superior storm

their youth, have been "goin' up f'r cedar 'n' pine."

But even in these last days of the lumber industry on the Lakes the figures are big enough to create astonishment and wonder, and give some idea of what that industry has been in years past. Take the Tonawandas, for instance—those two beautiful little cities at the foot of Lake

Erie, a few miles from Buffalo. Lumber has made these towns, as it has made scores of others along the Lakes. They are the greatest "lumber towns" in the world, and estimating from the business of former years there will be carried to them by ship this year in the neighborhood of 400,000,000 feet of lumber. In

"all bosh," I was informed with great candor a short time ago. "Look at the great forests of Washington and Oregon! Think of the almost limitless supply of timber in some of the Southern States! Why, the stripping of the Lake States ought not to make any difference at all!"

There are probably several million



A LOAD OF WOOD ON ITS WAY TO THE LAKE

This is said to be the largest load ever dragged from the Michigan woods by a single team  
It contained 20,000 board feet of lumber

1890 there entered the Tonawandas 718,000,000 feet, which shows how the lumber traffic has fallen during the last eighteen years. It is figured that about 10,000,000 feet of lumber, valued at \$200,000, is lost each year from aboard vessels bound for the "Twin Cities." In 1905 the vessels running to the Tonawandas numbered 300; this year their number will not exceed 250—another proof of the rapidly failing lumber supply along America's great inland waterways.

"This talk of a lumber famine is

people in this country of ours who are, just at the present moment, of the above opinion. They have never looked into what I might call the "economy of the Lakes." A few words will show what part the Lakes have played in the building of millions of American homes. At the present moment it costs \$2.50 to bring 1000 feet of lumber from Duluth to Detroit aboard a ship. It costs \$5.50 to bring that same lumber by rail! Conceding that this year's billion and a half feet of lumber will be transported a distance of 700 miles, the



C. W. KOTCHER

A great lumberman owning many saw-mills and a fleet of vessels.

cost of lake transportation for the whole will be about \$3,750,000. The cost of transportation by rail of this same lumber would be at least \$7,500,000, or as much again! Now what if you, my dear sir, who live in New York, had to have the lumber for your house carried fourteen hundred miles instead of seven, or three thousand miles, from Washington State? To-day your lumber can be brought 1000 miles by water for \$3 per thousand feet; by rail it would cost you \$7! And this, with competition playing a tremendous part in the game. When lumber is gone from the Lake regions, will our philanthropic railroads carry this material as cheaply as now, when for eight months of the year they face the bitter rivalry of our Great Lakes marine?

"When the time comes that there is no more lumber along the Lakes, what will be the result?" I asked Mr. Calbick, the late President of the Lumber Carriers' Association. He replied:

"Lumber will advance in price as

never before. No longer will the frame cottage be the sign of the poor man's home; no longer will the brick mansion be the manifestation of wealth. It will then cost much more to build a dwelling of wood than of brick or stone. The frame house will in time become the sign of aristocracy and means. It will pass beyond the poor man's pocket-book, and while this poor man may live in a house of brick it will not be his fortune to live in a house of wood. This is what will happen when the lumber industry ceases along the Great Lakes."

Then this great lumberman went on to say:

"People are beginning to see, and each year they will see more plainly, how absolutely idiotic our State and National governments have been in not compelling forest preservation. For all the centuries to come Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota should be made to supply the nation with



CAPT. HARRIS W. BAKER

The most successful wrecker and treasure-hunter on the Lakes

timber. In these three Lake States there are millions of acres of ideal forest land which is good for nothing else. Yet for at least half a century must these millions of acres now remain worthless. Nothing has been left upon them. They are "barrens" in the true sense of the word, and before forests are regrown upon them fifty or a hundred years hence, the greatest timber famine the world has ever seen will have been upon us for generations."

Hardly could the significance of the passing of the lumber industry along our Inland Seas be appreciated without taking a brief glance into the past, to see what it has already done for the nation. There is now practically no white pine left in the State of Michigan—once the home of the greatest pine regions in the whole world. Michigan's tribute to the nation has been enormous. For twenty years she was the leading lumber-producing State of the Union. As nearly as can be estimated, her forests have yielded 160,000,000,000 feet of pine, more than one hundred times the total amount of lumber that will be transported on the Lakes this year! These are figures which pass comprehension until they are translated into more familiar terms. This enormous production would build a board walk five feet wide, two inches thick, and 3,000,000 miles long—a walk that would reach 120 times around the earth at the equator; or it would make a plank way one mile wide and two

inches thick that would stretch across the continent from New York to San Francisco! In other words, Michigan's total contribution of pine would build 10,000,000 six-room dwellings capable of housing over half the present population of the United States.

As a consequence of this absolute spoliation of the forest lands, a large part of Michigan is now practically worthless. First the lands were bought by lumbering companies; the timber was stripped—then came the tax-collector! But why pay taxes on worthless barrens, with only stumps and brush and desert sand to claim? So people forgot they owned them, and as a result one-

seventh of the State of Michigan is to-day on the delinquent tax list.

Minnesota is going the way of Michigan. In 1906 there was cut in the Duluth district a total of 828,000,000 feet of white pine; but each year this production will become smaller, until in the not distant future there will be nothing for the lumber ships of the Lakes to carry. What this will mean to the home-builders of the nation can be shown in a few words. Previous to 1860 the Chicago man could buy 1000 feet of the best white pine for \$14. To-day it costs him \$80! What will it cost ten years hence?

Already the centre of lumber production has swung from the North to the South. The yellow pine of Louisiana is now taking the place once filled by white pine, and at the rate



MISS FANNY BAKER

Capt. Baker's adventurous daughter—the only young woman on the Lakes who visits wrecks in a diving-suit

it is being cut another decade will see that State stripped as clean as Michigan now is, and then the country's last resort will be to turn to the Pacific coast with its forests of Douglas fir. And still, as though blindfolded to all sense and reason, almost every State government continues to look upon the fatal destruction without a thought for the future, though before us are facts which show that Americans are using nearly eight times as much lumber per capita as is used in Europe, and that the nation is consuming four times as much wood annually as is produced by growth in our forests.

Ten years more and the last of the romantic old lumber ships of the Inland Seas will have passed away; gone forever will be the picturesque life of those who have clung thus long to the fate of canvas and the four winds of heaven; and with it, too, will pass the remaining few of those old lumber kings who have taken from Michigan forests alone fifty per cent. more wealth than has been produced by all the gold mines of California since their discovery in 1849.

But in the place of this passing industry is rapidly growing another, the effect of which is already being felt over a half of the civilized world, and which in a very few years from now will be counted the greatest and most important commerce in existence. The iron mines of the North may become exhausted, the little remaining forest of the Lake regions will fade away; but the grain trade will go on forever. Just as the Superior mines have produced cheap iron and steel, just as the Inland Seas have been the means of giving the nation cheap lumber, so will they for all time to come supply unnumbered millions with cheap bread. Like great links, they connect the vast grain-producing West with the millions of the bread-consuming East. And not only do they control the grain traffic of the United States. To-day western Canada is spoken of as the future "Bread Basket of the World,"

and over the Lakes will travel the bulk of its grain. Looking ahead for a dozen centuries one cannot see where there can be a monopoly of grain transportation, either by railroad or ship. The water highways are every man's property; a few thousand dollars—a ship—and you are your own master, to go where you please, carry what you please, and at any price you please. For all time, in the carrying of grain from field to mouth, the Great Lakes will prove themselves the poor man's friend. To bring this poor man's bushel of wheat over the 1000 miles from Duluth to Buffalo by Lake now costs only two cents.

And according to the predictions of some of the oldest ship-owners of the Lakes, the tremendous saving to the poor man because of the cheapness of Lake freightage is bound to increase in the not distant future. It must be remembered that at the present time ships cannot be built fast enough for Lake demand, and as a consequence transportation rates, while exceedingly low when compared with rail rates, are such as to make fortunes each year for the owners of ships. Take the cargo of the *B. F. Jones*, for instance, delivered at Buffalo in October of 1906. She had on board 370,273 bushels of wheat which she had brought from Duluth at two and three-fourths cents a bushel, making her four-day trip down pay to the tune of \$7,500! The preceding year one cargo of 300,000 bushels was brought down for six cents a bushel, a very extraordinary exception to the regular cheap rate—one of the exceptions which come during the last week or two of navigation. The freight paid on this cargo was \$18,000. In other words, if this vessel had made but this one trip during the season the profit on the total investment of \$300,000 represented by the ship would have been six per cent. There are on the Lakes vessels which pay from thirty to forty per cent. a year, and an "ordinary earner" is supposed to run about twenty.

In viewing these enormous profits, however, the layman has no cause for complaint, for the vessels that make them do so not to his cost, but from the rapidity with which they achieve their work. The *W. B. Kerr* is a vessel that can carry 400,000 bushels of wheat. Figure that she makes twenty trips a season. If she carried grain continually she would transport a total of eight million bushels in a single season, which would supply Chicago with bread for nearly a year and a half. And it is an interesting fact, too, that with few exceptions the ships of the Lakes are not owned by corporations, but by the American people. Their stock is held, not by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands. Recognized as among the best and safest investments in the United States, they are the property of farmers, mechanics, clerks and other small investors, as well as of capitalists. Recently one of the largest shipbuilders on the Lakes said to me, "A third of the farmers in the Lake counties of Ohio have money invested in shipping." Which shows that not only in the way of cheap transportation are the common people of the country profiting because of the existence of our Inland Seas. It may be interesting to note at this point that the tonnage shipped and received at Ohio ports last year exceeded that of all the ports of France.

The rate at which the grain traffic of the Lakes is increasing is easily seen in the figures of the last two or three years. In 1905 over 68,000,000 bushels of wheat passed through the "Soo" canals. In 1906 this increased to more than 84,000,000, showing a growth in one year of 16,000,000 bushels, or 23 per cent. This rate of increase is not only being maintained, but it is becoming larger; and the grain men of the Lakes are unanimous in the opinion that even from the big increase of the past couple of years cannot be figured the future grain business of the Inland Seas.

"Ten years more will see the American and Canadian wests feeding the world," a grain dealer tells me.

"Within that time I look to see the wheat production of North America not only doubled, but trebled."

What western Canada is destined to mean to Lake commerce is already shown in marine figures. From Port Arthur and Fort William, the "twin cities" of Thunder Bay, were shipped in 1906 over 60,000,000 bushels of grain, and it is safe to predict that the shipment of these two little cities will this year exceed 80,000,000 bushels. The largest elevator in the world, with a capacity of 7,500,000 bushels, has been constructed at Port Arthur; and Fort William already has a capacity of 13,000,000 bushels.

And as yet the fertile regions of western Canada have hardly been touched! These 80,000,000 bushels of 1908 will represent part of the production, not of a nation, but of a comparatively few pioneers in what is destined to become the greatest grain-growing country in the world—a country connected with the East and the waterways to Europe by the Five Great Lakes. When the task now under way of widening and deepening the Erie Canal is accomplished, the enormous Lake traffic in grain may continue without interruption to the Atlantic coast. Even as it is, the transportation of grain from Buffalo to New York by canal is showing a phenomenal increase. The value of the freight cleared by canal from Buffalo in 1907 was nearly \$19,000,000, while in 1905 it was less than \$12,000,000.

Like the building of ships the building of elevators is now one of the chief occupations along the Lakes. The "grain age," as vesselmen are already beginning to call it, has begun. In the four chief grain ports of the Lakes, Chicago, Duluth-Superior, Buffalo and Port Arthur-Fort William, there are now 145 elevators with a capacity of 138,000,000 bushels. Chicago leads, with 83 elevators and a capacity of 63,000,000, although Duluth-Superior with their 27 elevators and 35,000,000 bushel capacity shipped half again as much grain to Buffalo in 1907 as did Chicago. Buffalo is the great

"receiving port" of the lower Lakes. There vast quantities of grain are made into flour, and the rest is transshipped eastward. At present the city possesses 28 elevators with a capacity of 23,000,000 bushels.

There is another potent reason why the passing of the lumber traffic the future exhaustion of the iron and mines do not trouble ship builders and owners. It has been asserted that when lumber and iron are gone there will no longer be business for all of the ships of the Lakes. How wrong this idea is has been shown by the growth of the grain trade. But grain will be only one item in the enormous commerce of the future. Each year the coal transportation business is growing, and the constantly increasing saving to coal consumers because of this commerce is astonishing. At one end of the Lakes are the vast coal deposits of the East; at the other is Duluth, the natural distributing point for a multitude of inland coal markets. Of the 16,000,000 tons of coal to be shipped by water this year nearly 8,000,000 will go to Duluth, and will be carried a distance of 1000 miles for thirty-five cents a ton, just about what one would pay to have it shovelled from a wagon into his basement window! The remaining 8,000,000 tons will be unloaded at Chicago, Milwaukee, etc.

One of the most interesting sights to be witnessed along the Lakes is the loading and unloading of a big cargo of coal. The *W. B. Kerr* holds the record at this writing. She loaded 12,558 tons at Lorain for Duluth, and took on 400 tons of fuel in addition. Inconceivable as it may seem, such a cargo under good conditions can be loaded on a ship in from 10 to 15 hours. The vessel runs alongside the coal dock, her crew lifts anywhere from a dozen to twenty hatches, and the work begins. In the yards are hundreds of loaded cars. An engine quickly pushes one of these up an inclined track to a huge "lift," or elevator, to the tracks of which the wheels of the car are automatically clamped. Then the car, with its forty

or fifty tons of coal, scoots skyward, and when forty feet above the deck of the ship great steel arms reach out and turn it upside down. With a thunderous roar the coal rushes into a great chute, one end of which empties into a hatch. Then the car tips back, is quickly carried down by the elevator, and is "bumped off" by another loaded car, which goes through the same operation. Four or five days later, at the other end of the Lakes, powerful arms, high in the air, reach out over the open hatches of the same vessel. Out upon one of these arms suddenly darts a huge "clam-shell" bucket; for a moment it poised above a hatch, then suddenly tumbles downward, its huge mouth agape, and half buries itself in the cargo of coal. As it is pulled up, the "jaws" of the clam are closed, and with it ascend several tons of fuel. Three or four of these clam-shells may be at work on a vessel at the same time, and can unload 10,000 tons in about two days. In the days of old it would have taken three weeks and scores of men to unload such a cargo.

"And in looking into the future we must take another item into consideration," said President Livingstone to me. "And that is package freight. It is almost impossible to estimate the amount that is carried, but it is enormous, and has already saved the country millions in transportation."

There is one other "item" that is carried in the ships of the Inland Seas—not a very large one, judging by bulk alone, but one which shows that the possibilities of romance are not yet gone from modern commerce. Perhaps, some time in the not distant future, you may have the fortune to see a Lake ship under way. She is long, and black, and ugly, you may say; she carries neither guns nor fighting men, nor is she under convoy of a man-o'-war. Yet it may be she carries a richer prize than any galleon that ever sailed the Spanish Main. She is a "treasure ship" of the Inland Seas, bringing down copper from the great Bonanzas of the

North. The steamer *Flagg* holds the record, carrying down as she did in 1906 with \$1,250,000 worth of metal.

Once a copper ship was lost—

But I will keep that story a little longer, for it properly belongs in "The

Romance and Tragedy of the Inland Seas," in which I pledge myself to show that the great salt oceans are not the only treeless and sandless wastes rich in mysterious, romantic and tragic happenings.

## A PROBLEM FOR TWO

By ELLIOTT FLOWER



HE played and sang for him, but he was so absorbed in his own thoughts that he was guilty of the unpardonable sin of forgetting to turn the

music for her.

Then she took him by the hand, led him to an armchair, pushed him into it, drew up another chair, and seated herself directly in front of him.

"You are in trouble," she said, resting her elbows on her knees and her pretty chin on her hands, and looking him squarely in the eyes. "What's the matter?"

"I am troubled," he admitted.

"What about?" she demanded.

"The bank," he answered.

"Oh," she returned, with a sigh of relief, "I was afraid it was something serious—that perhaps you couldn't get that little house that we looked at."

He smiled faintly at this. Nothing was serious to her that did not directly concern their matrimonial plans.

"Perhaps I can't," he said, "but that's only an incident of the trouble."

"An incident!" She looked at him bewildered. How could a matter of such importance be an incident?

"Well, it would be an incident of the failure of the bank, would n't it?" he asked.

"Is the bank going to fail?"

"I don't know." His anxious frown deepened. "I may force a failure."

"How absurd!" she cried, laughing.

"You force your own bank to fail! Why, of course you won't."

"Oh, you don't understand!" he exclaimed; "you can't understand! It all depends upon the decision I reach between now and to-morrow morning. We can't continue without taking the money offered; we can't take the money offered without putting it in jeopardy. To refuse deposits is to force an immediate failure; to accept them involves a risk."

He did not tell her that a prison sentence was included in this risk.

"You must do what is right, of course," she said soberly.

"But what is right?" he cried in desperation. "That's what I've been trying to decide; that's what's driving me crazy! I hoped for a little respite with you this evening, but the problem is on every page of your music and rings out with every note of the piano. What is right?"

"Why don't you ask Daddy?" she said. "He knows everything about business matters."

He did not reply to this suggestion at once; there were many things to be considered. Peter Quan was a depositor—one of the largest depositors in a bank that had no very large deposits. He was also a cautious man of business, and a cautious man, knowing the situation, would make all haste to withdraw his deposit. Such a withdrawal at this time would be a serious—probably a fatal—blow. Much as the young man would like to favor Peter Quan, his father-in-law—

elect, if a crash became inevitable, he was naturally averse to inviting the crash. Nevertheless, he decided to take this risk.

"I'll submit the problem to your father," he said gloomily.

"He's in the library," said the girl. "I'll go with you."

This decision cost Oliver Cottrell a hard, if brief, struggle. The Holton State Bank was dearer to him than anything else in the world except Susie Quan: he had made the bank, and he was its Vice-President and Cashier. The President was a figure-head. Cottrell, scarcely thirty years of age, was the only man in authority who had had any banking experience or training; his judgment was accepted and his word relied upon in all things, as was natural, perhaps, in view of the fact that he had organized the institution. It had one larger and older rival—the Holton National Bank—and the rival carried about all the large accounts of the town. But the State Bank, with its capital of \$50,000 and deposits of \$400,000, had seemed to have an excellent future before it, and Cottrell felt that he was almost surely sacrificing that future when he carried his case to Peter Quan. The situation was hazardous at best—his own judgment might compel him to close the next day—but this was like giving up his last chance without a struggle. Still, having decided, he went ahead without hesitation.

Quan looked up at them with a smile when they entered the library; then his smile changed to a look of puzzled inquiry. What could be the meaning of so much gloom? He put down the book he had been reading and motioned Cottrell to a chair. The girl, anxious but unable to understand more than that the trouble was serious, sank into the cushions of a couch and waited.

"What's the matter?" asked Quan.

"The bank," answered Cottrell.

Quan gave an exclamation of surprise; he understood the seriousness of any sort of a bank trouble.

"Insolvent?" he asked.

"I don't know," answered Cottrell.

"I think I can pull through, if there's no run, but you know the law."

"Yes," said Quan, "I know the law."

"It is insolvent if it fails," said Cottrell; "otherwise it is not."

Quan nodded his head understandingly; the meaning of this rather extraordinary statement was clear to him.

"If it should be closed within the next month," Cottrell went on, "it would be declared to have been insolvent at this moment; if I accept deposits to-morrow morning, and fail later, I will certainly be held to have accepted those deposits after the bank was insolvent."

Quan again nodded understandingly; he knew the penalty, but it was not a thing to be discussed plainly before the girl.

"But I think I can pull through," Cottrell added desperately. "A rumor of trouble would close us up sudden, but, barring that, I think I can pull the bank through."

"But you are insolvent now," said Quan, with slow directness.

"Technically, yes; but no bank ever closed yet that was not technically insolvent for a time before actual insolvency was admitted. Oh, it's an unjust law!" he cried angrily. "No responsible officer of a bank in trouble can be safe under a strict interpretation of that law: it is so easy to see when a bank became insolvent after it has failed, and so difficult to see that it is insolvent until the final blow comes. Only the coward—the man who surrenders weakly—can be sure of escape; the man who fights for his bank does so at personal risk, and can be saved only by the liberality of those in authority—a liberality that is almost forced by the cruel injustice that the law, unmodified, would do."

"We must take the law as we find it," said Quan.

"A prosecutor with a grudge would have the head of any closed bank at his mercy," insisted Cottrell; "no bank ever failed that was not, by actual figures, insolvent before it stopped receiving deposits, and yet

banks in worse plight than some of these have pulled through. It's an awful situation to face, Mr. Quan."

"In its main purpose and effect," asserted Quan, "the law is wise and good, whatever of injustice may be possible under it; but, anyhow, we must deal with it as it is. Your bank is insolvent—"

"Technically," interrupted Cottrell, holding tenaciously to his point. "You can't say that a bank is more than constructively insolvent if it does not fail, and I believe I can save it."

"How do you stand in the matter?" asked Quan bluntly.

Cottrell did not grasp the meaning of this for a moment; then he flushed quickly.

"My record is absolutely straight," he declared earnestly. "Faulty judgment in the matter of some loans and securities is all that can be charged against me; I have covered up nothing, and no borrower has had more from the bank than the law allows."

"Why, of course," the girl put in, as if even a hint of anything else was an absurdity, if not an insult. She had been trying, without success, to follow the conversation understandingly, and she felt that she had to say something. Her father paid no attention to the interruption, but Cottrell gave her a grateful smile.

"Do the directors understand the situation?" asked Quan.

"No."

"You should put it up to them."

"They'll put it back to me," retorted Cottrell. "I talked with two of them this afternoon, and they rely on me; I talked with the president, and he relies on me. It's my bank; I've managed it and made it, and I've got to decide. Not one of them is a practical banker; not one of them really understands; not one has ever had to do anything but look wise and approve my reports and suggestions. I've called a meeting for to-morrow before the bank opens, but the decision is up to me."

A glimmering thought of the \$9000 of his own money that was in the bank

flickered through Quan's mind. If the bank remained open another day he could withdraw it; otherwise it would have to take its chances with the other deposits. He could ill afford to lose that money, but—

"Close up!" he said with decision.

"Oh, Daddy!" cried the girl with almost a sob.

"Think what it means!" pleaded Cottrell. "There will be a loss to everybody that may be unnecessary. With fair luck I can pull through; if people don't get frightened—if nothing leaks out—I've got a chance. Think what it means to me—and Susie."

"I am thinking of that," said Quan judicially. "According to your own statement the bank is insolvent this minute; the books will show it. You might be able to pull through, but the chances are you could not—"

"The chances are I could."

"You have no right to risk it."

"Risk what? the \$450,000 already in my keeping? or the trifling sum that will be deposited in the next few days? A failure would tie up all of that money and lose much of it. I think I can save it all. Do you mean to tell me I must n't try? If I fail to save the bank, the actual loss will be no greater than it would be if I closed up to-morrow morning—perhaps less. A little would be added to the sum in jeopardy, but that's all. Must I abandon that \$450,000 trust to protect a few thousands? I tell you, Mr. Quan, I don't want the additional deposits; if I could refuse them without closing the bank, I'd do it—I'd fight it out with what there is—but it can't be done; I've got to choose between the interests of the \$450,000 already in my keeping and the paltry sum that I shall have to accept for deposit to keep the trouble secret, and one choice—the fair, the right choice in this case—means additional risk for me. No man can say that my bank must fail on the present showing—I don't think it need fail—but I've got to make it fail now, or suffer the consequences if it fails later."

Quan considered this passionate protest thoughtfully and discovered a new point of view.

"What's the exact situation?" he asked.

Cottrell went over it briefly, while the girl, pale and nervous, listened eagerly to details that she could not understand. In effect, the bank had some bad loans and some uncertain and temporarily unmarketable securities. How much loss there would be on these no man could say. Much of it might be secured in time; if not, the average profit-showing indicated that it could be charged off within a reasonable period. But the bank clearly could not meet its obligations at that moment: a whisper, a breath might wreck it. The situation was perilous but not hopeless, although it looked much worse to Quan than Cottrell's deep personal interest would permit it to look to him. A receivership—always costly—would mean a heavy loss on the questionable items, especially at this time; without a receivership the \$450,000 of capital and deposits might be saved intact. But there was the risk.

Quan left his chair and walked up and down the room, followed by the anxious eyes of Cottrell and the girl.

"You must see him through, Daddy," whispered the girl.

Quan heard, but he gave no sign of hearing. He was not a rich man, and the \$9000 now in the bank represented all of his ready cash.

"You are insolvent," he said at last. "The only safe thing to do is to close the doors."

The girl gave a little cry and buried her head in a sofa-cushion.

"What would *you* do?" asked Cottrell.

Quan, who had paused when he spoke, resumed his deliberate walk up and down the room.

"Are \$450,000, a bank, a man and a girl to be sacrificed to save a few thousands from risk?" Cottrell persisted tensely. "Is the bank nothing? Must I ruin myself and throw away the money already in my keeping for the sake of a comparative trifle that

I don't want but can't refuse without disaster? What would you do?"

Quan continued his walk in silence for a minute or two; then he stopped suddenly in front of Cottrell.

"No man can decide for another in a matter of such deep personal significance," he said. "I have told you the safe course to take, but it is for you to decide whether it is the proper one."

"Oh, Daddy, help him!" pleaded the girl, looking up tearfully.

Quan gave her a quick look and turned again to Cottrell.

"Of course I shall treat this as confidential," he informed him.

"Of course," said Cottrell, failing to grasp the entire significance of this.

"Being confidential," Quan added, "I shall base no action upon it in the matter of my own money."

Then Cottrell understood: Quan would not withdraw his deposit, and that was a matter of great importance. But, somehow, Cottrell felt that this put him in the position of taking an unfair advantage of the older man.

"Oh," he said quickly, "I release you from any implied obligation as to that."

Quan resumed his walk, frowning as he considered the details of the situation. He could practically force the closing of the bank by merely threatening to withdraw his money if it remained open; he might even save his own money and still close the bank, if Cottrell decided to open in the morning, by acting on this release then without previous notice. It was easy to justify this, too, on the ground that it insured the personal safety of the young man, whatever the latter's inclination might be.

"I do not wish to encourage you to run a dangerous risk," Quan said at last, very deliberately, "but my deposit will remain undisturbed for the present. You may consider that there is \$9000 in your possession for which there will be no immediate call and upon which you will have to pay no interest. Beyond that the problem is yours."

Cottrell did not thank him: the

understanding was so perfect that any expression of gratitude seemed unnecessary and out of place; but he fully understood all that this meant, including his own responsibility.

"I shall decide before morning," he said. "It seems to me worth the risk, but I shall go over it all many times before the directors meet."

The girl clung to him a minute, then tearfully let him go.

"Daddy," she cried, throwing herself into her father's arms when they were alone, "oh, Daddy, you're going to help him, are n't you?"

"Little girl," he replied gently, "I've done all that I can; he must make his own fight now."

Quan opened his mail absent-mindedly the next morning. His thoughts were busy with the Holton State Bank: he pictured the all-night mental struggle through which Cottrell had had to go; he put himself in Cottrell's place, considering the certainties and uncertainties of every possible course of action; he reflected on his own interest through his daughter; he speculated as to the result.

Would the bank open for business?

He felt quite sure that it would, and he was not at all certain that he ought not to have taken such action in the matter of his own deposit as would have prevented it. There were risks that no man ought to be allowed to take; on the other hand, the money already involved was entitled to as much consideration as the little that would follow it. The situation was exceptional in some details.

A bank draft dropped out of a letter he was opening, and it was large enough to shut off the consideration of outside matters abruptly. The accompanying letter explained that a certain old mining deal, that had cost him considerable money since he first became involved in it some years before, had been closed up. He was not getting back the total of his investment, spread over many years, but his partner in the venture assured him that they were lucky to come out with so small a loss.

He pushed the rest of the mail aside and picked up the draft. There was money ready to his hand—a large sum. Cottrell's problem became merely incidental to his own: they were allied, but he had one to settle for himself. His personal account was in Cottrell's bank; Cottrell's bank was shaky, to say the least; Cottrell's bank already had \$9000 of his money; should he risk any more? Had he a right to risk any more? In justice to his family, ought he not to use this check to reopen his account with the Holton National Bank—an account that he had closed up when he went over to the state bank?

But that consideration of family—the very thing that should speak for conservatism—brought up the pitiful face and plea of his daughter. "You'll help him, Daddy, won't you?" And, unless matters were much worse than represented, this ought to pull him through.

"Devil take it!" muttered Quan, angry with himself, "I ought not to do it, but of course I will."

His watch told him that it was ten o'clock, so the bank was just opening. However, there was no hurry about the deposit, and he went back to his mail. Having settled the question, he dismissed it temporarily from his mind.

A little later, as he was finishing the dictation of his correspondence, his cashier appeared in the doorway.

"There's a run on the State Bank, Mr. Quan," he said; "I thought you'd like to know."

"A run on the State Bank!" repeated Quan slowly.

"Yes, sir. I don't know what the trouble is, but a run started as soon as it opened this morning. Very likely it's just a foolish scare."

"Very likely," returned Quan. "I don't think I shall disturb myself about it." But somehow the words did not ring true, and his face expressed a different view. "They are paying off, of course," he suggested.

"Oh, of course."

"Yes, yes, of course," said Quan, quite unmindful of what he was say-

ing. And then, as the cashier was about to retire, "By the way, Briggs, you must have some of those old National Bank deposit slips out there, left over from the days when I did business with them."

"Yes, sir."

"Bring me some."

It was not necessary to hit Briggs with a club in order to get an idea into his head. If you had asked his opinion of the State Bank situation any time after that, he would have told you that he had reason to believe it was in a very bad way. But he brought the deposit slips without comment. Quan filled one out. He hesitated a little over it, but he filled it out. Then the telephone bell rang.

"I'm coming to the office, Daddy," was the message that came to him in quavering tones.

"You'd better stay where you are, little girl," he advised gently.

"I'm coming to the office, Daddy," she repeated. "I've sent for a carriage. Oh, Daddy—" It ended with a sob.

He scowled at the National Bank deposit slip and the draft, lying on the desk before him. Then he tore up the slip, and a moment later he made out a new one.

"He hasn't a chance," he said to himself, apologetically. "He's gone, and keeping open only makes it worse—for him."

The picture that this brought up was painful, harrowing; but he put draft and slip in his pocket and went out to wait for his daughter on the sidewalk.

When she arrived he quickly took a seat beside her and instructed the driver to proceed to the Holton National Bank.

"Oh, Daddy," she cried hysterically, "we must save him. I telephoned him that we would when I heard what was happening."

"Why, little girl—"

"Oh, we must, Daddy!" she pleaded. "Think what it means to him—and to me. Somebody said it might send him to jail," she added in almost a whisper.

"If he tries to keep open—"

"He is trying; I told him so." Her little head went down on her father's shoulder, and she began to sob convulsively. "I—I know you can save him, Daddy, you're so wise and good and strong, and—Where are we going now, Daddy?"

"To the National Bank."

"Oh!" The clouds seemed to clear suddenly, and she looked up at him with a new hope. "To get some money for him?"

Quan hesitated, but only a moment.

"Yes," he said, "to get some money for him."

A large crowd was in and around the Holton State Bank. A few there were who had the confidence to make deposits, but the great majority were withdrawing their money. Within the bank Cottrell was directing affairs, outwardly confident but inwardly despairing. The day had opened with good news: certain of the bad paper promised to be good, the prospects of a manufacturing venture to which advances had been made having become unexpectedly bright. But there was no immediate help in that, and, somehow, a rumor of trouble had got abroad.

"With a little time," groaned Cottrell, "we could pull out safely, but they are giving us no time."

Nevertheless, he paid and paid and paid, with outward cheerfulness and confidence, hoping that this apparent readiness would stay the run.

Then there came to the front entrance to the bank a carriage containing a man and a girl and many sacks and packages.

"Officer," called Quan from the carriage to one of the policemen keeping the crowd in order, "clear a path there! I want to take some money into the bank."

Money! Those who heard surged about the carriage, but the policemen sprang forward and drove them back.

"Clear a path!" ordered Quan sharply, "and give me a guard! I want to make a deposit."

There was a struggle, but a path

was cleared. The turmoil occasioned by this served to direct the attention of others to what was going on, and, for a moment, the interest of all except those nearest the paying-teller's window and actually within the bank centred on the carriage.

Out of it stepped a girl—the proudest girl that ever emerged from any carriage! She had been crying, but she was now radiant in the thought that she—little, helpless, unsophisticated she—was the chosen messenger of hope and relief. In her arms she carried gold in bags to the limit of her strength, which was not great. It was better so, for this would require more trips and give a larger idea of the total. Quan did not overlook even the little points when he put his mind to a problem, and he remained on guard in the carriage.

With a policeman on either side, the girl took her burden of gold to the receiving-teller's window.

"What's this?" asked the teller.

"A deposit by Peter Quan," answered the girl, speaking out bravely that all might hear. She had been coached by her father as they brought the money from the National Bank.

"How much?" asked the teller.

"I'll make out a deposit slip as soon as I get it all in," answered the girl.

The teller was wise: he opened a bag and let the coins jingle on the counter. The ring of gold has a very reassuring sound.

Back and forth the girl went with her police escort, sometimes carrying packages of bank-notes and sometimes bags of coin. Some of the coin was silver, and some of the bank-notes were not of very large denomination, but the crowd did not know that, and, even so, the deposit was a very large one. No such sum of actual cash ever had passed under the eyes of any man present.

The movement at the paying-teller's window began to drag: men who had fought for a place in line seemed to hesitate when they reached the goal they had so eagerly sought. Their eyes strayed to the growing piles of cash, stacked plainly in sight, behind

the receiving-teller's grating. One man dropped out of line with the remark, "What's good enough for Pete Quan is good enough for me." Another, pushing his check through to the paying-teller, suddenly changed his mind. "Give that back," he said sheepishly; "I guess I don't need any money to-day." The man behind him, being thus brought to the window, passed on without a word; the next took his money apologetically; the fourth tore up his check ostentatiously and started for the door; several, farther back in the line, dropped out and watched the girl with a pretence of mere idle curiosity; a new arrival excitedly asked about the rumors.

The man to whom the inquiry was put, having himself retired from the line only a few minutes before, yawned wearily.

"Oh, some blithering idiot started the report that the bank was in trouble," he answered.

"Is it?" asked the new arrival.

"It's got the Bank of England beat to a frazzle," was the reply; "it could pay off the national debt."

The run was broken; only three men remained in front of the paying-teller's window, and they were at some pains to explain that they were only drawing a little for their immediate needs.

The girl sprang lightly and happily into the carriage after her last trip. Cottrell had met her at the window, and his eyes had told her what he could not put into words, but he had been able to assure her that, with this respite and the reassuring news from certain of the doubtful risks, the bank was wholly safe. His voice trembled a little when he said it, and there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes. A man does not escape so great a peril without showing some emotion, especially when it is his sweetheart who comes to his rescue.

So she was quite happy—so very, very happy, after this period of mental stress, that she snuggled up to her father, put her head on his shoulder and fainted.

# MR. HOWELLS'S WAY OF SAYING THINGS

By EDITH M. THOMAS



T has been somewhat the fashion to praise the style of one of our happiest writers of fiction and of travel, at the expense of his matter, invention and ability in the deeper soundings of that which has been characterized as "criticism of life." Once again should the famous dictum of a great critic be pressed into service: "Style—it is the man"; for that dictum will never be found more applicable than in the case of him whose work, in all its excellence and versatility, is under contemplation at the present moment. "Mr. Howells has a way of saying things that is perfectly unapproachable," averred a devoted reader of our author. "And is not this," was the rejoinder, "because of Mr. Howells's way of *seeing* things?"

And what is Mr. Howells's way of seeing things? may be asked. Let us not stop to say that it is analogical, synthetic—"veridical,"—but hasten after him, for all answer to this question; picking him up at the happy moment of the "Landing of a Pilgrim at Plymouth" (see "Certain Delightful English Towns"). Mr. Howells is just asking his fortunate fellow traveller—the "gentle reader,"—"Why, I wonder, do we feel such a pleasure in finding different things alike?" And he immediately adds, in whimsical deprecation, "It is rather stupid, but we are always trying to do it." Now, to our mind, this taking "pleasure in finding

different things alike," is the very keynote of Mr. Howells's captivating charm. If no more, it makes him the most delightful, as well as the most instructive, of those who "personally conduct" in the passive travel of the printed page. We have not experienced that the majority of those who record their travels find different things alike; or, if they do, that they realize any distinct pleasure in such finding. It is not the "touch akin" for which they seek. On the contrary, in invading the new place, they are almost wholly occupied in stowing away souvenirs of its total unlikeness to every other place they have visited. They mistake local color, local custom, and other particulars salient to the objective eye and ear, for radical human difference. In the tenderly filial chapter to which we have alluded, Mr. Howells has a way, unmatched elsewhere, of bringing England home to us, by his immediate discovery of the likeness to things at home. Even if we wince a little at his discovery, sometimes, we nevertheless feel its truth; as when, descending from the tram, in Plymouth, he comments upon the "hard-mouthed, red-cheeked, black-eyed young woman, whom one sees everywhere, and in whose English version I saw so many an American original that I was humbled with the doubt whether she might not have come out of the Mayflower." Mr. Howells has a certain joy, which he imparts to the reader, too, at finding out that Folkestone is but another Atlantic City! This kind of joy almost achieves ecstasy when, listening

to the calls of the porter on the Kentish railway, he hears the "same nasal accent" that used to announce his arrival, by the Fitchburg railroad, at "n' Athol, and n' Orange, Massachusetts." Accordingly he wants to know whether the Kentish porter may not, after all, have been but a "belated Yankee ancestor. . . Is there, then, nothing American, nothing English, and are we really all one?"

But Mr. Howells's interest in "finding different things alike" does not prevent him from being the keenest observer, as well as the raciest describer, of all the shadings in unlikeness, both where the unlikeness is radical and where it is merely superficial. For instance, he remarks that, whereas the inquiring traveller in England, desiring directions, will always be answered by the native "civilly and fully," our Americans, in setting the stranger right upon his way through their beloved precincts, often do so with a certain "friendly irony" in speech and manner. In that mellowest of all of Mr. Howells's works of fiction, "Indian Summer," we suspect that it is his own conviction as to the national temperament which he cleverly puts into the mouth of the very clever French lady, when the latter observes that in conversation Americans must always strike the "key of personality"—always "relate everything to themselves or to those to whom they are talking."

But to return. When we were in England, not long ago, it was our privilege to meet the author of "Far from the Madding Crowd." It must be confessed that the great novelist took but a languid interest in our long-gathering enthusiasm over his magical landscape effects. But his slumbering interest woke up with a start at our mention of visiting a certain heath, where we had indulged in memories of Gabriel Oak and his shepherdings under the wide, starlit heavens (his real chronometer, despite the ancestral watch which the worthy yeoman always carried). "Ah, yes," said Mr. Thomas Hardy, "the description of one of those

heaths will answer for all the others. But do you know, the South-Eastern [or was it, perhaps, the South-Western?] Railway has just embodied into its guide-book several pages of description of that part of the country, taken from my novels? And" (with a sigh of complete satisfaction), "I have just had the proofs from them."

Now, we are not advised as to whether Mr. Howells has an ambition similar to that of his great British compeer—*viz.*, to become a more luminous Baedeker to his countrymen and to others speaking their tongue; but we do not hesitate to put him up in this respect in competition with the delightful writer just mentioned. Where shall we find more charming, more realistic and at the same time more poetic landscapes, village scenes, etc., than those sketched for us by Mr. Howells? Take his description of the Venetian plains, as example—the passage beginning with "The green of the fields was all dashed with the bloody red of poppies," and closing with that perfect pastoral touch: "The milk-white oxen dragging the heavy carts turn up their patient heads, with wide-spreading horns and mellow eyes, at the passing train." What can better bring back Florence on the Arno than the following hint in aquarelle?—"The poplars that seemed to file across its course, and let their delicate tops melt into the pallor of the low horizon." Yet this is not better than the word wherewith he characterizes the low aerial eaves of England,—"the tender blue sky, thickly archipelagoed with whitish-brown clouds." To him, the Lake of Como was "a narrow voyage—like that of a winding river—like that of the Ohio," and such, to all who know the two waters, it will always be, henceforward. You may also go well forewarned by our dear and more luminous Baedeker; for he tells you, beforehand, that you will find the temperature in Italian palaces always a few degrees lower than the temperature outside. Moreover, that in England "it is chiefly inclement indoors." Later, he will back

up the statement by the tale of a ghost in Exeter who, after certain midnight rustlings, was at length "frozen out" by this "inclemency"!

In the *personalia* of travel, Mr. Howells is just as inevitable an observer and characterizer. Who, before him, has ever touched off with so true a stroke a certain type of the lower middle-class "woman of business" in England, as has been achieved by him, when he speaks of "the bright, unintelligent eyes" of "the office-ladies" at the hotel in Plymouth? And how many and agreeable impressions of rurality and child-life in England are bound up in that delicious phrasing of his about a "little cottage girl who was like a verse of Wordsworth," and whose curtsey, "so shy, so dear, dropped with such a dip of the suddenly weakening little knees," that our own dear sentimental traveller would like (so he affirms) to pick it up and put it right then and there into his notebook for safe-keeping! Yes, unhesitatingly we say Sentimental Traveller, imputing therewith to our tender-hearted American the same charm (with whatever super-addition of other qualities) that one may find in the peregrinating pages of Sterne. We beg the reader to turn to that passage in "Malvern Among Her Hills" where our traveller apologizes to the young man in the corner of the railway carriage for the liberty taken in drawing the curtain "so as to shade his comely fresh face." Could Sterne himself have been capable of a more Sternish act?—or would he have indulged in more sweetly benevolent reflections on the little incident? It is the same brother of the soul of Sterne who, in Shrewsbury, goes to see, as an act of patriotism, the performance of "The Belle of New York," engaging therefor "two proud front seats." When Mr. Howells visits "Northampton and Washington," he has a quite delightful certainty of feeling that the "bad little boys" running alongside his carriage and exhorting the driver to "cut be'oind!" did but speak in "the very

accents, mellow and rounded, of our ancestral Washington!"

If Mr. Howells chooses to moralize life, whether as traveller or as the writer of fiction that lives before our eyes—who, in either field, has just his way of seeing and of saying things? Hawthorne never wearies of bringing before us, poignantly and harrowingly, the unsparing exactations of temperament, and of ideals acting upon temperament, which have made (and unmade?) New England. His younger brother in fiction has his own method of showing these exactations, even if his purpose be not to harrow. In that most thoughtful and thought-provoking story, "Indian Summer," we have, in Colville, the achieved *flaneur*, whose early and unfortunate love affair, however, has "left him in possession of that treasure, to a man of his temperament, a broken heart." But he nevertheless is compelled to pay tribute to his origin in Puritanism and to the kindred community he has left behind in "des Vaches," in the lingering feeling, among his pleasant idlings, that "an objectless life was disgraceful to a man." And later, in the complication of the three-sided problem involving Mrs. Bowen, Imogene and himself, his heritage wreaks itself completely upon him, in his earliest moments of self-contemplation. We are told that he appeared to himself as a "rascal of such recent origin that he had not yet had time to classify himself, and ascertain the exact degree of his turpitude"; and that "the task employed his thoughts all day." Although the biographer of the erring but winsome Colville says this in the lightsome way of his biographee, no reader of New England strain could fail to take the sermon home just as completely as though couched in the darker, Dantean style of Hawthorne. When Mr. Waters—doing a bit of Greek chorus to Colville's lament over his own "cruelly egotistic dream," observes, "Your assertion is the hysterical excess of Puritanism in all times and places," we are made equally thoughtful; for we are not

unacquainted with the fantastically expiatory measures of the Puritanical habit of thought. It is the same sage commentator on life, Mr. Waters, into whose mouth is put a more generalized but not less profound truth: "The young suffer terribly. But they recover afterward. We don't suffer so much, but we don't recover."

In passing, we note the comment of one of his friends, as to Mr. Waters's delight in the land of his adoption, Italy. "His satisfaction at having got out of Haddam East Village is perennial." May not the tarriance, from year to year, of so many so-called "*deracine* Americans" be accounted for on similar grounds—the escape from their own particular Beotia of a country town at home? Does not Mr. Howells give us to understand something of the same sort, with regard to himself, as we follow his heart-satisfying itineraries, whether through Italy or England? Has he not confessed that he wandered about the academic maze of Oxford, in the rain, "with a soul dry-shod and warmed by an inner effulgence of joy in being there at all"? It is because of such satisfaction (we dare to think) that the kindly eyes of our Pilgrim have beamed on many a tourist among his compatriots (and compatriotesses, shabby, middle-aged, unengaging), whom he has watched, unknown to them, as they pursued their one opportunity "as a glory of unimagined chance, in which they trod the stones of Old Chester as if they were the golden streets of the New Jerusalem."

When we go into a more "subliminal" region of consciousness with our inquiry as to what, pre-eminently, constitutes the charm of Mr. Howells's way of saying things (which is also his way of seeing things), we become aware of an impression that this charm may be the result, subjectively, of a certain costly mental chemistry. A subtle metabolism has taken place. A poet has become a chronicler, whether of the acts of men and women, or of the places in which they have lived, historic landscapes and

societies revivified, or of the spots in which they still live; or of the incidents of a journey; or of a village where a night's halt has been made, with something of unforgettable inscribed to its simple memory! So many radii can be drawn from Mr. Howells's view-point that clearly indicate him the poet born,—that shimmer (like the sunlit threads of gossamer in some late-autumn field of his own West), and show, ever and anon, the darted iridescence of the poet's fancy. He has the poet's unconscious trick, out of a world of universals and of unimpersonals, suddenly to descend into the world of the individualized and warmly human. The English child "selling permits" to visit a chapel of the neighborhood has for him, on the moment's seeing, "that sunny hair which has always had to make up for the want of other sunniness in that dim clime." A little stroke, but it is done as a poet does such things—and lo! infinite riches of ancestral association are crowded into a little room. It is the poet in our traveller—nought else—that at Herculaneum bears well all he sees there of cruel memorabilia, but will not bear seeing the cruelty of *this* summer's unremembering flowers gaily overflowing the vestiges of tragic scath in antiquity! And it is the poet who, in Exeter Cathedral, musing upon the "civic edifice," actual and ideal, built by the English, can look up suddenly, and see "something in the passing regard of the choir-boys less suggestive of young-eyed cherubim than of evil provisionally repressed." We may be pardoned our feeling, at many a beautiful moment of rapport, that here—here again,—have we found Pegasus, not, indeed, harnessed to a dray, but still doing service as a gallant roadster harnessed to the triumphal car of Fiction, or, it may be, to the dashing tally-ho of Travel. We know him for Pegasus, all the same. And we know Mr. Howells for the same lyrist (now in disguise) as when, long since, he said for us all—and once for all—

We have not many ways with pain:  
We weep weak tears, or else we laugh.

The same, too, who immortalized for us "The Long Days," with their familiar yet mystical closes, when

Late the sweet robin-haunted dusk delays.

Mr. Howells's many-sidedness will not let us quite pass by, however space should press, his admirable faculty as critic. Let us speak but of his introductory essay to the autobiography of Alfieri. "Alfieri," he declares, "idealizes passions and Shakespeare idealizes men. If art is a pure essence separable from the life we know, and enjoyable in and for it-

self, we must allow to Alfieri the more artistic expression. . . . When I see how much he achieves with sparing phrase, his sparsely populated scene, his narrow plot and angular design, . . . I am seized with a dismaying doubt of the Romantic principle that it is, after all, barbarous, clumsy, rudely profuse, uncouth. Then the Classic alone appears elegant and true —till I read Shakespeare again; or till I turn to Nature."

We are always wondering why some world-chair of Literature has not pressed Mr. Howells, willing or unwilling, into its occupation. But perhaps this impends.



## A SONG AND A DANCE

By JANE DALZIEL WOOD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. CLYDE SQUIRES



HERE was not a thing the matter with Polly—and yet *everything* was the matter. She was merry, winsome and pretty and utterly adorable,—but POLLY WOULD NOT BE MATED! And that was just the long and the short of it.

It seems rather far-fetched at snap judgment to hold Boston accountable for Polly's reluctance to pioneer in the homemaking enterprise. For granolithic, energetic Boston is a far cry from the swamps and sand-hills of comfortable Leabury, wedged securely into the southeastern corner of North Carolina. But it's just as well to look the situation square in the face and lay the blame where it belongs.

Perhaps it would be more definite to explain that to Polly Boston meant Aunt Keziah who lived in solitary grandeur on Beacon Street, to whom she was encouraged and even coerced into paying periodic visits.

"And it's simply awful," wailed Polly in a letter to her father when she had been prevailed upon to spend her eighteenth birthday in the North. "Aunt Keziah is not at all the kind of relative you can take liberties with. I can't *imagine* what would happen if I should say, for instance, 'Auntie dear,'—why I'd every bit as soon speak of the Apostle James as 'Saint Jimmy.'

"And she expects me to *know* things,—tiresome, examination-question kinds of things. And pins me down to *the year* when a thing happened, and we had a wordy quarrel the other day because I told her I had

been trying all my life to forget when Columbus discovered America and why we fought the Revolution and things like that, so I could get room in my mind to walk around.

"Up here people pride themselves on the amount of work they can do; down in Leabury they pride themselves on the amount they can shirk! Work is not very popular in Leabury, I am thankful to say.

"I want to come home, *home, HOME*,—to the friendly, smiling summer South, where you don't live in an impertinent kind of a hurry; where you know the people you meet on the street; and where you can get fat lightwood to kindle your fire: for *any* land that does n't grow the long-leaved pine has a mighty limited flora.

"And I want to see a big old white sand-hill and hear the lullaby of buggy wheels upon its soft and yielding surface. And I want to see a mule, a stubborn, homely mule,—and our slovenly, fat cook with a snuff-box sticking out of her apron pocket, and the dirty old trash man with his ox team, and the little colored boy who brings the wash home Saturday night in his goat cart. I want to come home where people think it's all right to believe in miracles,—even Jonah and the Whale,—and where nobody minds if your only acquaintance with a college is the Commencement Dances.

"I want to come home where you can go anywhere with a car-fare in your card case and feel as completely outfitted as though you had a ticket to Alaska."

Well, when you feel like that, you are homesick, and might as well buy a ticket to the place where you would be, even though the paper it is printed on has to be as long as the tail of a comet and reads: "Garden of Eden to Sahara."

At twenty-three, Polly had had five years to get over her last homesickness—and five years is long enough to get over anything. But the memory of cold bread and dandelion salad, to say nothing of industry as a continuous performance, had settled her

as securely in her lazy home as the giant magnolia in the back yard!

She would n't leave it to go visiting, or to go travelling, or to MATE; and although she was in for picnicking or marooning or serenading or any mad and collective prank you could mention, when the game was two by two she demurred.

A considerable number of people did not approve of Polly's gregarious ideas in the *least*, and the Doctor objected strenuously; so very strenuously, in fact, that Polly turned on him one day in a fit of petulance and asked him "Well, what is it to you?" And so he used to go to see her after that and talk by the hour about the benefits of a man and woman partnership; and Polly listened half-way—never *ALTOGETHER*, you see,—"because," she whispered to her pillow one night after a lengthy dissertation on the nonsense of being homesick in your own home, "he's got a mighty PERSUADING voice, and it's just as well not to get too interested in what he says. If you let yourself go," gasped Polly with a catch in her breath at the very thought, "you might find yourself agreeing with him, and first thing you knew you would be stolen from your daffodil garden and fig bush, and the friendly, pleasant feeling of your wool comfort with the lanterns all over it!"

Why you would have thought Polly expected her husband to treat her like a Chinese famine. But when you have felt for days and DAYS, as though you would like to crawl on hands and knees and kiss the ground strewn with pink crêpe myrtle blossoms, and shiny magnolia leaves, you just can't make up your mind to go off with somebody who's not kin to you and who might scold you if you went shopping and spent a five-dollar bill and could n't remember buying anything but five cents' worth of peanuts and a tube of cold cream.

Unless you were willing to put up with the inconvenience of marrying the Doctor, you had better not listen to him at all, for he was a perfect compound of picturesque past wickedness

and present gallant tenderness. He knew enough about Life not to take it seriously no matter what happened, and he knew enough about Love to talk freely about hearts. He could spin such mighty yarns, and tell such dry humorous tales, and laugh through his own mischievous performances so gleefully that you never felt anything he might say to you was mawkish or merely sentimental.

Once a girl jilted the Doctor, and it went pretty hard with him, for it happened during the period when one gives everything, and greedily expects all in return. That is really the keenest trading time in Life, for later on, when your own wares are a little shop-worn, you realize that Time has probably laid his finger also on all that is offered you, and you don't examine every inch of goods to see if the color is faded a little in the folds —you merely pay what's asked and believe as you like. Scrutiny may save you ninepence occasionally, but it's much more likely to break your heart.

The Doctor had still a great deal to offer, but he knew better than to be serious about it. Besides, if you earnestly ask a girl six times to marry you and she won't, you had better go on alluding to it all the time to keep the proposition before her—like a memorandum stuck up in a mirror. Otherwise she might forget it and make other arrangements.

Of course, when all arguments against matrimony failed Polly, she fell back on the stout assertion that the Doctor was still in love with Sarah Kershaw. The first time Polly thought of this beautiful conclusive statement was the night the Doctor had come in from a long surgical day at the hospital and said, "When I am very tired, the faces of my suffering patients follow me as the eyes of a servant follow the hands of the clock. Then,—then,—" said the Doctor, with his engaging whimsical smile, "I sweep every trace of my gloomy profession from me and conjure up one certain face for my solace and delight."

Polly was as sensitive as a mimosa plant, and the color curved into her cheeks at a compliment as readily as the mimosa's leaves curve out of sight at a touch. The Doctor's words sent the color splurging to her very brow.

He noted this and taking heart, leaned toward her with engrossing attention, paying her the court of his gallant tenderness, and quoted:

That one with a smile like the splendor  
Of the sun in the mid-day sky,—  
That one with a spell that is tender,—  
That one with a dream in her eyes,—  
Cometh close in her rare Southern beauty,  
Her languor, her indolent grace,  
And my soul turns its back on its duty,  
To live in the light of her face."

"What a pretty description of Sarah Kershaw," Polly replied, with the most aggravating, innocent look in her long-lashed eyes. "I always *thought* she was beautiful, and I have truly believed that you loved her, but I did n't know you were crazy about her. I'll tell her, and it will please her a lot. Do you know as much physic as poetry? Where *did* you learn it all? Speaking of Sarah,—I've got a grand trade for you from her,—she said she believed you could raise the dead!"

"'RAISE THE DEAD'!" repeated the Doctor ruefully. "I'd enough-sight rather raise interest in your heart for me!"

"Then *I* say you are not very ambitious about your career," rebuked Polly severely, "and if I ever get sick, I shall certainly employ a doctor who is in love with his profession rather than one who is merely in love with me. It will be safer."

"Oh Polly! please be nice to me tonight," coaxed the Doctor with his persuading voice, ignoring her threat. "I've had such a long fatiguing day. Almost everybody is one certain, definite, tiresome thing, but you are so restfully different from them and from yourself day by day. I think of you in the monotony of a chronic invalid's room,—vivacious, impulsive, sparkling;—and in the wrangling of crime-cursed slums, I remember your

eyes—peaceful, as they are at times, where 'your dreaming life is wont to dwell,' and oh Polly, I am at once the happiest and most miserable of men!"

"I don't know," returned Polly thoughtfully, as though weighing the matter, "but it does n't seem to me that you are as happy as Benjamin Bragg."

"DAMN HIM!" swore the Doctor rising wrathfully to his feet. "A hard-working man has no showing at all when one of these bloated bondholders appears on the scene."

"Oh, do you think so?" asked Polly mildly. "For my part I prefer a man with a profession, and I think the Doctoring Business is the most interesting work you can do, to say nothing of its opportunities for retaliation."

"Interesting? retaliation?" repeated the Doctor.

"You just go round in a sporty buggy," Polly went on unmindful of interruption, "and drive a high-stepping, bob-tail horse, and go KITING through the streets regardless of speed limits and have everything fleeing from you, while people on the corners wonder who is ill. I'd love to be important like that. And then you can give vile medicine to all the people you don't like, and poke five-minute thermometers into the mouths of all the old chatterboxes who want to describe the exact route of that ancient neuralgic pain that you KNOW has died of old age, if of nothing else.

"But I suppose," with a mischievous gleam in her eyes, for she knew how furious she was going to make the Doctor, "I suppose the very most interesting thing you can do, is to count the pulses of your pretty girl patients. Don't you find them very erratic and often exceedingly hard to locate?"

"I do not take the slightest interest in holding the hand of any girl but the one to whom I am speaking," answered the Doctor hotly, "and I know if I even mentioned such a thing there would be the deuce to pay."

"Don't swear," returned Polly re-

provingly, "and I don't know," she went on thoughtfully, "perhaps I HAD better consult you professionally. I've been feeling rather poorly lately. You might see if I have any fever."

The Doctor's face became perfectly radiant.

"Really?" he asked eagerly.

"Well, I must say," pouted Polly. "I think you are the most unfeeling man I ever saw. If I told any one else I was not well, they would be distressed to death."

"Of course," the Doctor agreed, taking her hand very gently, "for they could n't help matters."

"Well, they could locate my pulse, if they HAD n't graduated in a big old university, and even a child knows that you count the heart-beats and look at your watch at the same time. There—that will do; I see my case is too complicated for you alone, and we shall have to have a consultation," and Polly sprang very decidedly to her feet and went over to the piano and began to strum, "My Old Kentucky Home."

"Apropos of homes," the Doctor remarked in his fascinating, persuading voice, "Polly, please come with me and help me to make a home. Please do, dear."

"I'm sorry to seem unaccommodating," answered Polly with the daintiest flush spreading over her face, "but I've tried just as hard as I could to be at home out of home, and I've positively proved that home is familiar chairs, and wall paper, and comfortable ugly makeshifts, and the faces of your accustomed family, and I would die of homesickness if I could n't see every day—mind you—every blessed day—the riotous disorder of papers and magazines on our sitting-room table, and the hateful old shade in the library that topples down on your head the moment you touch it."

"But you are so unreasonable, Polly," remonstrated the Doctor, "we could have disorder and rummage everywhere if that would make you happy, and you could duplicate every-

thing in this house, broken shade and all."

"You may think so," answered Polly, "but it can't be done. Why, do you believe for a minute that I could buy another bureau like mine with a dear funny little compartment that no one knows the name of, and which we call the Place That Lifts Up? And do you think it would be possible to find another clock that positively will not run unless you stand it on its side? Or a rickety rocking-chair like the one on the front piazza that you can't sit in unless you are well enough acquainted with it to lurch sort of to the left and rock back half as far as the whole rocker will go? It's the little, petted, funny discomforts that you've grown up with that make home," Polly concluded, "and as homesickness is absolutely the only illness you can prevent having, I don't mean to take it."

"But if you will marry me," argued the Doctor persuasively, "you can take any disease you like and I will cure you right away."

"Sometimes people die," Polly announced coolly, "and—occasionally—you lose a patient yourself."

"But with Love for the Physician," expostulated the Doctor, "why even Death could not snatch you from my arms."

"That reminds me of another reason why I can't marry you," Polly said quickly.

"What is it?" asked the Doctor, eager to meet the difficulty and conquer it.

"I'll tell you the next time we go to ride," quoth Polly, and no bribe or persuasion on the part of the Doctor proved of the slightest avail to change her decision.

Now it does seem superfluous to say that that drive happened forthwith and immediately, and not one minute's peace did Polly have until she had satisfied the Doctor's curiosity. They drove through groves of live-oak heavy with gray moss, but Polly dallied; they drove through miles of yellow jessamine tangle, but still

Polly dallied; they drove through fields fragrant with wild azaleas, but even this did not loose Polly's tongue. And then she demanded, before she would keep her promise, that the Doctor drive her down Front Street in the shopping district teeming with people, and there where the crowd was thickest Polly said at last, "I could n't think of marrying you—be—cause—"

"Yes?" coaxed the Doctor, threading his way with difficulty between the streetcars and vehicles that almost hemmed him in. "Please hurry!"

"Because," said Polly with a deep sigh, "I know the very days you would have the most desperate cases to watch would be the very ones I—would—want to sit—in—your—lap." And Polly—teasing, tantalizing, conscienceless Polly—drew back in her corner of the buggy and stuck out the tip of her little red tongue at the Doctor and made a face at him.

The Doctor's grip on the reins was suddenly emphasized by a misdirected force that should have been applied to Polly and he gave her such a look of hopeless longing and indignant protest, that a bystander who saw it told it around Leabury that Polly was leading the Doctor a Song and a Dance."

"POLLY," he expostulated, seriously, because he was hurt, and jestingly, because he knew he might have expected her to take advantage of him, "if you keep on making a record like that, you need n't be surprised if the Lord refuses to O. K. it when you come to die. I don't suppose anything on earth would induce you to tell if you have ever contemplated sitting in my lap with the slightest degree of tolerance?"

"If you'll stop at the book-store on the corner," bargained Polly, "I'll tell you."

The Doctor accordingly drew rein, and before he realized what she was doing Polly sprang out and made for the sidewalk; then, leaning confidentially toward the buggy but quite out of the physician's reach, she said, "When I was in Boston I would

have sat in ANYBODY's lap who would sit in Leabury. Good-bye"; and she turned and joined a crowd of chums in the book-store.

Polly was willing to go as far as Shylock—to bargain with you, to talk with you, to walk with you, but when it came to mating with you,—she was not there. And all because she was mortally afraid of homesickness.

After awhile it came to the Doctor's ears that people accused Polly of leading him a Song and a Dance, and it gave him an idea.

The Doctor belonged, of course, to the Betrothal Club, (all society men were members), and it happened that he was elected that spring to lead the Announcement German.

There is an interesting custom in Leabury of announcing engagements at the Easter German. All the men who attend the dance present their partners with scarfs, but only those who declare their betrothal are privileged to give pink ones. The German is held on the firm level seashore, and the ocean assists the orchestra with the music. The beach is lined with spectators, and a herald blows a blast on a huge conch-shell to proclaim the opening of the dance. Of course, the most conspicuous announcement is that made by the leader when he takes out the girl to whom he thereby declares himself engaged.

The Betrothal Club is noted for its beautiful affairs; but the "Mother-of-Pearl Dance," as this one was called, has never been surpassed. The girls wore the most exquisitely beautiful dresses that could be conceived of. Delicate, iridescent tints that look motley at night were perfect in the soft afternoon sunshine. The linings of the sea-shells at their feet were not more subtly fanciful than the shades of those marvellous gowns.

The Doctor after due deliberation decided on a bold stroke, staking the success of his daring on the belief that Polly, in the last analysis, would accept the inevitable.

So at the given signal, he threw his beautiful pink scarf over his arm, and

wended his way with an absolutely confident air through the ranks of pretty girls and charming debutantes—straight to Polly,—the choicest of them all, in a delicate blue-cloud of a dress, against which the pink scarf became vital, almost THOUGHTFUL.

Everybody applauded wildly and began to wonder how long they had been engaged, and nobody but Polly saw the teasing and the pleading blended in his anxious eyes. The orchestra began and Polly said coolly, "Good evening, Doctor. You've evidently made a mistake. You were not sent for; no one's sick."

"Polly," said the Doctor speaking firmly, "this is no time for flirting; come right along and lead the dance with me."

"I WON'T," answered Polly flatly.

"Oh well," returned the Doctor, "it's no matter; I'll just stand here and talk with you instead."

"I HATE you," stormed Polly in reply. "I HATE you for making me conspicuous," and her eyes flashed dangerously, "and for taking advantage of me."

"If you won't dance with me," replied the Doctor composedly, "you'll be RIDICULOUS, which is worse than conspicuous, for there comes the Wag. You'll be the worst teased woman in New Hanover County."

Polly knew when the odds were too great, so she capitulated in time to save herself, but as he led her away she said: "Please distinctly understand that I hate you from the bottom of my heart."

But that did n't alter the fact that she danced with him at the Betrothal German, and the pink scarf fluttered across her face every now and then and said "EH-HEY, EH-HEY," and behaved a thousand times worse than the biggest, shiniest diamond of an engagement ring that ever was made, and worst of all—the Doctor said,—with a pardonable desire to tease:

"They say, Polly, that you are leading me a Song and a Dance; turn about is fair play; how is this for the dance?"



THE DOCTOR WENDED HIS WAY THROUGH THE RANKS OF PRETTY GIRLS—STRAIGHT TO POLLY

"They laugh best," quoted Polly, "who laugh last. Remember that."

And the Doctor remembered it. He thought of it with misgivings the last thing before he slept; he thought of it with a sinking heart in the morning when he awoke; and he recalled it as a fulfilment of a fear later on in the day when he went to see her, and found Polly who was scared to leave her back yard for fear of homesickness, had DEPARTED FROM LEABURY, BAG AND BAGGAGE, FOR BOSTON AND AUNT KEZIAH.

"GONE!" muttered the Doctor; "actually preferring homesickness to facing the situation! 'He laughs best who laughs last'—humph! 'She'll not laugh in Boston, that's one thing very certain, and when she gets homesick *enough*, she'll come back to Leabury.'

"Homesick enough!" The phrase seemed to linger in the Doctor's mind, and after awhile it illumined the whole situation. "Why," cried the Doctor, slapping his knee in his excitement, "I can hasten the day by making her the most homesick member of the Caucasian race." And he sent down the river to a friend's plantation and got a sheaf of rice and expressed it to her that very night.

"I guess that'll remind her, all right" he gloated grimly, "and I'll devote myself for the present to collecting Southern products."

A miniature cotton bale followed the rice, which in turn was succeeded by a bushel of sweet potatoes, a barrel of light wood, a crate of gray moss, a Confederate flag, a box of pomegranate flowers and of opopanax blossoms, a mocking-bird in a gilded cage and photographs of the black cook and the little darkey with the twisted braids who drove a goat cart and brought the wash home every Saturday night. And every blessed thing whispered and crooned "The South, the South, the South."

The Doctor received one letter from Polly, and only one. It read: "I dreamed the other night that I was putting flowers on your grave, and

I had on a pink dress and was happy."

But the Doctor did n't shudder about Polly's funereal predictions—Doctors are used to funerals,—and he smoked an extra bagful of tobacco and wrote letters himself as long as the President's Message, and important—all about homes and love and brown eyes and dimples and the attractiveness of North Carolina in the spring of the year.

And just as soon as he could get away from Leabury, he took the north-bound train. He thought at first he'd surprise Polly, and then he decided in favor of setting her crazy with telegrams. So at every little town on the route he telegraphed her the state of the country.

He told her that cotton was blooming; that the bays were fragrant in the swamps; that the fried chicken in Warsaw was the best he had ever eaten; that he heard a band of strolling negroes playing "Dixie" in Weldon. From Richmond he sent her a message about the Stonewall Jackson Statue, and the Sword of Lee; in Baltimore he despatched a whole stanza of "Maryland, My Maryland!"; in Philadelphia he wired, "I have crossed Mason and Dixon's Line."

He sent in all fifty-one telegrams in the course of thirty-six hours, and he took with him to Aunt Keziah's an armful of Polly's gorgeous daffodils from her own garden at home.

Polly was entertaining some callers when he arrived and was in the act of telling them how she had somehow managed to lose all her final consonants, and Aunt Kekiah had rather she had lost her front teeth.

The Doctor made it apparent in some strange atmospheric way that he was the chosen guest, and the Boston people left early.

Of course, Polly was absolutely furious with the Doctor and felt as enthusiastic about putting flowers on his grave as she did when she wrote to him, but nevertheless, he represented the South, the South, the South, and he was as good to see as a sign in



"POLLY BURIED HER NOSE IN THE DAFFODILS"

a Russian village crying, "English spoken here!"

However, Polly did n't speak any English, or anything else, for that matter, when she was left alone with the Doctor,—she merely buried her nose in her daffodils and kissed each one of their yellow-powdered faces.

"You won't mind if I reverse the saying and make it a Dance and a Song, will you, Polly?" asked the old scalawag, using his persuasive voice and his Southern accent to the best advantage. "I tried to keep you cheered up, Polly," he continued, slothfully slurring his consonants, "and I just ran up for the night to see how you were getting on."

"FOR THE NIGHT!" Polly—homesick Polly—who had no prospect of going home to-morrow or EVER, was speechless with a terrifying look into a Northern future.

Feeling justified in amusing himself, so long as Polly seemed to feel no responsibility, and determined to carry out his threat to the letter,

the Doctor began to whistle, with assumed nonchalance, the tune that makes Southern hearts feel lonely even in their own land; so imagine homesick Polly reminded of

I 'm gwine back ter Dixie,  
No more I 'm gwinter wander,  
My heart's turned back ter Dixie,  
I can't stay here no longer.

I miss de ole plantation,  
My home an' my relation,—  
I'm gwine back ter Dixie,  
Whar I was BORNED.

"GWINE BACK TER DIXIE!" The Doctor was going home to-morrow! At that moment the Doctor was the whole South.

"Oh," cried Polly with a sob, flinging the daffodils from her in a golden shower, "I HATE YOU! You make me conspicuous; you make me HOMESICK,—you make—me—LOVE you——"

"Thank God!"

# THE HOUSE DIGNIFIED

ITS DESIGN, ITS ARRANGEMENT AND ITS DECORATION

By LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

## X. SOME IMPORTANT DETAILS



HE discovery and application of electricity as an illuminating medium, have enabled us to formulate into more definite lines certain principles of interior lighting. With electricity we can, for the first time and at will, throw a light up on an object or throw it down. We can conceal it when we choose, as in the cove of a ceiling, without the necessity of showing an ugly apparatus, as when we were accustomed to using a row of gas jets, protected by green painted tins. These various possibilities, well proved and established, have all tended to stimulate our interest in the decorative value of lights rightly placed and distributed, as well as in the perfection of those forms through which these lights are conveyed.

With the discovery of gas as an illuminant, on the other hand, we had thrown over every æsthetic sense. Blares of jets, turned on full, became the fashion, and no house of any importance was counted as perfect, without its chandelier suspended from the ceiling, and this without any regard for the proportions or design of the room. Oftener than not, an imitation bronze Mercury was introduced into the model. So wedded did we become to gas, indeed, as a labor-saving device, that candles were discarded except by the few, while lamps were found only in the houses of the poor or of the country dwellers.

It is not more than thirty years since certain reactions from these glaring conditions began to set in, leading to a revival of the oil lamps even in houses well supplied with gas. There were two reasons for this: the

light from oil was found to be softer, while the lamps themselves could be distributed at random, without the necessity of ugly rubber tubing attached to a fixture. These revivals, however, unfortunately led to silly extravagances in the way of shades, whole industries growing up out of their manufacture, the revenues of many impecunious women being augmented as well. Good taste was abandoned, and all feeling for the appropriate thrown to the winds. In the drawing-rooms of sedate men and women, living in an atmosphere of books and mahogany, lamp shades were found resembling in every detail of tulle and rose-garland the abbreviated skirts of a ballet dancer.

The study of foreign models and the reproduction of periods are now leading us happily into saner and more artistic methods, increasing our sensitiveness to detail, and our readiness to acknowledge, at least, the propriety of expending some thought on the subject. For although primarily what we want is to be able to see clearly in the dark, some regard for the beautiful and appropriate should be exercised while attaining that end. Thus the proper distribution of lights becomes an important consideration in all interiors, whether they be the small parlors of rented apartments or the sumptuous galleries of halls of state. The French, with their fine appreciation for beauty and fitness, understood all this, and in the examples furnished by them under the old régime is now to be found one of the most prolific sources of our inspiration. Not only were their fixtures objects of beauty in themselves, respecting every law of correct design and proportion, every obligation of good workmanship and propriety,

but these fixtures were distributed in a way which made them component and inalienable factors of the whole.

The French architect knew how to arrange his lights so as to throw into relief and accentuate important features, as when uprights were placed on either side of a throne; how to break up the long lines of a room, as when brackets were fastened on the side walls; and also how to add to the feeling of space by so placing a chandelier or crystal lustre that, without obstructing the vision, it could still be repeated as in the reflecting surfaces of a mirror. Our best results, indeed, are but copies or adaptations of French methods, although candles were used by them while we employ electricity. Our one great modern innovation is said to be the use of cove or concealed lights around a ceiling, but as this involves no question of beauty in the fixture, pre-eminence in all that relates to artistic values may still be yielded to the French, for it was also their influence which affected the English, at the time of their so-called classic revival.

In order to illustrate certain features of the French school, it may be as well, perhaps, to describe one Louis XVI salon here in New York. The room is panelled in white and gold, not the white and gold of modern imitators, but that to which time has lent tone, enhancing every grace of moulding and line. From the ceiling there hangs between two mirrors running to the cornice a silver filigree and crystal lustre, with a double row of candles distributed in groups—candles by the way being the only lights permitted in this room, so closely is the period followed.



LOUIS XVI GILDED BRASS BRACKET

This particular chandelier is of exceptional beauty. One never loses the charm of the design in the brilliancy of the pendants, which being only accessories are necessarily not too overpowering. Hanging as it does between the two mirrors enclosed in panels, its light gives width to the apartment and brilliancy on gala nights. The eye, however, is never held by it. Around the room in other well-considered places, as on either side of a mirror or in important panels, are appliques in ormolu, each holding several candles. On the mantelpiece are candelabra and again on pedestals, so that even without the aid of the chandelier the room may not only be sufficiently lighted, but agreeably so, no artificial light

in the world equaling in charm and poetry that of the candle. Here then we have a distribution of illuminating mediums which prove an art too often neglected—a central fixture which does not dominate and overpower, but which is softened by minor lights on other levels, as stars shine even when the moon is full. More than that, each and every fixture in the room is a thing of beauty in itself, delighting the eye even at noon-time, for they are not mere excrescences on a wall surface, their utility a lame justification for their presence, but lovely and component parts of the room, essential to the whole, adding symmetry and balance in the general arrangement. By their own individual beauty and excellence, moreover, they become a distinct contribution to one's pleasure, like any other work of art.

Charming as are candles, it is not always necessary to use them even with the antique fixture, which goes



LOUIS XIV GILDED MIRROR

again to prove how the essential points involved in a proper distribution of lights as decorative, as well as illuminating, features were considered by the men who left us so rich a heritage. Once properly distributed, the modern inventor has only to introduce the form of a candle, or twist a connecting line into the glass cup of a cathedral lamp, to produce effects which when well-managed do not jar upon the observer with the obtrusion of too modern a note. One of the most successful and exquisite examples of his skill is found in the hall of a New York house. The hall itself is of white marble, its classic columns and pediments about the door openings being an exact copy of an Adam house in London. From the ceiling hang three dull bronze chains holding a

piece of alabaster, its shape being that of a Greek vase without its supporting column. It is absolutely simple, devoid of all ornament, but so enchanting in form that the eye is entranced. One knows that electricity must have been introduced inside and of sufficient strength for ample illumination, but not a hint of it is given in the way of any other visible token. The light produced is exquisite and tender, softly pervasive, felt not seen, absolutely harmonious with the cool of the marbles, and so perfect that even after one has gone out into the street the mind wanders back to it as to some old scene full of peace and poetry.

With our revival and adaptations of these different periods we have begun to adopt various uprights for supporting lights, the marble tripod of the classic school as it was affected by the newly discovered treasures of Pompeii, or the simple shaft used by the French. Many of these uprights are of great beauty and seem to add almost a structural importance to a room or hall. I have in mind some of marble ornamented with ormolu and surmounted by bronze figures holding branches for lights, and again others holding great cathedral candlesticks. With their dignity and beauty they not only compel a respect for themselves, but make it necessary that, in their presence, some should also be shown for propriety. To insult them by introducing flaring flower-decked shades into their company would be an impossibility, and without doubt the tendency of the present day toward greater simplicity in lampshades is due to their influence. Stuffs and laces, at any rate, are no longer either over-accentuated or impertinently obtruded with every light, as happened when wide-spreading flourishes and other foolish extravagances were made to give to drawing-roomsthe air of a prosperous milliner's parlor.

These various revivals of old models have also inspired our modern use of mirrors without as yet having led us into either overdoing them, or settling into ruts, as once happened when not a single brown-stone house in town was without its pier-glass between the windows and its huge mirror over the mantel, both glasses being encased in overweighted frames of walnut or gilt. Nowadays, happily, we find these mirrors fixed as they should be in panels, and when portable, framed in some unique design of carved wood or wrought silver—foreign palaces and shops having been denuded to enrich our store. Unfortunately, we are not always happy in placing these portable mirrors, nor careful enough about studying their reflections. The French never neglected this side of the question, having always seen to it that every repetition in the way of a reflection should be one to add to the general pleasure. Although we have adopted their method regarding the placing of mirrors opposite to each other, we have failed in their great principle concerning the objects reflected. This is especially true when the mirrors which run to the ceiling are encased in simple brass bands without ornamentation. When one stands between these and looks up, the effect is distressing, being that of standing in an endless series of unadorned corridors, like those of a hospital or prison house. Such an impression would be easily obviated by the hanging of a beautiful chandelier between the mirrors, or by breaking up the bare lines of the brass frame with the introduction of some graceful ornamentation. For the bare and ugly are bad enough at any time without the necessity for reproducing them indefinitely. Mirrors are only justi-



CARVED MIRROR, MUSÉE CLUNY

fied in decoration when they are made to repeat something which is particularly pleasant. They are the quotation marks of an architectural scheme, and stupid when the quoted phrase itself has no intrinsic value.

And as we are careless regarding our reflections, so are we especially so concerning, not only our vistas—those objective points in any formal design toward which the eye is unconsciously carried,—but concerning that other great essential in all composition—the art of transition. It is an art presenting many difficulties, though when once it is mastered the artist is proved. The writer must acquire it. When it eludes him, he resorts to the use of a space. The public speaker unequal to the effort



LOUIS XVI BRONZE CANDELABRA



LOUIS XV CHANDELIER—ALABASTER AND  
BRASS

which its laws entail, remains abrupt, periodic, wearying you with a series of shocks, and the necessity for making frequent mental readjustments. The painter who has failed to master this art becomes scattered, the actor a creature of fits and starts, while the hostess never succeeds in putting you at ease.

If, then, a given number of rooms are made to open out of each other, or a single room is so arranged that the eye is carried to a given point as to a fireplace or a picture, certainly the process of arriving at that point should be made both easy and agreeable, the eye never arrested on its way by anything that startles. One color should not clash upon another, one epoch be at war with its successor. A disregard of these obligations is that which makes it so unrestful and unpleasant in certain houses to be obliged to pass from a so-called Japanese room into one where Turkish

hangings prevail, as if we were not in a gentleman's house at all, but at some international exposition. This, too, is what makes it a misery to be obliged to look past certain shades of red, on again past blue, in order to arrive at still different tones of red, or even yellow.

As for the objective point itself, the end of the vista, that which is placed there, though perfectly proper perhaps in its immediate surroundings, may be altogether objectionable when seen in relation to intermediary objects, as from another room through which, when the doors are opened, you must look. An object of minor importance placed at the end of a vista entails at once a loss of dignity to the whole sweep. An inharmonious color, like that of a curtain or a lampshade, produces the same effect. One must know how to carry the eye, and to what sort of an object it should be carried, as they do in churches where

the vision is made to sweep along the aisle and rest upon the altar. A single tiny flame without any architectural arrangement, placed at the end of a vista, might suggest mystery but never dignity, never awe, never an uplifting of the spirit. As it is in churches, so it must be in all houses. When the eye is carried to a single object, the character of that object must be considered. Dignity is at once destroyed when the object is inadequate, as when miniature mirrors, for instance, are placed at the ends of long corridors.

When it comes to a question of ceilings and floors, most women discover themselves altogether in the hands of their architects. They find it hard to argue over figures representing scales of measurement about which they know nothing, although they do know that a few inches too high or too low in the lift of a ceiling may hopelessly destroy all sense of comfort in a room. It is only after a ceiling is placed that the amateur realizes a possible error, by which time in most cases it is too late to make a change. With simple materials like paper or burlaps, a picture rod and a pot of paint or kalsomine, the problem is never difficult nor the expense of alterations great. But when the materials used include carved panels or a stucco beautifully designed, change implies difficulties too costly to be overcome. The most obvious fault, therefore, found in most of our ceilings, is that, though beautiful in them-



LOUIS XVI CHANDELIER

selves, they are often overpowering, suggesting a tendency to settle down upon the head. They may be too heavily overweighted with ornament for small rooms, though most of the trouble lies with the cornice, and the failure of the cornice to suggest its legitimate purpose—that of lifting and supporting that which springs from it. A study of the various ceilings illustrating these pages, will prove how often a neglect of the cornice has led to certain unhappy impressions.

As one wants to feel a ceiling well lifted overhead, so one wants to know that a floor is well planted underfoot. Too great prominence given to set figures, as we learned long years ago with our carpets, has a tendency to make a floor jump at you as you enter a room. Yet we forgot all this when we began to inlay our floors, covering them with patterns and finishing them with borders that have since proved distracting. Our most beautiful and successful departures have been made in those in which the inlay preserved one tone, its repose undisturbed by a border.

The same rule holds good with the rugs. Patches of little rugs scattered



LOUIS XV GILDED BRASS FIRE-IRON

about on a floor, are as bad as spots of little pictures on the walls. One small rug before a sofa, or again before a fire, has a reason for its existence and suggests no query. A series of small rugs, on the other hand, when placed about a room, immediately excites a certain unconscious cerebration, in which a fear of falling plays no unimportant part. That is why long stretches of an even color throughout one floor are often so reassuring, not only to the eye but to the mind. They give you the certainty at least of a sure foundation. The color, however, must be low in tone, lower at least than that of the walls, otherwise the whole floor rises and is out of scale, making you feel, when you walk over it, as if you were at sea.

One of the greatest of mistakes made in some of our newer houses lies in the neglect of the servants' quarters, both above and below stairs. This is especially true of houses in the middle of a block, where the aim has been to bring the front door as near as possible to a level with the pavement, so avoiding the ordinary city stoop, which once appeared like a pestilence among us, sweeping the whole length of our island. The recent changes made have led to sinking the kitchen department so low that in many instances electricity must be burned all day even about the stove. No house can possess real dignity which is built upon so great an injustice to those who minister to its great necessities. When once the crime is discovered, the whole superstructure is laid open to question, even the hidden

recesses of the householder's mind coming in for a doubt.

When some regard has been paid to the requirements of the kitchen department, including a well-lighted sitting-room, and when the city stoop is to be avoided, a fashion has been

adopted, in some houses, of having a second flight of steps inside the vestibule. In such cases two or three steps lead first from the pavement to the outer vestibule door, half a dozen or more leading from this door to that of the main hall. This serves to bring the windows of the drawing-room on the same level as that of our older town-houses, without the necessity for either defrauding our servants, or defaming our façades with high-perched stoops. In cities like Philadelphia, where a small alley divides the block, none of our problems exists, and the street entrance

may be levelled without driving the cook into an inferno.

Much interest may be lent to these modern vestibules, which are sometimes panelled in marble, and sometimes constructed of wood. Objections, however, are often urged against the plate-glass doors, protected by wrought iron and hung with velvets or rich stuffs. But as these have been substituted for the sake of light, such objections hardly hold good, especially as the heavy doors of wood are not eliminated, being always closed at night. When the size of the vestibule permits, a seat is introduced, sometimes of marble, richly carved in figures. One particular vestibule has a rounded ceiling inlaid with mosaic supported by marble panels. The sconces, placed at the



LOUIS XV GILDED BRASS BRACKET

spring of the arch, are of bronze, showing charming cherubs holding the light.

Too many rights of children have been urged in these days, too many laws of health, to presuppose so great a neglect of their apartments, as that which has just been referred to regarding the accommodations made for servants. With just pride the modern well-equipped mother will usher you into her hygienic nursery, flooded with sunshine, and filled with every kind of washable thing, including floor and wall coverings, dolls and their garments, making it an every-day wonder that disease should ever be found lurking in an unexpected corner. For even the corner is being eliminated as rapidly as possible, the cove being substituted for it, not so much as a crack for holding possible dust being left at the base-board.

The play-rooms, too, are an education in themselves, and as delightful as the thought or the taste of the day can make them. Some are furnished after periods, reproducing famous interiors, some are simply airy and delightful retreats, but all are lovely, representing, in the better houses, no overflow from other apartments, nothing that is shabby, and certainly nothing that is there simply to be broken or abused. One finds book-cases, easy-chairs, pianos, birds, pictures, charming combinations of color, agreeable outlooks. There is everything, in fact, to suggest that even in playtime, and with an abundance of toys about, young ladies and gentlemen, not ruffians, are being so reared that transition to the mature drawing-room will never come as an awkward surprise. And why should this not be so? The great distinction dividing one class from another is often found in the seeds that are sown in a nursery or play-room. For here endless re-adjustments

of rights are going ceaselessly on, battles of unselfishness are being fought out, and principles of justice and consideration established, while manners are so cultivated as to become, as they should be, almost automatic, if this may mean being bred into the very bone and marrow of the man. The young son, at any rate, grown to manhood, does not become self-conscious when obliged to take off his hat, nor does he have to stop and think when rising in the presence of an elder. Nor does the young daughter have to go through a series of self-conscious contortions when finding herself obliged to proffer a cup of tea to a friend. In the nursery and play-room, in fact, the child finds provision made for the next stage of its development, which after all should be the main purpose of the home.

And it is on the purpose of the home that stress has been most frequently laid in these pages, a purpose meant to include not alone the whole range of a man's obligations to his own, but to all of those to whom he opens his doors, whether they enter as friends, acquaintances, messengers, or the servants who minister to his daily needs. The fundamentals must be first established; and these include courtesy, consideration, tact, kindness, knowledge, good taste, respect for one's self and respect for one's neighbor. The observance of these fundamentals alone gives dignity to his dwelling. They must order his life, the arrangement of his furniture, the choice of his curtains, the placing of his books, the lighting of his fires and the position of his lamps.

They must control, too, the very manner of his building. It matters little whether he follows one school or another; but it matters much not only what he undertakes to do, but the way in which he accomplishes his undertaking.



LOUIS XV GILDED BRASS FIRE-IRON

(*The End*)



Drawn by Ludvig Holberg

"SHE WAS STOOPING TO REACH FOR A CHRYSANTHEMUM WHICH HAD ROLLED TO HER FEET"

# THE HEART OF A GEISHA

By MRS. HUGH FRASER

ILLUSTRATED BY LUDVIG HOLBERG



HE wind blew chill down the narrow street. The winter was searching the city for victims of its capricious cold, unexpected and unprovided for in the usually soft climate of the old western capital. Snow had fallen on the hills, and a few stray flakes floated hither and thither in the dark alleys and silent spaces of the sleeping town. Kyoto was not gay in those days. The old glories had passed away to the real capital, Yedo (Tokyo), where the Shogun held his court; and Kyoto, faithful to its impoverished Sovereign, was rich only in ferment, and indignation, and wild desire to see him restored to the supreme power which was his by right. The ferment was felt in every air, but all outward expression of it was relentlessly suppressed by the existing authorities, and so far-reaching and complete was their system of espionage, that the loyalists hardly ever spoke to one another within four walls, but made long excursions into the country in different directions and met by a détour in some distant spot, to elaborate their patient plans.

In one circle alone was the show of careless gayety maintained. The player folk, the actors and singers and dancers, had two motives (not gay but stern) for keeping up the spirits of the community. The first was the necessity for earning their livelihood; the second, unexpressed, but never absent, was one to which the first would have given way had the two

proved incompatible: this was the power wielded by many a laughing geisha or sleek actor, to learn the movements of the Shogun's vicegerents, to warn the Imperialists of approaching danger and, in case of necessity, to help them to avert or fly from it. The Bohemians of Kyoto were ardent loyalists all, but they said nothing about their convictions in public; and even the police and the Secret Servicemen, who sought temporary relaxation from their cares in this genial society, had no suspicion that the bright eyes in whose light they fondly basked were watching them with the intensity and intelligence of hatred.

"At any rate one finds a warm room and a bright smile in these houses," thought middle-aged, hardheaded Tonosuke Kusama, the Lord Inspector of Districts, as he turned into a little street which presented a strong contrast to the official quarters of the town, whence he had come. There, all was dark, silent, forbidding; here, though the dwellings were small and closely set, each threw out a dreamy glow from some fancifully carved, paper-filled lattice; each had its dainty garden, perhaps only a few feet square, but beautified by a carefully trained pine, or willow, or cherry tree, guarding a stone lantern or miniature rockery. The soft hum of samisens thrummed on the air; a burst of laughter came from somewhere, and then a graceful dancing shadow was thrown on the gold translucence of a window across the road, a shadow with floating draperies, and slender arms, and fine little head whose elaborately orna-

mental outline swayed whimsically to the sound of the music.

The man watched it for a moment, with a smile of amusement. Then another outline was thrown on the paper screen, the shadow of a man's head. It was instantly withdrawn, but Tonosuke had stiffened with surprise. Where had he seen that strong aquiline profile? He could not fit a name to it at the moment; but from the associations it aroused he was almost sure that it belonged to one of those dangerous loyalist plotters who had been proscribed in batches and whom the police were straining every nerve to capture. Anxious to learn more, Tonosuke softly crossed the street, passed through the open gateway, and stood close to the window, listening intently. A sudden silence had followed the disappearance of the second shadow. The listener thought he heard a gasp; then the music and laughter broke out afresh and a wild game seemed to be on foot, for the dancers were two now, and the screen was all alive with shadows of light objects flying across and across it.

Encouraged by the uproar, Tonosuke drew a small knife from his belt, and pricked a tiny hole in the paper. He could scarcely hear the scratch himself, but there were sharper ears within. A ball flew against his opening as he was applying his eye to it; then a little hand was clapped over it and a laughing voice called gaily: "Come in, come in, oh honorable piercer of screens! We shall charge nothing for our torn paper, so have no fear!"

Tonosuke would have retired from the undignified situation, but time was not given him. Even as he turned to stride away, the front door slid back in its groove and a servant appeared, knocking her head on the upper step and entreating him by name to enter. As he did so, assuming an expression of innocent pleasure, she turned on her knees as lightly as a kitten and drew back another screen door giving admittance to the inner apartment which lay to one side of the tiny matted hall.

A quaint and charming picture met

the visitor's eyes. In the soft light of a great pith candle, two girls were standing in opposite corners of the room; one, a tall slender creature with a face of radiant pallor, had her arms full of balls of fresh flowers, less gay in color than the long embroidered robe which twisted round her lithe form like a ribbon of rainbows; the other, a little thing of twelve or thirteen, had just flung her last missile and was stooping to reach at one which had rolled to her feet, at the same time guarding herself with an uplifted arm from which the satin sleeve fell before her face and swept the ground. Suddenly she raised her head, and was met by a shower of flowers from her assailant. The balls of many colored chrysanthemums flew through the air, their long ribbons streaming like white and red meteors behind them; the room was full of their bitter-sweet perfume mingling with that of incense sticks burning before a name tablet in the alcove. On the ground against the wall sat a thin, dark-skinned woman in sober dress (the same who had admitted the visitor), playing on the samisen—playing one of those weird tunes of three strong chords eternally repeated till the very monotony stirs a kind of frenzy in the blood of the hearer. From time to time she sang, stridently, with startling breaks from low to high notes, and close beside her crouched a boy with a flute, following her with his music but keeping his eyes fixed ever on the girl in the rainbow robe.

Tonosuke stood for a moment on the threshold, taking in the scene with artistic appreciation not at all marred by the keen glances he shot around to seek for the owner of the disquieting profile. Then the laughter and music ceased, and the girls and musicians were welcoming him ceremoniously, four heads touching the mats at the same moment with perfect precision. Tonosuke counted them, and again scrutinized the corners and walls of the little room. But he asked no questions—yet.

When tea had been brought to him

by the younger girl, and the other, she of the rainbow robe, was sitting submissively on her heels before him, watching in respectful silence, he gave a little sigh of pleasure and remarked "How agreeable and how rare it is to find you alone, Shinayé San?" "But I am not alone, sir," said the mistress of the house, looking up with a quick gleam in her dark eyes; "here is O Miné pouring out your tea, and O Mitsu and Tsuge are waiting to make music for your honorable ears. I, your unworthy servant, should be greatly flattered that you see only myself!"

"That is just like a woman," replied Tonosuke pompously: "The simplest remark has to be twisted into a compliment!"

"Then the first one was not meant in that sense?" asked Shinayé, a mocking little smile touching the corners of her mouth. "Ah, permit a poor girl to think so! Do not rob your gracious visit of joy for me by saying that your Lordship has come on business!"

"Business indeed!" scoffed Tonosuke. "Who ever comes to see you singing-birds on business?"

"Oh a great many people," said little O Miné, putting down the teapot and beginning to count on her fingers. "The landlord—once a month," and she checked him off by turning the little finger down against her palm, "then the flower man" and her fourth finger disappeared, "then the silk merchant every three days—Shinayé San has given me two new robes and he wants her to pay for them,—then—." She glanced under her lashes at Shinayé and asked mischievously: "Shall I tell his Lordship who else comes, Shinayé San?"

Shinayé was looking at her fingers, where the flowers seemed to have left some minute stain. Without raising her head she replied smoothly: "His Lordship has had too much patience with you already, O Miné San, for you chatter like a treeful of jays. He knows all those who come here and it can scarcely amuse him to hear their names again."

Having spoken, she slowly raised her head and gave O Miné a quiet look, apparently to emphasize the reproof. Her face was the face of the Japanese ideal beauty, a long full oval, with features so delicate that they seemed to have been drawn with a fine pen. The eyes were long and narrow, with a wide space between them and the exquisitely arched eyebrows; the forehead high and made pointed by the strange dressing of the night-black hair; the mouth was one curved line of vivid crimson with a slight artificial deepening of the lower lip. There was no other color in that radiantly white countenance, and the whole was as expressionless as polished jade. The laughing girl with her arms full of flowers—the dancing shadow on the gold translucence of the window screen—these had given place to the Japanese lady, a creature trained to betray no emotion of joy or pain, but to move ornately and delicately in her appointed path, to the end of life.

Tonosuke glanced at her with something like admiration on his own sharp, impassive features, but he was too clever not to follow up the advantage with which O Miné's saucy speech had furnished him.

"O Miné San is quite right," he said, still watching Shinayé, "I am of course interested in all who come to see you. Have I not known you since you were younger than she, Shinayé San? Your friends, as you say, are mostly known to me—but—I thought," here he spoke gravely enough, "that you had another visitor before I arrived. I noticed a man's shadow on your window."

"Indeed?" questioned Shinayé indifferently. "Your Lordship is always right, of course—yet here we all are—except the dog—who is attending to a cat in the yard, I fancy." In truth an outburst of joyful barking came from the region mentioned.

Tonosuke was on his feet in a moment. "Permit me," he said, "to investigate this disturbance. Perhaps a robber is getting into the house!"

"They generally peep through the screen first," was Shinayé's answer, given with calm venom. The official flushed red and strode back from the door to stand before her.

"Tell me, Shinayé San," he commanded, "is there—has there been any one in your house to-night besides these who are present? I have reasons for asking—and the right to know. Speak the truth!"

"Another compliment!" said the pale girl, smiling up at him. "Your Lordship thinks a geisha can really tell the truth! Come, O Miné, we must try to be worthy of this honor. Who has been to see us? I am so dazzled by his Lordship's presence that I forgot."

"A charming young man," replied O Miné audaciously. "Shall I show him to the illustrious Tonosuke?"

"You shall have a new *obi* if you do," exclaimed the official; "I mean you are a good child and I will certainly reward you."

"I must go and find him then," said the girl, and she began to slide across the floor on her knees. Shinayé watched her. The old servant in the background looked up anxiously and the boy became much interested in the stops of his flute. Tonosuke was like a hound, hot on the scent. "Where is he? Why have you hidden him?" he cried.

For all answer O Miné pushed back a screen in the wall, revealing the closet where the bedding was put away in the daytime. She dived into the darkness, calling loudly on someone to come out and show himself—not to be afraid—oh no, his Lordship was very kind to shy young men, very kind indeed! For a couple of minutes she kept up this patter, evidently working busily within the recess, whence only the end of a sleeve and a fold of her robe were visible. These were withdrawn, and an instant later there walked out from the closet a very small but perfect young samurai, with stern aquiline features, top knot, winged shoulders, double swords—all complete. Tonosuke gasped with surprise, Shinayé

laughed softly, and the flute boy doubled up, convulsed with silent mirth.

The little samurai strode across the room, and with hand on sword saluted the amazed Inspector of Districts.

"Is your Lordship in need of a stout defender?" piped O Miné's shrill treble from behind the pale fierce mask; "I will guard him as Benké guarded Hideyoshi! I am not sure that I am not Hideyoshi himself!"

"You are an impudent little good-for-nothing," cried Tonosuke, flushing furiously for the second time that evening; "how dare you put on man's clothes? I have a great mind to send you to prison this moment——"

O Miné's mask was off and she was looking up at him in well feigned amazement. "Send me to prison for being a good obedient little girl? Oh no! You are going to give me a new *obi*, you know—I want it purple and gold, with white storks and green pine trees on it,—please!"

"Give me a cup of saké and let me go home," sighed the Lord Inspector, sinking down on a blue silk cushion. "Who can expect sense from women and children? There," he added in mellowed tones, as the sweet strong liquor was poured into the transparent cup, "we will have no more business to-night. Shinayé San, let me see that new dance I liked so much!"

All professional obedience now, Shinayé rose from the mats, the attendants struck a chord or two as she poised, swaying slowly with outstretched hands; O Miné slipped a fan into one and a gauze scarf into the other; then silently as the falling dew, gently as the playing of a fountain, Shinayé danced for Tonosuke. A dreamy calm stole over his senses, his head began to sink on his breast and he hardly knew whether he slept or woke. When at last he rose to go he smiled at her kindly and slipped a big gold piece into his empty saké cup. Yet, as he passed out of the garden gate the Lord Inspector of Districts looked back, and took in every aspect of the toy house. "I believe one of

those young pests is there, all the same," he muttered. "I had better set a watch before I go to bed."

When his footsteps at last died away in the distance, Shinayé fell forward and swooned in O Mine's arms.

"My love, my lord, I have died a thousand deaths to-night," murmured the girl, an hour later, in the black darkness of the deserted room. "If your poor Shinayé is still to live and serve you, never again must you be so reckless as you were this evening! Promise, promise!" And she passed feverish hands over the young man's head and face and shoulders as if to make sure that he was still alive and free.

"My beloved," came the answering whisper, "if I must, you will save me again as you did this night. Alas that I must grieve you by one more moment of danger, but only one. I must escape from Kyoto—then you will be safe till I come back in triumph—to claim you."

She was weeping silently against his shoulder, and he drew her to him and rocked her in his arms. The kind darkness wrapped them round, and to each the other's heart-beats sounded paeans of love. For love is never so perfect as in moments of supreme pain. The shared agony of a parting has a tender immortality denied to the memory of happier things. Shinayé felt the sword enter her heart; she was to carry it many days ere the point should be withdrawn.

"Forgive my shameful weakness, dear lord," she whispered at last, and even ere she withdrew from his sheltering arms he could feel her stiffen to the call of duty. There was a moment's silence, and he knew that she was wiping away her tears with her sleeve. Then she spoke again, quickly and decidedly.

"My lord is right. He must leave Kyoto. For him it is one great pitfall of danger, but how? Even now this house is watched. When Tsuge went out to put up the *amado*, there were already two men lounging near the

garden gate, and doubtless more in the side street. Tonosuke wastes no time!" and she laughed her ghostly little laugh in the darkness.

"I think—I know—I would not leave you, to fly from mere danger, Shinayé San," said her lover slowly; "you know what it all means. Here we strive in vain to cast off the tyranny of the Shogun." Shinayé shivered at that name of fear. Her lover found her hand and held it in his strong young clasp as he went on. "We are still too few, too ignorant, to accomplish the task we have set ourselves—the glorious task of uniting the country under one head, of restoring our adored Emperor to supreme power. Oh, Shinayé, my faithful girl, do you know that I am appalled when I think of all we do not know—we, who would give the last drop of our blood to help him, the son of the gods, left in his tender youth to fight such a battle alone! Fifteen years old—without money—without authority—an orphan, set on the most ancient and glorious of thrones—his revenues, power, armies—all in the hands of a usurper! He will win in this struggle—I know it. I have seen him—walking in that inner garden, with proud brow and sorrowful eyes—my mother's cousin who serves him let me peep through a torn screen. A wild heron flew over the palace, and the Emperor raised his head and watched it, and a light came into his face like the sunrise on Fujisan—it was not envy of the bird's free flight, it was resolve! I seemed to see the glory of empire settle on his brow—and I swore then that he should have me, body and soul, for his service! But of what use am I, of what use are the others, now? We know nothing of government, of laws, of the making of armies, of drawing out the riches of the country, and we must know all that, to serve our Emperor. Here we can never learn it—but over there, in Europe, they will teach us, for they know! We will go together, my comrades and I—and when we return—we shall be strong, because we shall know!"

The whispered impassioned words had poured forth like blood from an artery. The darkness thrilled with the very pulses of patriotism. Shinayé bent over and touched her forehead to the unseen hand that lay on her arm.

"My lord shall go," she said simply, "but let him have patience till Shinayé has found a way."

"Only help me to leave the town, to pass the gate," he interrupted eagerly; "the rest is safe. There is a vessel sailing soon from Kobe for China—the captain is Saito's friend. We three—Saito, Ogawa, and I—will disguise ourselves as coolies and help to load the cargo. Then we will hide ourselves on board, the captain will find us after the ship has left Japan, and will put us in irons for our misdeed—our lives will be forfeit for having left the country without permission; but when he reaches Hong-Kong he will give us a chance to jump overboard and swim ashore—and the English will help us then. Saito has money for the journey to Europe. Once out of Kyoto, nothing can stop us! The others have got away already, and I burn to join them."

There was silence when he had finished. Shinayé was finding her strength to carry the desperate anxiety to which she would give no words lest it should discourage the ardent boy.

"Let it be as my lord Morinaga has decided," she said at last. "Tomorrow night he shall pass out of the South Gate in safety. At the fourth hour that gay captain who sometimes comes here, goes on guard. He has often complained of the irksome duty. I can surely persuade him to let me out, with you in some disguise. I have no pass—Tonosuke would never give me one—he is too jealous—but we will do without it. Oh, my lord, may the high Gods watch over you!"

There was a soft stir in the inner room. Then a faint light showed the pattern of the lattice on the intervening screen. A moment later the screen was pushed aside cautiously

and O Miné entered bearing a tray of food.

"Let my lord eat," she said as she placed it on the mat.

The low light showed the face of Shinayé's lover, the face for which the police had sought with grief and care for weeks past. It was one destined to be well known to the men of Japan in years to come, for it was the face of a leader; young yet, pitifully young, but strong and pure, with calm eyes, broad brow and high, clear-cut features. Tatsu Morinaga was barely twenty at this time—one of the band of youths who had rallied round the boy Emperor—youths to whom had been vouchsafed the vision of to-day's Japan; patriots, poor then, in all but intellect, courage and fixed resolve, but rich now in the garnered laurels of recorded achievement and hard-won fame. Already privation and hardship had set their mark on Morinaga's face, its freshness was shadowed by pallor, the thin cheeks and firm-set lips told their tale of struggle and suffering; but the eyes glowed with the splendid certainties of youth, and the thin hand which lay on Shinayé's sleeve looked strong as steel.

O Miné crouched before the young man, pouring out the tea and attending to his comfort, while Shinayé, deep in thought, sat passively at his side. Both girls had shed their bright raiment and wore dusky robes kept for working hours. O Miné's wild gayety had given place to intense gravity, and her round childish face was pale with her responsibilities. She was only Shinayé's little apprentice, bound to her for a term of years in which she must learn to sing and dance and wait on guests with faultless precision; but her heart was all Shinayé's, and no sister could have shown more entire and unquestioning devotion to all that concerned the beautiful geisha's interests. Without her loyal co-operation it would have been more difficult for Shinayé to shelter her proscribed lover in her tiny house. Old Mitsu had of course been admitted to the conspiracy;

she could be trusted to the utmost and never questioned Shinayé's rulings. She deplored the dangerous necessity in secret, but no protests had passed the lips of the taciturn devoted woman, who acted asservant and duennain one.

The status of the geisha was, and is, a curious one, allowing of great latitude in some directions. The nearest parallel to it in Europe is that of the actress, who may be a woman of high refinement and irreproachable morals—or something very much the reverse. It all depends on the woman. What the world asks of the geisha is that she be pleasant to behold, entertaining to converse with, perfect in her art; the rest is her own affair. If she goes the way of pretty women whose profession makes them a mark for the rake and the libertine, the world says "Poor thing, what else could be expected?" But if principle or refinement cause her to prefer the paths of virtue, then indeed the world applauds her generously, knowing the sore temptations which she must constantly encounter. Shinayé had clung to the straiter path; her reputation was clear as crystal; and she had reaped an unsought reward in popularity. That cost nothing from the aloofness, the invulnerability of her manner, which might have been a carefully chosen setting to her still, unimpassioned beauty, had she been one to make such calculations; she was apparently unattainable, therefore she was the more desired.

Whatever her character, the geisha must conform to the time-honored custom of keeping an elderly duenna at her side both in public and private. These women are often drawn from the professional ranks, and are those who have not put by a sufficient provision for the old age which is the terror of the poor artist. Such a woman can make herself useful in a thousand ways, as instructress, as musician, as companion, housekeeper, or servant, this last occupation bringing with it no humiliation in Japan. Occasionally the geisha chooses for her chaperon some poor relation who can benefit by the arrangement, and

this was what Shinayé had done. When her years of apprenticeship to a master were unexpectedly shortened and she was free to make her own engagements at last, Shinayé remembered (among the very few facts of her hard childhood which the arduous years of education had not effaced) the visits of a certain cousin, kind and quiet, who sometimes came to the home where a pretty young widow managed to maintain herself and her child. Only one other guest ever came to the little house in the suburbs, over which a shadow seemed to hang, and that guest was Tonosuke Kusama. While Shinayé's mother lived, he was kind in a grudging way. Shinayé, a thin, plain, little girl then, running about in the poorest of clothes, was afraid of him, and, not waiting to be dismissed, would slip out to confide her discontent to the cat and the blind nightingale in the backyard, while her mother served tea to the great man behind the closed screens. Then the mother died; and Shinayé, sitting big-eyed and terrified beside her, still clinging to her cold hand, heard a short, sharp consultation between Tonosuke and the kind cousin, a consultation which closed the home chapter of the little girl's life. Immediately after the funeral, the cousin, with tears in her eyes, dressed the orphan in pretty new garments, put a flower in her hair and red paint on her cheeks, and conducted her to a large house many streets away. There, after something had been written on a paper, she left Shinayé, telling her to be good and obedient and learn quickly all the wonderful things that would be taught her. When the farewells were over and cousin O Mitsu was already moving away, a sharp fear came over the child's heart and she ran after her only protector, entreating not to be left behind. O Mitsu bent down and laid a trembling hand on the little dark head. Then she whispered: "I cannot keep you, Shinayé San—my heart desires it, but it may not be. Courage, *musumé*, they will be kind to you here. You will not be hungry or cold any more. Farewell—since it must be!"

Then had come the long years of training, hard and strenuous; of aching limbs after hours of the gymnastics which must make the young body supple as a wave of the sea; of vigils during winter nights when the geisha pupil had to practise her singing on the roof, under the stars, till the cold broke her voice and gave it the wild hollow note which is sweet in Japanese ears; training, training, all the time; training in smiles, in witty answers, in the telling of strange old stories; training in self-repression so constant that when it was ended the girl seemed to have forgotten all memory of a personal self, to have become, from the crown of her shining head to the tips of her little feet, a creature of exquisite artificial perfection, fit to take her place among the products of a country where Nature is worshipped as a goddess—and Art is given her for a relentless jailer.

For five or six years the fine gentleman who had decided her fate seemed to have forgotten Shinayé's existence. Then she had been taken, with several of her companions, to sing and dance at a great entertainment. She had flowered into beauty by this time, and Tonosuke smiled, well content, when, in answer to his questions, he learnt that this was the same Shinayé who was so discreet at keeping out of the way in certain pleasant moments of his past. He sought her out, became surety to her master for the sum of money needed for her liberation, and rewarded himself for his inexpensive generosity (Shinayé soon paid the debt in full) by coming to her for cheer and amusement when weary with the cares of official life. She had many engagements now, could take her own little apprentice into her home, and no longer needed any patronage; but Tonosuke seemed to take it for granted that she owed him some debt of gratitude; and Shinayé, too busy or too indifferent to contest the premiss, had, until lately, allowed him to come and go at his lofty will somewhat more familiarly than any of her other visitors.

But lately he fancied that her demeanor had changed. She seemed a shade less cordial when he came, less politely regretful when he left. He wondered whether she had fallen in love—or in debt! Whatever the trouble might be, it lessened his comfort in her society, and he resented the unknown element which seemed threatening to disturb his pleasant relations with her.

As he made his way home on that winter night the puzzle suddenly righted itself to his apprehension. A name leapt out in answer to his mind's call. The shadow profile was that of Aisaku Morinaga, and Shinayé was in love with him.

Tonosuke stopped in his walk as the light broke in on him, and an exclamation of anger burst from his lips. Then he laughed, unpleasantly. Why, the thing was most fortunate! Morinaga would be delivered into his hands whenever he chose. What, was a butterfly of a geisha to set her whims and fancies against his power and perspicacity? He would make short work of all that. It must have been the romance of the situation which had appealed to Shinayé, which had broken down her flimsy calculations as to the advantages of virtue. Virtue, indeed! what had such as she to do with that? Let her leave it to her betters, the good, dull women who conducted honest men's households, and follow her own profession, that of pleasing and entertaining so long as heaven vouchsafed her youth and good looks. Well, within twenty-four hours that young desperado, Morinaga, would be in safe keeping, and half a dozen of his accomplices as well. Shinayé could surely give their names, if Morinaga would not. So Shinayé had taken a lover at last! The knowledge produced a most unpleasant irritation in the Lord Inspector's consciousness. He told himself that it was a shock to his opinion of her. But there was deeper motive than mere disapprobation in the curse he called down on her lover's head, more than judicial resentment in his instant resolve to make an end of the intruder and his pretensions.

(*To be concluded*)

## DECIDING ABOUT A NEW AUTHOR

By GERALD STANLEY LEE



We are living to-day in a frank literary chaos. The idea that there is a man anywhere who can decide things has been thoughtfully and painfully dropped. The very idea of authority seems to have become amusing to us. Probably the men who come the nearest to having a little—such as it is—are the ones who are amused by it most. We have come to think a new artist cannot be decided upon, except by a thousand years of the best people. In the meantime the nearest that most of us can get to this future state of authority about the new man is by imagination. Imagination might be defined as the power of living a thousand years in spirit, or not quite so literally as other people have to—to know things. If our imaginations fail us, or if they do not seem to be of the thousand-year sort, the best we can do in deciding about the new author, or in coming to our final experience, is to take such experience as we have already had with him and accelerate it, by comparing it with other people's. I should like to know, for instance, what it was that happened to other people when they read for the first time the man this little essay is about. Perhaps I can find out best by telling what happened to me.

He was read to me first in a low, impartial, unaccented voice from in behind the Springfield *Republican*, one morning, a little while ago, when I came down late to breakfast. The paper, with the lady in it, was across the long dining-room, and presumably the words that were being read

were from the column of "Golden Books"—one of those little streaks of beauty the *Republican* keeps up right in the middle of the news of the day. The low voice from in behind the paper gave me a fine, glorious little sweep of twenty lines, and I dropped everything, and said peremptorily—"Who is this you are reading from?" No answer. Twenty more glorious, free-swinging lines from out of the middle of the Springfield *Republican*, lines that gave me the same feeling of expansion, of the swinging out of the heavens and the earth about one, of this dear old world all breaking through again with wonder, that the big men always give—except that I did not know which this one was. I searched in vain through all the little storehouse, the small, stately, solemn Walhalla of my mind, for the man that could go with just those lines, and I grew very humble and ignorant. How much worse I was, I began thinking, than I knew! Then I sprang across the room to where the low, gray, unaccented voice (like a prairie) was, and I snatched the paper away, and there was nothing there but a little, cold-looking, bluish book, called "A Bundle of Myrrh," published by the Outing Company of New York and written by John G. Neihardt, who, according to "Who's Who," lives in Bancroft, Nebraska. And that was about all there was about him, apparently—"Bancroft, Nebraska."

I suppose that John Neihardt's verse will seem, at first, too free. It seems to be a little antagonizing to some of us who have become very cultivated and thoughtful, to see a man having his own way so, with anything in this world, even with his own words. I have a little theory

that the way a new poet of the larger sort is to be received in this country is something like this: In the first stage, after the first half-happy shudder, we say the man is a genius. We say that on the whole he will have to be allowed the rights of a genius. We mean by this that he need not be precisely what we thought was an artist, unless he likes. In the second stage, we discover that while his lines are not quite artistic, they have a way of making us read them, and the more we read them, the more they mean. In the third stage, we begin to suspect that the man who swings off and says things in this wild, splendid, happy-looking fashion, and who has all this look of daring in him, has it not because he is being a daring man, but because he knows more gloriously than most of us, what he is about. In the fourth stage, we begin to be practical with our author and fall into a relaxed and artistic state of mind with him and at every point in his lines where there comes a doubt, we let him take his turn at having the benefit of the doubt. He may be right and we may be wrong. Perhaps he has more imagination than most people. Often we come to a line that looks thrown-off and slovenly to us, and as if he didn't care and we see he did. And then we begin to suspect that he is a genius and an artist too. In the fifth stage, everybody dies. In the sixth stage, everybody else dies. Ditto, ditto. In the seventh stage, we have "A Bundle of Myrrh," by John Neihardt, being read by the people of this country five hundred years off, with John Keats, Wordsworth, Sidney Lanier, Whitman and the Songs of Solomon.

I am not saying that this is so. I am merely telling of a hope that happened to me, and am letting it go for what a hope happening to me is worth. That first morning when the poems came, I did not read them through. I was too happy in the middle of the book, and in the middle of the idea that there could be such

a book, not to go outdoors on the meadow and think about it, think how there really was such a man, a latent, big contemporary, a possible classic, a man singing as if he were singing three thousand years ago or a thousand years on from to-day. After the first few pages I was too glad merely to take him as poetry. He was News, and there was nothing to do but to go outdoors with him and look at Mount Tom and the sky and the world with him, and think how it made it all over, to suppose that there was a man like this in it—not under a headstone visited by pilgrims and young ladies, or in a classical dictionary, but walking about, this minute, in the town of Bancroft, Nebraska.

And now, Gentle Reader, I am not going to quote a word. Such a man, or the bare chance of such a man, is worth a dollar. When we think of all the times we have paid a dollar admission—all of us—to see the great American play, it does seem as if we should like to spend a bit, perhaps, on a latent, hid-away, great American poet. It is a mistake to quote to people and to encourage them to these little, nice, economical glimpses of poets as they are going by in public places. We should really like it better to take our poets seriously, now and then—like actors. Having a poet quoted at one, does not make one feel quite right about not paying the dollar admission. It does not feel quite fair—standing outside and watching a poet get into a hack.

And then, Gentle Reader, when we all have done as we should, we shall get together, perhaps—a few thousand faithful Putnamites,—and hold a big testimony meeting, if we want to—a kind of convention about Bancroft, Nebraska. We should not rise to say the same things, but we should all care, I think, and there would be moments in the convention when there would be several people asking for the floor at once. And the man is a mere poet, too.

# HOW WE ELECTED THE OLD MAN

By EDWARD SALISBURY FIELD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR G. DOVE



HEN the son of one of the richest men in America came to me and said, "Bill, my Old Man wants to go to the United States Senate," did I hem and haw, and look doubtful? No, sir; that is n't my style. I said, "Charlie, that's an honorable ambition. What is there in it for me?"

I'm ashamed to tell you what the answer was, but it was enough to send me flying off to hunt up Incorruptible Jordan.

Incorruptible Jordan is a wonder in his line, and his line is politics; he's the best lobbyist, appropriation-pusher and bill-killer in the State of — Well, I'm not naming the State, but it's west of the Mississippi River, and it is n't Wyoming, and it isn't Idaho.

Jordan is the sort of man who can talk about the immortality of the soul so beautifully as to bring tears to your eyes, and then turn round and play a game of poker that would make the devil, himself, envious. Yes, Jordan is a wonder; tall and dignified-looking, with gray hair (he could easily be mistaken

for a bishop or a bank president, and as crooked as a ram's horn—except with me. He does n't dare be crooked with me, for I've a sort of half-Nelson hold on his liberty; but for me, he'd be breaking rock in a striped suit this minute.

As I hurried along the street towards Jordan's office, I did some tall thinking, and the more I thought, the more indignant I became. Why hadn't Charlie's Old Man mentioned the fact that he wanted to be Senator, sooner—last summer, for instance? Here it was the second of January, and the Legislature would convene on the eighth. A nice time to spring this proposition on a fellow. Six days to get seventy-six votes! Would n't that jar you? If it had n't

been that Charlie's Old Man was made of money, I'd have been a little discouraged.

I found Jordan in his office.

"Hello, Bill," he said, as I entered on the run. "What's the matter, man? Is the sheriff after you?"

"Guess again," I said. "The fact is, Jordan, I've got the biggest melon on record, and I want to borrow your knife."

"You've come to the right place, Bill; melon cutting's my specialty. Do we divide even



"CHARLIE, THAT'S AN HONORABLE AMBITION.  
WHAT IS THERE IN IT FOR ME?"

this time, or do I only get the seeds?"

"My dear fellow," I said, "the seeds in this melon will be an independent fortune in themselves. Charlie's Old Man is going to run for U. S. Senator, and you and I are going to elect him."

"Quite so," said Jordan. "I put the idea into his head yesterday at the club."

That's the kind of a fox Jordan is. I did n't know whether what he said was true, then—I don't know to this day,—but it was a trump card for him to play, so he played it. Jordan has a nasty way of always playing trumps, confound him!

"I was n't at all sure that the Old Man would rise to the fly, though," he continued.

"There are mighty few men who would n't," I said. "Jordan, my boy, it's going to be a prosperous year in this State; reserved seats in the next Legislature will be worth ten thousand dollars apiece before the session's over."

"Twenty thousand," said Jordan.

"Do you think the Old Man will pay twenty thousand for a vote?" I cried.

"He'll have to if he wants to be elected. There'll be an awful howl when his name comes up at the joint session, if a lot of throats are n't stopped with treasury notes in the meantime. Of course we can buy some of the Cow County contingent for less, but the average price per vote is going to be well above ten thousand dollars, you see if it is n't. Is Charlie to handle the sack for the Old Man?"

"Yes."

"Well, tell him to corral all the thousand-dollar greenbacks he can lay his hands on; they'll come in handy. We don't want to cut our bait too fine, Bill. Fishing for suckers is

one thing, and fishing for votes is another."

"That's true," I said.

"And we must n't let any grass grow under our feet, either; our cue is to get busy *poco pranto*. Just you sit down, while I make out two lists of noble Legislators."

"Going to divide the sheep from the goats, eh, Jordan?"

"Not at all, Bill; we're only dealing with the goats at present. But there are two kinds of goats—cheap ones and expensive ones."

Jordan wrote rapidly for about ten minutes. He knew his legislature as a priest knows his beads.

"There," he said, when he'd finished writing, "we have fifteen cheap goats, and thirty-two expensive ones. We need seventy-six votes to elect the Old Man, which means that we've got to buy twenty-nine sheep. I'll be glad of your opinion on the sheep question, Bill."

"I've yet to see the sheep that twenty thousand dollars would n't buy," I said.

"You can't bank on what sheep will do, though," Jordan declared. "They're silly animals, and easily scared. But leaving sheep out of the deal, the proposition is this: the three avowed candidates for the senatorial toga are Burns, Johnson and Gillellen. Charlie's Old Man is a Republican. Burns and Johnson are Republicans. We must buy them off, of course, though it might be well to leave Johnson in the race, say till after the third ballot, when he could retire gracefully in favor of the Old Man. Naturally, Gillellen is in the fight to stay; he's rich, and his party has a majority in both houses. It looks like a cinch for him on the dope sheet, but money talks, and, fortunately for us, there are lots of Democrats who can understand its language."



INCORRUPTIBLE JORDAN

"So our tip is to go after the sheep, eh, Jordan?"

"That's it, Bill; us for the sheep. You stick to Charlie and the Old Man's sack, and I'll do the rest. If you'll excuse me now, I'll trot along, for I've a lot of telegraphing to do before dinner time."

given an independent fortune for withdrawing from the race; he wanted two independent fortunes. It was dashed awkward for us. Already there were all sorts of rumors of bribery floating about, and investigations were being threatened by Gilellen and his camp. To make



"DIG UP, BOY! DIG UP!"

"That's the ticket," I said. "The sooner you round up your band of sheep, the sooner Charlie and I can get busy with the sack."

The Senate and the House had been sitting in joint session for two days for the purpose of electing a U. S. Senator. On the first ballot, Charlie's Old Man had received seventeen votes; on the second ballot, twenty-six; on the third ballot, forty-two. Then the unexpected happened; Johnson, the other Republican candidate, did n't withdraw according to programme. He was to have retired gracefully after the third ballot, but he did n't retire, he would n't retire—at least, he said he would n't.

Of course it was a hold-up, pure and simple. Johnson was to have been

matters worse, the men who remained behind Johnson were of the weak-kneed variety, and did n't dare come out openly for the Old Man; it would look too raw, they said. With Johnson out of the running, they could do it, but with Johnson standing pat, it was out of the question.

They cursed Johnson. We cursed Johnson. Charlie's Old Man cursed Johnson. But Johnson did n't mind a bit.

Charlie was furious. "That man Johnson is a scoundrel," he said. "He agreed to take a certain price, and if he does n't take it and get out, I'll brand him as a liar and a thief. I'll show him up to the public for what he is. I'll—I'll—"

"Oh, fudge!" said Incorruptible Jordan. "Cut it out, Charlie. Johnson knows what he's doing. You've

got to pay what he asks: there are no two ways about it."

"I'll see him in hell first," said Charlie.

"No, you won't," Jordan replied. "Johnson has got us on the hip, and you know it. Dig up, boy! Dig up!"

Charlie raved and stormed, but he ended by digging up.

We knew he would. If we had n't we would n't have put it into Johnson's head to hold out on him. I don't want you to get any erroneous ideas about Johnson. He is one of the most honorable men I know; he divided his extra swag with Jordan and me that very night.

The real tug of war was now on; we'd got down to cases at last. The first thing we did, after Charlie bought Johnson off, was to round up all the Johnson men. It was n't hard work. If Charlie had been a magnet, and the Johnson men iron filings, it could n't have been easier.

Incorruptible Jordan, who is a great Bible student, put it neater than that, though. Said he, "Bill, be on deck at eight sharp, and you'll see the sight of your life; the Johnson men are coming round to my office to pray to the Golden Calf, and it's on the books that their prayers will be answered."

It's funny how such things get about, but you can't speak of the Golden Calf in that part of the State to this day without everybody thinking you are referring to Charlie.

Well, the Johnson men came and prayed, Charlie answered their prayers with paper money, and the game was almost played; for now all we had to do was to go out in the open market and buy up seventeen Democratic votes—or so it seemed. Still, there were all sorts of rumors in the air, and Gillellen and his crowd were getting uglier and uglier. They were said to have threatened to kill the first Democratic legislator who voted for Charlie's Old Man, and while there may have been nothing in it, the rumor did n't do a thing but boost the price of Democratic votes.

But there are ways of getting round

all difficulties. If the seventeen Democrats we needed were too lily-livered to vote for us, they and some of their friends were n't at all averse to being absent when the next ballot was taken—that is, if they were kidnapped against their will, and run out of the State on a special train. Still, that was pretty coarse work, and we hoped to find an easier way.

So Charlie, and Incorruptible Jordan, and I sat in executive session far into the night, discussing ways and means. Not that we needed to discuss things with Charlie, but it amused him and, as Jordan said, the more difficulties we could throw in his way, the more Charlie's Old Man would appreciate our ultimate victory. I must confess that even I was in the dark as to just what Jordan would do next, but I was sure he saw his way clear, and was sawing wood and waiting for the proper opening.

The next day, Johnson retired from the race as per schedule, after which the Gillellen men fought for an adjournment till evening, but we voted them down and demanded a ballot. Would you believe it, instead of swinging into our camp, five of Johnson's men voted for Gillellen! The Gillellen men cheered, our men cursed, and all hell broke loose. But that was n't a circumstance to what happened later, when eight of Gillellen's men voted for Charlie's Old Man.

Was n't that clever of Jordan?

"Let 'em howl," he said. "We've got a howl coming, too. Have n't they bought off five of our men? It's scandalous, Bill! scandalous! I'd be discouraged if we had n't got eight of their men in exchange."

"Of course we can always get our five men back," I said admiringly. "I wonder if they're sure of their eight lambs returning to the fold?"

Jordan smiled. "I'd hate to be one of that bunch of eight," he said. "I think to-morrow a few more of our men will desert us, Bill, but there's a good time coming."

"You bet!" I replied.

Jordan's prediction came true; the

next day four more of our men voted for Gilellen.

Charlie was wild, especially as no new Gilellen men voted for his Old Man. (Charlie was n't on to Jordan's game, you see. We had been very careful to keep him in the dark, for the more desperate things looked, the more money he'd spend, and Jordan and I, as public-spirited citizens, liked to see plenty of money in circulation.) Yes, sir, Charlie was up in the air good and plenty. That night he cornered Jordan and me, and talked to us like a Dutch uncle.

"This thing has got to go through," he said, "and it's got to go through quick. Tomorrow, the Old Man either goes to the Senate, or goes broke."

"Hear! Hear!" cried Incorruptible Jordan.

"There's public opinion to consider," I said.

"It's none of the public's business," said Charlie.

"They think it is, though," I suggested.

"The best way to square public opinion is to buy up the press, and the Old Man's done that already," said Charlie. "Besides,—"

"The thing to do is to carry this fight outside party lines," I interrupted. "We must cook up a nice little platform for your father, Charlie; something that will appeal to the rank and file."

"What rot!" said Charlie. "The rank and file have n't a thing to do with electing a Senator; it's the Legislature we're after. We're not running on a platform, we're running on our bank account."

"If you can only persuade your father to keep his mouth shut, and let his money do all the talking, we'll win," said Incorruptible Jordan.

"Of course we'll win!" I cried.

"Have n't we got eight Democratic votes already?"

"Yes, and lost nine Republican votes," said Charlie. "Not only that but I'm worried about Ross of Amador County, and Barker of the Black Hill district; I hear they're taking money from the other side."

"Hell!" said Incorruptible Jordan. "You make me tired, Charlie. In the first place, the other side is n't spending any money, and in the second place, even if they were, Ross and Barker belong to us; they're bought and paid for."

"The question is," I said, "will they stay bought?"

"You've got a lot to learn, you two," Jordan replied. "A good politician takes money from both sides, but he votes for the highest bidder. That reminds me, Charlie; the Old Man ought to do something for the Rev. Adolphus Peachtree."

"He's already given him a cheque for his church."

"A rotten lot of good that will do him. Peachtree doesn't want cheques, he wants greenbacks. He's a valuable man, Charlie. A parson is always a strong card in the deck, and Peachtree is ready to swear he has seen no signs of bribery in the Legislature."

"Must have been going about with his eyes shut," I said.

"That's the point I'm trying to make," said Incorruptible Jordan. "A man's a valuable man who will go about with his eyes shut these days, and as Chaplain of the House, Peachtree's got a lot of influence. They used to have a blind Chaplain in the U. S. Senate, but Peachtree's got him beat a mile."

"All right," said Charlie carelessly, "I'll put him down on the list for five thousand. That will make three hundred and eighty-five thousand



THE REVEREND ADOLPHUS PEACHTREE

we've paid out in the last six days. The Old Man is buying his toga on the instalment plan, but I reckon the last payment will be made before long."

"Speaking of payments," I said, "there's that young ruffian, Jack Boulder of Carson County, to consider. Smiling Smith tossed a bundle of greenbacks through the open transom of his room at the hotel night before last, and the insolent young puppy turned it over to the Attorney General, I understand."

"I suppose he counted it, and found it was n't enough," said Incorruptible Jordan.

"It was ten thousand dollars," I replied. "Ten thousand dollars in one thousand dollar notes."

"Well, they can't trace them to us," said Charlie.

"It may mean an investigation in the House," I argued.

"It's a poor house that can't whitewash itself," said Incorruptible Jordan. "Investigations don't do any harm, and an investigation just now would do some of those fellows good. There's young Arnold, for instance, who is holding out for twenty-five thousand; with a good scare thrown into him, like as not he'd sell out for ten, and be glad to take the money. An investigation acts like a bear raid, you see, and if the bottom dropped out of the vote market, it would n't worry us any, eh, Charlie?"

"I'm not so sure of that," Charlie replied. "An investigation in the House would mean investigating the Old Man, and—"

"Oh rats!" exclaimed Incorruptible Jordan. "Legislatures are like chicken houses: they all need whitewashing occasionally. Everybody knows that. It is n't only in this State, it's in every State. It's the same at Washington where they do it on a larger scale. Some old Johnnie has said: 'You can't touch pitch without being defiled,' but that's rot. You can touch pitch all you want, if you've got a bucket of whitewash handy, and the beautiful thing about a Legislature is, the whitewash is

always handy—it's got to be. Why, my dear boy, nothing could be simpler! All the House has to do is to call for a vote of confidence in itself. Our majority in the House is bought and paid for, and there you are."

"How about the Attorney General?" I asked. "He may demand an investigation."

"Yes," said Charlie. "How about the Attorney General?"

"That's easy," said Incorruptible Jordan, "dead easy. If he gets funny, we'll impeach him."

"How in hell"—Charlie began.

"Leave that to me," said Incorruptible Jordan. "He and Dick Ballard used to be in business together, did n't they? Well, Dick has all the old books of the firm. What's more, he's doctored them so that it looks as if Mr. Attorney General had stolen about nine thousand dollars from him. If worst comes to worst, there'll be a warrant sworn out on Dick's evidence. It's damn good evidence; I've seen it myself. But why explain further? It's child's play, I tell you, child's play."

"It may be for you," I said. "You're a wonder, Jordan."

"Oh, that's not a drop in the bucket to what I've got up my sleeve," said Incorruptible Jordan.

"I've got a hold on every damn Legislator who opposes us; if it is n't a chattel mortgage, it's a scandal about his wife. I've got witnesses who will swear to anything, and a Judge on the Bench who'll believe 'em."

"Bully for you, Jordan!" said Charlie. "We're in this game to win, and by God we'll do it, if we have to drive every lying cur who won't take our money out of the State! I have n't any patience with men like Gower and Smathers and Brady. To hear them talk, you'd think the Old Man was acting dishonorably in trying to buy a seat in the U. S. Senate. It makes me tired! We've got to elect the Old Man to-morrow, Jordan; to-morrow, you understand!"

"I don't know about that," Jordan replied. "There's an axiom about making haste slowly that applies pretty well in this case. It does n't do to crowd the mourners too hard, my boy. Still, if——"

"There are no *if's* about it, Jordan."

"Yes, there are," said Jordan. "There are more *if's* in politics than in any game on record. But what I was going to say, when you interrupted me, was this: if any one were to say to me, 'Jordan, there's a hundred thousand extra in it for you, if you elect a given person to a given office before sundown tomorrow,' I should say (this is purely a hypothet-



"THANK GOD WE'VE KEPT  
OUR HANDS CLEAN!"

ical case, you understand) why, I should say——"

"Never mind what you'd say, Jordan," said Charlie. "The money is yours."

Next morning, we elected the Old Man on the first ballot.

Charlie was jubilant. "It was a bully fight," he said, "a bully fight. And I'm glad we've kept our hands clean, for some day the Old Man may want to run for President."

Incorruptible Jordan winked at me from behind a big black cigar. "Yes," he murmured, "thank God we've kept our hands clean!"

## THE END OF A PHILOSOPHY

By CHARLOTTE WILSON



ANNE DAVENPORT came rather briskly down the pavement. Her arms were laden; there was a slight habitual frown between her brows. Besides her notebooks, her purse, her umbrella and a book or two, she carried two or three parcels—which connoted, to the initiated, the corner grocery and fruit-stand in Fifty-fifth Street. It was a June day characteristic of Chicago, dazzlingly bright and blue, but with a wind so high and violent that Anne found her skirts more in the way than usual. She was used to finding them in the way, indeed; hence, partly, the frown between her brows.

Whatever her illusions when she began it, Anne did not now consider

the life of a Chicago school-teacher, who lived in a flat—even in the shadow of one of the hugest institutions of learning in the world—the summit of earthly beatitude. To be sure, there were compensations; of course it was worth a great deal to be near the University, for Anne was frankly and stoutly "intellectual." Indeed, she had proven the sincerity of her absorption; for, from an environment not at all intellectual—a small town in the southwest—she had eventually transplanted her entire family, by the sheer force of her own gravitation. It was accepted as a mere matter of course, too obvious even to be formulated, that Anne was virtually the head of the family; and it was in this capacity, chiefly, that she frequently found her skirts in the way.

Now, as a matter of fact, Anne would have preferred quite another

rôle. If she had put her secret and dearest desire into words—which she emphatically never did—it would probably have been to establish herself somewhere in some old English cathedral town, some green English quietude, and write a book. To be sure, Anne knew that she never would write a book. She had no literary talent. And she never would live by herself. Very probably, she told herself, she would never even marry. Looking into the future, she saw herself growing old, as the mainspring of what she was in the habit of calling her "exceedingly gregarious family."

The family, to be sure, was not large. On this particular afternoon, when Anne let herself into her flat, in a large stone apartment-house with wooden back, it seemed to consist of one dark-eyed young girl, who was lying on a couch, looking at the door. She was extremely pretty, in a silent, passive way. A dark, smooth-skinned, regular face it was, with the beautiful, down-drooping mouth of the Blessed Damozel. The large, finely-shaped dark eyes might have meant anything—either a deep, rich, inarticulate nature, only dimly divining, as yet, its capacity for passion and pain, or, merely—large, finely-shaped dark eyes.

At sight of her, the slight habitual frown on Anne's brow lifted cheerily. "What, Agnes!" she said tenderly. "Not another headache?"

"Yes," said Agnes, throwing her arm across her eyes with a petulant, and yet appealing gesture, "It's awful. I'm glad you've come; I want a hot cloth on it." Her voice was like the gesture; her dark hair, lying in two long, soft braids over her shoulders, completed the impression of something pretty, young, wilfully helpless and dependent.

"Poor child," said Anne, hastily emptying her arms of bundles and sitting down on the side of the couch, smoothing back the dark hair with an unmistakable, maternal touch. "Where's mother?"

"She's asleep," answered Agnes, half fretfully. "She went and cleaned up the whole flat this morning, and

hurt her back, and then she was so tired that she went to sleep. I called her, but I could n't wake her, and I did n't feel like getting up. I knew you'd be here soon; it seems to me you're later than usual. Oh me! my head's splitting; don't stop to take off your hat, Anne!"

Anne did not stop; instead, she heated the water, and brought the bowl and towels, and bathed the smooth forehead with a cheerful tenderness, until presently the girl turned on her side with a sigh of relief and a drowsy "That's better; I think maybe I can go to sleep now—if you don't make too much noise with your heels, Anne."

Then Anne got up softly and went to her own room, where she unpinned her hat and smoothed her hair a little, incidentally looking at her own face in the glass. "Don't look so strenuous," she murmured disapprovingly, half absently, to the reflection. "It's making you ugly—unnecessarily ugly, I mean." Then she glanced at the clock. "A quarter to five!" she thought. "Poor mother! Will she ever learn to do as I tell her, and not work so hard? It's time to get dinner, now—and I know she's not able!"

She went softly out of the room and down the hall, stopping to listen at one of the doors. There was no sound; she opened the door quietly and looked in. There lay her mother, sound asleep—a pretty, rosy-faced woman, only beginning to grow old, with crisp, curly gray hair and a look of health, in spite of a pucker of forehead and eyes.

Anne closed the door. Her lips were set a little straighter, and the line between her brows again became visible, as she went into the little kitchen and took down her mother's apron from the nail. Then she put it on and went to work.

It was fully two hours later, when, having cleared away the dinner dishes and washed them, Anne finally took off her apron, and settled herself in the sitting-room by the window, with a new book of poems. Agnes was

awake, but she still lay on the couch, very appealing with her look of plaintive endurance. Anne had made some toast and brought it to her.

Suddenly, glancing out of the window, Anne spoke. "Why," she said, "there's George. You are n't able to see him, are you, dear?"

Agnes sat up with brightening eyes. "Why," she exclaimed, "he said he could n't come this evening!" Evidently, here was an astonishing improvement.

Anne looked at her with mingled amusement and disapproval. "I really don't think you are able, dear," she said. "I'll go tell him—"

But Agnes had already smoothed out the rumpled couch, given a touch or two to her soft, disordered hair, and opened the door, by the time the ascending step was heard on the second landing.

"Oh, George, I'm so glad you've come! I've got such a headache!" She was already within the arm of the stout young fellow who stood in the doorway, and as he carefully closed the door behind him, and stooped to her soft, dark, upturned face with a laughing challenge to Anne in his blue eyes—to forbid him if she had the heart—the little girl half shyly, half defiantly, lifted her mouth and kissed him.

Anne got up from the window. She compromised a little with her conscience as she left them. "Agnes is n't well, George; don't stay long this evening." And even for that Agnes looked at her resentfully.

Anne went with her book of poems downstairs. There was only one sitting-room in the small flat, the one she had just surrendered to Agnes and her lover; her own room, a tiny affair opening upon the court, was not alluring; besides, if she shut herself up there, her mother would probably resent her lack of sociability, and come in to reproach her with it. But to-night she felt that she *must* have a moment of rest and renewal. The front steps, facing the shaggy, vacant lot, just now brave and beautiful with tall weeds in the

first rank green of spring, offered the best chance. Even there her solitude was exceedingly precarious. Any one of a score of people, from the owners of the third-story pug to Doctor Müller himself—Anne smiled.

She seated herself on the top step and drew a deep breath. A few blocks away the gray walls and red roofs of Cobb stood out against the sheer blue, grateful alike to mind and eye. The poems, as she dipped into them, gave her the thrill of triumphant personal pleasure she always felt when any one she knew achieved something of which she could be proud. And yet she was vaguely uneasy. The picture of Agnes as she had kissed her "George" haunted her. The child was so innocent and so—wilful. Luckily, George was in love with her with all his sturdy heart—if he was n't exactly intellectual.

Anne was aware that she had to a certain extent failed with Agnes. Or rather, she corrected herself, she had made the mistake of building hopes upon her which it would have required a very different personality to fulfil. She saw now that she had done what many parents do for their children—planned for her a future which she herself would have found exactly to her taste. She remembered now the rush of protecting enthusiasm with which she had first decreed that the little orphaned niece should come to live with them, and be trained and educated under her own eye. She remembered the even intenser joy she had felt when the beautiful, deep-eyed child actually came. And—she remembered the gradual readjustment she had undergone as Agnes's own little personality began to reveal its inexorable native bent. Agnes had always been a reasonably good child. She was not energetic; it was true she did not like school and books; she was—like other children and young girls—fond of obvious pleasures. But she had really never given her any trouble, anything she had a right to feel uneasy or distressed about, until—Anne sighed.

Her discontent with the present situation was all the more uncomfortable because she more than half realized that she was unreasonable; it was the "logical outcome," the inevitable result of Agnes herself. It had come rather early, to be sure, but it might have been much worse. George, she had assured herself, was a good boy, though he had even less education than Agnes had absorbed in her enforced and reluctant high-school career. He had stopped school at fourteen to go into his father's grocery store. He was now twenty, and Agnes was seventeen. They were planning—the absurd young creatures!—to be married when he should be twenty-one. Anne smiled in spite of herself.

If it had not been for the other episode—but there, too, Anne was aware of being unreasonable. She knew that if Agnes had taken it into her head to conceive that innocent, primitive passion for Doctor Müller instead of for George, she, Anne, would have been more dissatisfied and apprehensive than she was at present.

The young German had first come into contact with the family as the occupant of one of the rooms in their little flat. The family finances at the time had not been satisfactory; and Anne had decreed that they should take a lodger. Had she been the most vulgarly mercenary person in the world, she felt afterward, punishment could not have overtaken her more swiftly and surely. The young student, precocious to the verge of genius, on the point of taking his doctor's degree, was not well established in the house before his instantaneous attraction to the beautiful, grave young girl became an obsession.

Frankly, Anne did not know what attitude she would have had the child assume toward him. This was her first wooer; and at first she was, in her silent way, evidently flattered—flutteringly elate. But clearly, it was the idea of a lover that appealed to her; as for the wooer himself, her first indifference toward him rapidly

became a silent but marked dislike. Anne looked on with something like horror. Certainly she had not wanted Agnes to fall in love with him; but, born for sympathy as she was herself, and with her older eyes, there was something unnatural in that cold, impatient distaste, that blank insensibility, toward a passion so piteous and so self-devouring. It looked almost as if Agnes had instinctively hit upon this as the best calculated, of all possible attitudes, to inflict upon this particular wooer the most harrowing torture. Anne, of a nature warm and generous, had never been able greatly to revere the sort of cold, instinctive correctness which is exempt by its very nervelessness from all the ennobling blunders and heroic follies of generous hearts. She wondered if, in trying to make and keep Agnes truly good, she had succeeded in making her merely conventional and correct. And then, all unconsciously, Agnes had vindicated herself by falling in love with George. Her manner of doing it was not at all conventional. But—to fall in love with George!

Anne sat gazing across the vacant lot as she went over the familiar round of thoughts. Presently, her absent eyes became aware of a man coming toward her along the diagonal path, and involuntarily she smiled. It was the man who had been uppermost in her thoughts. The smile had no relation to the past of which she had been thinking; for, although it had been more than a year ago, she had never been able to think of that episode without a sense of its painfulness. There had been something devastating in that passion. Never had she received from any one, as she had from this young German, such an impression of the havoc of passion. The very seats of being were shaken. And for what a cause! It went to her heart to think of all the glory and beauty and goodness Agnes's grave young mask, Agnes's soft, tragic mouth and great eyes, Agnes's "perilous hair" had stood for, to his passionate idealism. And yet, Agnes

had a heart. She loved George with a primitive directness and simplicity that made Anne herself feel old and sophisticated and over-refined. Perhaps, if she had given the same sort of love to her other lover—Anne wondered. Would he always have been satisfied with the blindly-worshipping heart and the beautiful mask? or would he have come to demand, after awhile, a mind?

After a few months, before the advent of George, he had moved into other quarters. He had moved at Anne's own imperative advice; but the one thing he had refused to surrender was his strangely established intimacy with herself. And stranger, even, than the intimacy, was the basis on which it flourished. With the fatal appearance of George upon the scene, his passion had taken another and equally violent, though far from novel, turn. He had now taken his degree, and passed at once into an instructorship; and in a very few months he announced to Anne that he was at work upon a book. This touched a deep, responsive spring in Anne—already, as she was, yearning over him with a vain and vicarious remorsefulness. It was not till he explained, in his passionate way, the scope and purpose of the book, that the grotesque absurdity of the situation dawned upon her. It was to be called "The Philosophy of Sex," and its ambitious aim was nothing less than to settle the whole question of the true relationship of the sexes.

Humor was one of the qualities which helped to make Anne the eminently sane person that she was; and from some men she would have received the news of such a project with frank derision. But there was something about this young German—that fantastic enthusiasm which verged so closely upon positive unsoundness, that desperate, unshakable continuity and fixedness of purpose—which, her keen insight told her, would make the achievement monumental—whether a monument of folly or not she forebore to inquire. One would have expected her to feel very

strongly upon what is called "the woman question"; if so, she was silent, from taste and principle. If she ever wished to be a man, she never said so; very rarely did she even make a passing protest against some hampering convention. Whichever side raged or sneered, she was accustomed to smile, tolerantly, with a smile which seemed to be enjoying some hidden implication of its own. But that even she should be the confidante of such views as Dr. Müller almost daily poured into her patient ears, did not fail to amuse her. It all grew out of her being so sorry—so infinitely sorry—for the boy.

As to the views, there was little in them that was especially remarkable, or even new. Anne saw that it was natural enough that his passionate idealism should emerge from disillusionment in the form of an equally passionate misogyny; and that his habit of mind, a heritage from generations of scholars and metaphysicians, should determine the form it should take. It was the intense moral earnestness, the profound laboriousness, the pretentiousness of scope, that rendered, to Anne's mind, the projected book remarkable.

Dr. Müller crossed the street and seated himself on the steps at her feet, looking up at her with a boyish frankness of pleasure. He was, in fact, hardly more than a boy in years, in spite of his spectacled eyes and the formidable record he had made for himself at the university. He was rather small; blond and athletic; with a fierce little mustache offsetting and emphasizing the sensitive mouth of the enthusiast. He pushed his straw hat back on his yellow curly hair. They were such old friends now that they plunged at once into any depth of abstraction with no disturbing sense of the neglected formalities.

"I haf been thinking of what we spoke the other day," he began eagerly. "I wass saying, you know, there can be no woman-genius. Genius iss masculine, it iss positive; the

woman iss negative; she cannot create. And it iss as I said the other day about the soul: one proof that woman hass no soul iss that she demands soul in man. She iss drawn to him for what she hass not, what she cannot haf, herself; the soul iss male, and attracts her as does the breadth of hiss shoulders, the hardness of hiss muscles." Anne smiled. "Ah, you are so good to listen!" he said, with a sudden quick, winning humanness. Then his face resumed the impersonal intentness of the thinker, the scholar. "Now, here iss the illustration I thought of. How good you are about my book: how you are interested in it! *You* could not write a book—no? Yet see how much above them you are—the other women! You haf in you more of the man—more of the male element. You are not the pure type, like—yes, *she* wass the pure type." It had long been understood between them that he no longer cared in the least for Agnes. He understood her now, and all her sex. Woman, he contended, was simply the lower side of man; she must be conquered—eliminated by being ignored. Marriage was the final weakness to which man could succumb. An exalted, persistent celibacy would finally bring the race to a height of moral perfection where, incidentally, it would go out like Alice's candle. That fact, apparently, did not disturb the impetuous young philosopher; moral perfection itself was the goal. Anne knew all this by heart.

"But—my illustration," he resumed. "I wass saying, no woman can write a book—oh, a trashy novel, yes; but a real book, a philosophic, no. *You* could not write a book, but see how you are interested, how you are kind, how you listen to mine. Iss it not so?"

"It is true," said Anne, with a smile oddly wise and sweet, "that I could n't write a book, and that I am interested in yours—or in you."

"Ah, did I not say so?" he exclaimed, in the most impersonal, in-

offensive tone of triumph. "The woman, she iss interested always in the man,—in what he can think with hiss mind, and do with hiss body."

It was so absurd that Anne sat smiling over it after he was gone, with her chin in her palm. And yet it worried her a little, too. He was growing to depend on her too much. Unlike most women with whom sympathy is a passion, she was not sentimental, either in the good or the bad sense. She had none of that craving that all the emotion in the air at a given moment should centre about herself. She had an almost boyish horror of personalities, which was one of the youngest and most engaging things about her. She had gone on being kind to Agnes's desperate young lover because she saw that he could not exist without the frail support her sympathy could give him; she had been tolerant of the book, partly out of respect for the sheer mentality, the incredible German patience of scholarship, the enormous wealth of reading and study, he was putting into it; and partly because she saw that it was giving him the relief of a definite channel in which his bitter sense of disappointment might spend its force. And all the while she had a whimsical sense that she was apparently carrying out the rôle assigned to her in the "Philosophy of Sex"—that of the negative creature supplementing the positive, the passive creature delighting in the active, the inferior creature contemplating the superior. He was growing to depend on her too much, Anne admitted; but his logic would save him. Besides, even if he should fall in love with her—she was shy of the phrase, even in her own mind—it would not be the tragic fall that had wrought such havoc before; that could happen to a man but once.

The book had been in process of construction for nearly two years; and their brief conferences, like the one on this particular occasion, had been frequent, sometimes daily. Oc-

casionally, Anne went with him to a theatre or concert; sometimes they walked or played tennis together but they were both busy, and their talks were usually of the brief, episodic kind just chronicled.

And, at last, the book was finished. The publishing was already arranged for; but there was a long and tedious interval before it could see the light and test its fate. Anne had not realized before how much of the constitutional intensity which had gone into the making of the book was centred also in the question of its reception by the scholarly world. She very rarely discouraged him; only once, when he was pouring out to her, as usual, his doubts and aspirations, she could not forbear a depressing suggestion.

"No American," she said, "could have written such a book." Then, as he looked up with a quick pleasure, she added, "He could n't have—preserved his gravity long enough."

"Ah!" he said angrily, "An American—he iss nothing but a *grin!* Iss not that your ugly word for it? America! There iss no scholarship in America—there iss none out of Germany. It iss to Germany I look."

When, finally, the book appeared, his confidence was justified. In Germany it leaped into instant recognition, rapidly running through several editions. Even in America it was not overlooked. The qualities Anne had recognized as going to its making won for it a hearing as nearly serious as an American critic could bestow upon such an achievement. It was, the reviewers admitted, the only work of its kind in existence. It showed, they all conceded, conscientious and exhaustive scholarship; it treated the whole thesis of woman's inferiority to man, exhausted every implication, and carried the whole unflinchingly to its ultimate conclusion. There was something of a "grin" in much of this, to be sure; but it was suppressed: the best critics were painstakingly respectful.

Anne was relieved. She was pleased and glad that he had got a

hearing in the quarters where his future work would be appreciated. As for the book she had so patiently mothered, she regarded that as a mere clearing of the decks for future action. She really regarded it with profound amusement. But she felt no amusement when she reflected how near she had come to seeing the utter wreck of all that intellectual patience and power. She felt something of the grateful relief of the mother who has brought a white, cross little patient through diphtheria or scarlet fever. And now, Anne told herself, was the time gently to disengage herself from his habits of dependence upon her. She had promised to go rowing with him the next Saturday afternoon, by way of celebration for the triumph of the book; she would begin then.

When he came for her on the afternoon in question, Anne met him with a face full of sympathetic gladness; but instantly her look fell. Instead of being elated, as she had expected, he was unmistakably depressed.

Anne ignored his depression. It was due, she decided, to some temporary annoyance. The bright day, and the exercise, of which they were both exceedingly fond, would restore his spirits. She talked brightly as they got into the boat and pushed out into the lagoon. In his boyhood he had served in the navy: as she sat beside him, and felt the measured swing of his stroke, and the ripple of his muscles against her shoulder, Anne wondered again how he had ever crowded so much eager and passionate existence into his few years.

Anne was wearing a white sailor-suit. The sun touched her cheeks to the red of a ripe peach; the moisture of her neck and forehead had tightened her brown hair into tiny clusters of curls. She looked up at him with a sort of gentle, matter-of-fact solicitude.

"What's the matter?" she asked, kindly.

He struck the water with his oar. "Oh, I don't know," he said, almost peevishly. And then he added wearily, "'Ot'ello's occupation's gone.'" Anne did not answer; she was busy adjusting herself to this unexpected turn of affairs.

Suddenly he stopped rowing, and turned upon her. He looked down at her as she sat beside him, bright and strong, in the sun and wind.

"Fraulein," he said, very abruptly, "Will you marry me?"

Anne looked up at him in genuine astonishment; something she had vaguely expected, but not this. Moreover, the look of his face was oddly arresting. Never, surely, had a man put such a question with such a face. It was quite white, even to the full, sensitive lips below the little uptwirled blond mustache. His hand on the oars shook. He looked like a man consciously yielding to a mortal weakness.

"Do not reproach me!" he burst out, in answer to Anne's look of speechless astonishment. "I am weak—weak—weak: I haf tried not to yield to you—but I cannot help it! I must marry you!"

Through Anne's mind, with a curious ironic clearness, there flashed passage after passage of the book. But the only emotion in her mind was pity.

"You cannot marry me," she said quietly. "I do not love you. And you do not really care for me," she added. "You loved Agnes, and you have turned to me because I was sorry for you. I hoped I could help you through the worst of it."

She looked at him, and saw incredulity as well as smothered rage in his face, now flushed from chin to forehead. Then, quickly, the rage passed, and the almost abject dependence she knew took its place.

"You will not marry me?" he said. "Are you like the rest? No, no, no! You are not the type woman! Look how you haf cared for my book. You are more of the man than the woman—large, and reasonable, and understanding. She

was the type—passive, and soulless, and mindless, loving a man merely for that he iss a man—not knowing why. But you—you will love me for my book—for the name it will make me among scholars—for its service to the future ages."

Anne looked at him with a sort of stern pity. "I have been interested in the learning and the energy you put into it," she said, "but I have told you that the book is all wrong. It is a wonderful work for a man of twenty-two—but tell me, do you really believe a man of twenty-two can settle any great fundamental question?"

He turned away without a word, at a white heat of anger and humiliation. Except for monosyllabic replies, he did not speak again until they reached her door.

"I receive," he said, "every day press-notices—is that how you say?—about the book. I send you some to-night. You can read them and see how the scholars in Germany—the men that know—receive my work. If—if you wish that I should talk to you again, you may send me word. I will come."

Under all the paradoxical absurdity of the situation, Anne felt the cruelty of his dilemma. He had stooped to the depths—only to be refused the thing for which he had stooped.

She read the reviews with interest. They were respectful, many were enthusiastic, and they bore names of weight. They told her nothing she had not known before. It did not once occur to her to send for him; but as she went about her work from day to day, her mind went out to him in many an anxious thought. She had meant the rupture to be gradual; he had made it abrupt and final. Well, perhaps that was best.

One evening, several days later, Anne was sitting in her accustomed place on the steps. She held in her hand a small photograph, at which she sat looking with a face full of awe and pity. It was Agnes's picture. She turned it over again and read the

inscription on the back—a line of Goethe, with a date more than two years old. An untranslatable passion of tenderness seemed to look out at her from the small, careful script. Suddenly she put the photograph hastily between the leaves of a book that lay beside her, and sat holding the book in her hand.

George and Agnes were coming down the pavement toward her. George's young, fresh face wore a look of unwonted, sturdy seriousness, and Agnes's great eyes were wide and awed. She stopped at the foot of the steps.

"Have you heard, Anne?" she asked in a scared voice. "They say Doctor Müller killed himself last night."

"Poison," supplemented George, gravely.

"Yes, I heard," said Anne. A shade of relief was discernible in her own grave face. Her hand tightened

a little upon the book. Evidently no gossip had reached Agnes—she had not heard of the picture he had held in his hand when they found him.

Agnes still kept her awe-struck eyes upon Anne's face, as if for protection from the oppression of the news. "Oh," she said, "I'm glad he did n't shoot himself! They say there was no blood. Oh!" she shuddered irrepressibly, "how can anybody do such a dreadful thing! But then, he was always so—queer!"

"Come on, sweetheart," said George, laying his arm about her shoulders, with eyes that divined the painful fascination that gripped her. "Come on; don't think about it any more. It's not good for you."

They went up the stairs together. Anne let the book fall open in her hand; the picture lay face downward, with the inscription uppermost. Anne sat gazing at it; and as she looked, her eyes were full of tears.

## EMPIRE-BUILDING

By MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER



THE British Empire is by so much the greatest political fact in the modern world that a number of books having this in common that they all bear some relation to its formation, or its administration, must be interesting to collate. The Pax Romana was a parochial matter, one may almost say, compared with the Pax Britannica. True, it comprised the whole world as really known to its administrators and nobody, not even the tearful Alexander, could really expect to conquer more than that. But the whole world in those days was practically little beyond the Mediterranean basin. A map of the planet as known now, with the British possessions picked

out in red, is a most impressive presentation. The Russian Empire, indeed, rivals it in extent; the Chinese, perhaps, in population. But the Chinese Empire is densely populated by Chinamen who prefer to stay at home, and the Russian sparsely by Russians who, as they must now be convinced, had better; or at least had better confine their expansion to Asiatics having ethnic affinities with themselves. To compare the little British islands with the great British Empire, is to be impressed with a phenomenon to which the world has never offered any parallel. And how it keeps on prospering!—in spite of such symptoms as those which the London papers call "the unrest in India": a symptom which is plausibly attributed to British sentimentalism rather than to British

imperialism. Assuredly there is not, as Lord Macaulay said about the Roman Church, another "work of human policy so well deserving of examination" by the student of politics; and especially by the American student, it may be said. For if we ourselves were not born imperialist, nor have achieved imperialism, we at all events have had a vexatious little piece of empire thrust upon us.

What strikes one at the beginning of such a survey is that the British Empire has not come "by observation." There has been strangely little of conscious planning. Cecil Rhodes, with his dream of an "all-red" South Africa, is almost unique. When we say empire-building of the English race, it is almost as we say island-building of the coral insect, so unconscious to the participants has been the process. Mr. George Louis Beer, in the only book\* on our list which, by its title, purports to give the theory or even the rationale of the evolution, does not go farther towards the origins than Burke with his famous "wise and salutary neglect." His "colonial policy" is not the policy of what, at its beginning and in Bacon's time, was called "plantations." It is limited to the political art of making colonies pay their expenses to government, with a profit if possible added. As Mr. Beer puts it, "the movement of colonization was largely the result of private enterprise"; and respecting British colonization, he might have put it more strongly than that. The colony once "planted" on a commercial basis, the government under whose flag it was planted naturally insisted that it should not give aid and comfort to the public enemies by trading with them. More doubtfully, it was insisted that it should pay a part of the cost of its own defence, and still more doubtfully that it should do no trading except such as would tend to enrich the "metropole." The measures taken to this end during his chosen period

are Mr. Beer's subject, and he gives apparently a complete and certainly an interesting account of them. The regulation was what it could be without too much alarming or antagonizing the commercial classes, whose "private enterprises" the colonies in effect were. If King George had not insisted on putting a string to the repeal, "to show his power," who can say that we might not still be Britons and "never slaves"? Retaining the remnant of the Stamp Act was the hugest and costliest blunder of all "British colonial policy"—a blunder which has never been and will never be repeated.

Of the struggle which ensued, all Americans who read any history at all have been reading with admiration and pleasure the story as told by an English historian. One may say that it is a liberal education in international tolerance to read Sir George Trevelyan's brilliant narrative;\* an education all the more needed by the readers who have been subjected to the illiberal education of the American school-books current up to so very short a time ago. The author exemplifies the quality his book inculcates. So much so that there would hardly be enough dark in his palette for purposes of chiaroscuro, except that it occasionally happened that the Hessian mercenaries got beaten without involving the British forces in their defeat. These occasions leave the historian at liberty to betray an "Anglo-Saxon" exultation like that of the cheerful Paget at San Juan Hill. As an hereditary "Whig"—for it seems he would not on any account call himself a "Liberal"—Sir George Trevelyan has a birthright of American sympathy, so to speak, and a main revelation of his history is of the extent to which that feeling was partaken among his countrymen during the Revolution, and of how many Englishmen, even in "society," considered that the Americans were fighting their battles. Indeed, it seems there was more

\* *British Colonial Policy, 1754-65:* By George Louis Beer. New York.

\* *The American Revolution.* By Sir George O. Trevelyan. London and New York.

sympathy in English society for the "rebellion" of the eighteenth century than for the Union during the civil war of the nineteenth, when the arch-deacon in Trollope's novel, who "professed an opinion that the Southerners were Christian gentlemen and the Northerners infidel snobs," appears to have been a faithful spokesman of his class.

The fourth and latest, happily not last, of Sir George's volumes deals with 1777-8, with Saratoga, with the winter at Valley Forge, with the "Conway Cabal." The story has never been so fully told before and never better. There is no pretence of novelty. The historian has tapped no "new sources" of consequence, if we except the letters of Lord Carlisle, who accompanied Eden on his futile mission. But he knows the story in such detail, and he tells it so pleasantly and so clearly and so very fairly, that those who are most familiar with the histories already in the field will be his most interested and admiring readers. The rapid and brilliant sketch by John Fiske, never, we think, contradicted here on any essential point, is filled out and amplified to a far more elaborate picture. Fiske's two modest volumes would hardly make one of these four. If the historian emphasizes the bad faith of Congress in nullifying Gates's uselessly and foolishly indulgent terms to Burgoyne, we have to admit that he proves his case. In fact, like all the other histories of the Revolution that have any value, this one exposes the inefficiency and the harmfulness of the Revolutionary Congress, which never meddled in "the conduct of the war" but to mar it. But this presentation, again, brings out more clearly the merits of Washington, who appears throughout as the protagonist of the drama. The book is truly a Washingtoniad. Sir George Trevelyan has made as great a contribution in the field of history as Thackeray made, half a century ago, in the field of historical fiction, in that beautiful last chapter of "*The Virginians*," to the reality and sincerity

of that Anglo-American alliance which no citizen of either country can do it a better service than to promote.

Another Washingtoniad, in its unpretending way, is Mr. Owen Wister's "*Seven Ages of Washington*."<sup>\*</sup> Mr. Wister is clearly of the opinion that the Father of his Country is in danger of being canonized and dehumanized into incredibility. Indeed, there does seem to be such a danger. The respectable Jared Sparks took a very weighty responsibility when he assumed, as much as in him editorially lay, to make Washington over in his own image—not only in refusing to allow him to exhibit himself as an unconscious pioneer in spelling reform and occasional defier of Lindley Murray, but also in omitting whatever, from the Sparks point of view, was not unto edification. No human American boy can ever have aspired to resemble Sparks's Washington. Mr. Wister has undertaken to show that if Washington was not a fraternizing and hail-fellow-well-met sort of person, as he certainly was not, neither was he a prig; and he has succeeded. There was danger in the attempt. When one sees, about any historical character, a title "*The True*" So-and-So, he naturally suspects "scandal about Queen Elizabeth," and apprehends that the "true" hero will turn out disreputable, unless he be in disrepute already, in which case he is to be rehabilitated. Mr. Wister's tact enables him to escape this danger without even letting it appear, and he has made a pleasant and wholesome and patriotic little book.

An episode of Sir George Trevelyan's subject is Professor Justin H. Smith's.<sup>†</sup> What strikes the reader first is that Professor Smith is not at all the regular historian. "The dignity of history" weighs upon him much less than it weighed, by his own confession, upon Macaulay. One is startled to come upon such a sentence as this: "With due allow-

<sup>\*</sup> *The Seven Ages of Washington*. By Owen Wister. New York.

<sup>†</sup> *Our Struggle for the Fourteenth Colony*. By Justin H. Smith. New York and London.

ance for the elevation of the Bennington Catamount above the Tiger's lair, and the difference between Tammany Hall and the Green Mountains in point of ventilation, he [Ethan Allen] might be called a sort of 'Bill' Devery.' Perhaps it is as well that Professor Smith professes modern history and not rhetoric and English composition to the ingenuous youth of Dartmouth. He evidently does not care about being dignified. He aims to be readable, and he is eminently so. His legibility, in fact, rises to vividness. The reader presently discovers that he has a story to tell, that he knows it thoroughly, and that he knows how to tell it. Whoever begins to read the book is pretty sure to read it through. The author has rummaged every available source of information about the campaign of the Northern Army against Canada which, after Bunker Hill, was the chief event of the Revolution before the Declaration. Why did not the "fourteenth colony" come in with the other thirteen? Why is it British to-day? Why are they British subjects on that side of the line, and we American citizens on this? These are questions which have never been so thoroughly gone into before, that we know of. Certainly they have never been answered so interestingly. In the light of Professor Smith's investigations, we may say with some confidence that a very large part of the reason was, and is, Sir Guy Carleton. If the Dominion owes a statue to anybody, it is to him. If King George had been as ably served south of the St. Lawrence as he was north of it, Washington's task would have been tremendously more difficult, and the result at least longer delayed. It is really a fascinating story as our author tells it—the advance of Montgomery and the march of Arnold through the forest. Everybody conspicuously concerned—Arnold, Schuyler, Montgomery, Carleton, Gates—is characterized with Carlylean pungency, though not, as we have seen, in Carlylean diction. "Some future his-

torian will make it the subject of admiration," said General Philip Schuyler of Arnold's march. That future historian is the present historian; and the story will not need to be told over again.

That disastrous blunder which lost so much of North America to Great Britain was at all events the last. Half a century before the Reform Bill it was already clear that the end of personal government had been reached, that George III. was the last monarch who could pretend not only to reign but to govern. Enormously costly as the lesson was, perhaps it was cheap at the price. No further attempt at thwarting the will of English colonists in their own affairs was made. It was recognized that, again in Burke's phrase, "The Sultan governs with a loose rein, that he may govern at all." It was long before even imperialism, in the sense of an effective confederation of the "self-governing" colonies, began to be advocated. Lord Rosebery's "Imperial Federation," antedating by some twenty years Mr. Chamberlain's proposed "Zollverein," was perhaps the first step in the new path. Up to that time, that is to say for more than three quarters of the nineteenth century, the attitude of the stepmother country had in effect been, "Do what you like, only don't send me any bills." So literally had the lesson of the American Revolution been laid to heart.

But then, alongside of the self-governing colonies were the "Crown colonies"—the colonies and dependencies, including the anomalous India itself, mainly inhabited by "natives" and administered as from above to below. And it was the administration of these that was the nursery of the British colonial service, which has had so much to do with the expansion of the British Empire. It practically includes the diplomatic service, with which it is largely interchangeable. Necessarily, for the very basis of the British Empire is the commercial necessity of the parent hive, which is also, as Mr. Kipling has it,

"the power-house of the line." The question is as urgent as self-preservation for the people of the British Islands. "We must make and sell, or starve." And it is the urgency of the question which has produced that service of administrators and ambassadors, of proconsuls and legates, by which the British Empire is maintained and extended. There is Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, whose book\* is, if not very illuminating on the main question, a storehouse of amiable garrulity and harmless gossip. But Sir Henry's long diplomatic service has been spent mostly in Europe, where the British Empire is a dim kind of appanage to the United Kingdom. About the expansion he has not much to tell, and it is evident that he would not tell if he could. Some stern-lights he does throw on the Berlin Conference, and on the "question" of the Ionian Islands, if anybody is still interested in that spectrally remote issue. His service in Teheran might enable him to illuminate several questions with Russia, which are still open in so far as they have not been closed by the war with Japan. But he is tantalizingly discreet, having obviously no mind to incur the fate of Sir Horace Rumbold (was it not?) by a comment on living issues, but contenting himself with gleanings of innocuous and mostly very amusing anecdote. His discretion threatens, however, sometimes to defeat itself, as when, after handing carefully culled nosegays of compliment to his European colleagues at Teheran, he winds up, "The American Minister Resident, Mr. Spencer Pratt, was a very remarkable man." Whereupon necessarily rises to the reader's lips the question, "What was the matter with Pratt?" It seems to behoove his surviving representatives to press Sir Henry for an explanation, if not for an apology.

A very different sort of public servant, a special "missionary of empire," is commemorated by Profes-

\* *Rambling Recollections.* By Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. London and New York.

sor Henderson.\* The posthumous son of an officer killed at Badajos, he was antenatally destined for the public service, in which he became distinguished. His work lay always in "Crown colonies" and always under the Southern Cross: soldier and administrator in South Australia, soldier and Governor in New Zealand, High Commissioner of South Africa, Governor of New Zealand again—all these things with credit and distinction; and finally, when New Zealand had become a self-governing colony, Premier thereof, and a rather dismal failure, as his discriminating admirer and biographer has to own. "Grey was totally unfitted both by nature and training for playing an important part in constitutional government." But it seems, nevertheless, it was chiefly he who converted New Zealand into that laboratory for socialistic experiments which is still its chief distinction in the world.

By far the most important of these books—the most important for our special purpose—we have kept for the last: Lord Cromer's "Modern Egypt"† (a record), to which Mr. E. A. Wallis Budge's monumental work‡ may be regarded as a scholar's excursus. Mr. Budge's work is of great importance, manifestly; but so were the researches of the scientists whom Napoleon took with the Army of Egypt, but respecting whom, when an attack threatened, he did not hesitate to order "donkeys and savants to the centre." And so with this learned work, with every respect for it and its author, when the question is of modern political Egypt.

It is a pity that the attention of British critics should have been distracted, by the controversy the book has rekindled about the picturesque episode of Gordon at Khartoum, from the main story Lord Cromer has to tell—the story of the rehabilitation of Egypt. It was in 1877 that

\* Sir George Grey. Pioneer of Empire in Southern Lands. By George C. Henderson. London and New York.

† *Modern Egypt.* By the Earl of Cromer. London and New York.

‡ *The Egyptian Soudan: Its History and Monuments.* By E. A. Wallis Budge. London and New York.

Evelyn Baring passed from the private secretaryship of the Viceroy of India to be Commissioner of the Egyptian Debt. The British occupation was at the beginning a receivership for the benefit of creditors. In that capacity Sir Henry Drummond Wolff tells us that a French friend of his said, at the beginning, "C'est pratique, mais canaille." Nobody applies the latter epithet to it now. It is recognized the world over that the British administrator has done something more than to cut down expenses and increase revenue, that in the course of this "practical" and prosaic process he has done what could be done to re-create a nation, to make Kipling's lines come true, Said England unto Pharaoh, "I must make a man of you

That will stand upon his feet and play the game."

Lord Cromer has done great things for Egypt, for England, for the world, and it would be a crime against civilization to try to annul his beneficent work. His story of his achievements is well worth reading, well worth studying. What is most to our present purpose, in the chapter "The British Officials" he gives cordial recognition to the work of the men who have aided him in conferring this benefaction on mankind.

Yes, in spite of superficial appearances to the contrary in some departments, the British Empire is well

served. That is one cause of its success, and not the least. Seven years ago, the present reviewer stood watching the graduating exercises at West Point, after a week of studying the work of the Academy. A veteran who stood by said: "These boys are under orders to go at once and take places of authority and responsibility in the Philippines, not only to fight but to administer and adjudicate. Can you imagine any training that would fit them better for what they will have to do, than that you have been studying here?" One simply could not. We were about to "send forth the best we bred": there was no question about that. And yet here is that great success, the British Empire, built up so largely by men trained so differently, who had traversed a curriculum which included, one may say, only "the humanities," while the cadets of West Point had been following a curriculum from which the humanities had been carefully excluded. Which is right? However that may be, it is plain that the British Empire is not only well served, but that it has succeeded, for so long and so far, because it has deserved to succeed, because it "co-operates with the real tendency of the world," because, as Carlyle has it about Mohammedanism, it "displaces nothing better or as good."

That seems to be the moral with which all these volumes are charged.

## Idle Notes

By An Idle Reader

'T is an ill wind, etc. In his "Deciding About a New Author" (*turn back to page 473*), **Myrrh from Nebraska** Mr. Lee refrains from quoting any of Mr. Neihardt's poems, and gives a reason for doing so that does credit to his heart.

I suspect the real reason to be, however, that he was limited as to space, and having to sacrifice everything of the poet's or something of his own, preferred to omit Mr. Neihardt's verses, rather than abbreviate his own eloquent prose! I am confirmed

in this suspicion by finding some of the poems he admires so much, quoted in his own magazine, *Mount Tom*, where no stony-hearted editor can say, "So many words, and no more, shalt thou write." But I am not disposed to quarrel with him for neglecting to "sample" the poet's wares, as the omission gives me an excuse for doing so myself.

Even if I am too near-sighted to see remote generations of Americans reading Mr. Neihardt's "Bundle of Myrrh" thousands of years hence, I share Mr. Lee's conviction that the time of verse-lovers might be much less pleasurable spent. What makes me chiefly skeptical is a general resemblance in some of the Nebraskan's poems to those of a certain young German-American bard of the day, whose hectic fancies concerning Babylon, Ashtaroth, himself, his mistress and the Sphinx, will not, I feel confident, be pored over by good Americans in the year 4908. That poetry will be read at all, so long hence, is anything but certain: it would be far easier, indeed, to prove that poetry is not read to-day, than to give assurance that it will be read thirty centuries from now. But to return to Bancroft, Nebraska.

The poems I have marked for citation do not, I find, include the two that Mr. Lee reprints in his "all out-doors magazine." In presenting them, I follow, in general, the order of their appearance in the book. Here, then, is "The Witless Musician":

She is my violin!

As the violinist lays his ear to his instrument  
That he may catch the low vibrations of  
the deeper strings,  
Thus I lay my ear to her breast.  
I hear her blood singing and I am shaken  
with ecstasy;  
For am I not the musician?

She is my harp—I play upon her.  
I touch her, and she trembles as a harp with  
the first chord of reverie.  
I lay my hands upon her with that divine  
thrill in my finger-tips,  
That reverent nervousness of the fingers,

Which a harpist feels when he reaches for  
a ravishing chord,  
Elusive chord from among the labyrinthine strings.

I am a musician for the first time!  
I have found an instrument to play upon!  
She is my violin—she is my harp!  
A song slept in her blood.  
None had found it—and it slept.  
Lo! I—even I who am so poor in power,  
Who was a pauper in conception of harmony,  
I have awakened by chance the slumbering song!

It wraps me as with a vast mantle!  
I am covered completely.  
I hear nothing; I see nothing;  
I only feel that song which I have awakened mysteriously.

Lo, I, the witless musician!  
I have played even as Masters of Melody,  
Even as Masters of Song!

This poem shows the freedom that Mr. Lee speaks of. More conventional in form is one called "Chaser of Dim Vast Figures." The poet summons up a vision of "The awful form of Beauty Absolute"—so mighty, so tall, that he could only "guess sweet guesses" as to the details of the Goddess's physique,—

—how her hair  
Made sunlight upward where my eyes saw  
not;  
How sweet the thunder of her beating  
heart  
And terrible! I sought and found her not.

Yet everywhere I saw her with my soul:  
Saw her in girlhood, strolling with the  
Spring;  
And in the sultry summer sunsets saw  
The glory of her searching woman-eyes,  
That made me sing strange songs of sweet  
despair.  
And I have watched her hair trail down in  
flame  
The vapor plains and mountains of the  
West!  
Thus loving what was not, the dreamer—I!

And as I reached my eager arms to clasp  
The prodigy that fled—you filled them full,  
And in my hair I felt your fingers move,  
And felt your woman's lips about my face,  
And felt your cool cheek on my fevered  
cheek.  
So I have lost the wish to dream again.

In "Retrospect," the form adopted is even simpler and more conventional, reminding one, in its melodious

precision, of Wordsworth's "Solitary Reaper":

When first I looked upon your face  
It seemed to me it was not new;  
It seemed from some far distant place  
I but remembered you;  
For some sweet subtle feeling told  
That we two once had loved of old.

The clear-cut curve of lip and chin,  
The low fond voice, the gentle way;  
By these I knew that we had been  
Fond lovers in our day:  
It seemed I heard you singing still  
To me by some Thessalian rill!

Perhaps I was a shepherd lad  
And you a shepherd maid;  
And oh! what kisses sweet we had  
The while our two flocks strayed—  
Strayed off with distant bleat and bell—  
Adown some green Achaean dell.

Perhaps I was a bard and wrought  
Some golden martial story,  
How Helen loved, how Hector fought,  
My harp a-thrill with glory:  
Again you bring those mystic years,  
I hear your praise, I feel your tears.

The golden God sat in my shell  
And Venus breathed in you;  
Did not I sing both wild and well?  
Did not I warmly woo?  
Perhaps we swooned to some sweet wrong  
That thrilled us like a battle song!

O let us take the ancient way,  
The way we knew of old  
Ere Time flew o'er and made us gray,  
Ere Death had made us cold;  
Again the old sweet way begin!—  
How can it lead us into sin?

In conclusion I take the first and the last five stanzas of "Resurrection":

There—close your eyes, poor eyes that wept for me!  
Pillow your weary head upon my arm.  
You need not clutch me so, I will not flee;  
Here am I bound by no mere carnal charm.

\* \* \* \* \*

The story of the world is in your face;  
I gaze upon it, hearing through dead years  
The wailings of the women of the race,  
The melancholy fall of many tears.

In many a Garden of Gethsemane,  
Sweet with strange odors, redolent of bliss,  
Again is played the human tragedy  
With Judas waiting in the dark to kiss.

Not only upon Calvary has died  
The patient tortured Christ misunderstood;  
Over and over is He crucified  
Wherever man besmirches womanhood.

I who have laughed too long at sacred things,  
Who felt no god about me in the gloom,  
Now hear a Something mystical that sings Sweeter than love, yet terrible as doom.

In your frail face I see a glory grow  
That smites me, guilty, like a burning rod;  
I kneel before you, suppliant, and know  
That your thin hands may lead me unto God!

The book closes with these words. Let us hope that there is significance in the fact. Poets must all be young, at one time or another, and it can hardly be expected that folk so impressionable will not sow their wild oats like the rest of the world. Mr. Neihardt tells us quite as much as is necessary about the planting of crops of this sort, and if he is the man Mr. Lee and I believe him to be, he will celebrate higher themes in his next book—as certain poems in the "Bundle of Myrrh" show him easily capable of celebrating them. He has fancy and imagination, and can evoke as much music from his somewhat rugged harp as the most dilettante of his rivals; and if he inclines toward the long, unrhymed though rhythmical lines that Whitman and a few of our more recent poets affect, no one who wishes to see variety in the great body of American verse should say him nay.

I have read several of the stories in Mr. Neihardt's book called "The Lonesome Trail," and do not find them in any way remarkable. There is a mixture of idealism and realism about them, in which the two elements do not seem to make a perfect blend. "Who's Who" tells us the author "lived among the Omaha Indians, 1901-7, and studied their character, history, legends, etc." Presumably, therefore, he writes by the card when he tells stories in which Indians and half-breeds figure; but the tales themselves are not especially convincing. It is quite obvious that verse is Mr. Neihardt's natural medium of expression.



## The Lounger



MR. ARCHER must be congratulating himself that his friend Mr. Granville Barker has elected to stay in London, rather than to remove his lares and penates to New York. In the accompanying caricature, he seems to be restraining him from fleeing to the Land of the Dollar. Mr. Archer's expression is firm and severe, while Mr. Barker's is amiable and undecided.

22  
The publishing firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. has given us a number of surprises of late. The transfer of the controlling interest in the *Atlantic Monthly* to Mr. Ellery Sedgwick and associates was the first of these, and the taking over of Mrs. Humphry Ward's complete works is a second. I don't know which was the greater surprise. Mrs. Ward evidently does not wish

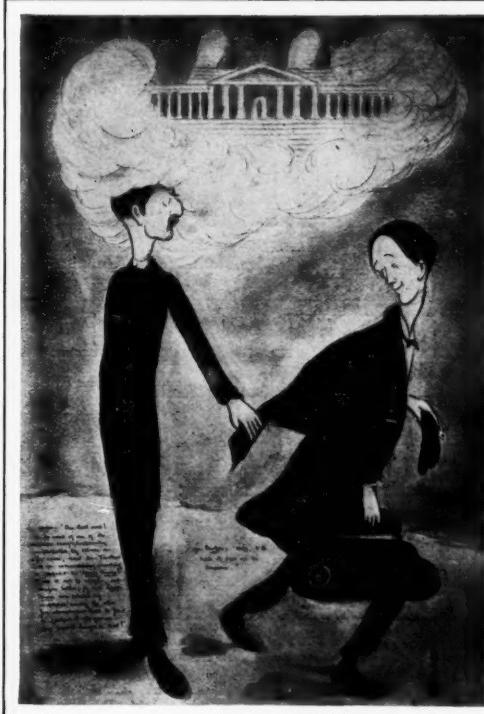
to confine her sphere of usefulness to any one publishing house. In New York, Messrs. Macmillan and Messrs. Harper have had the distinction of being her publishers. Others have published her serials, but these two houses have had her books. But now, by a clever arrangement, the Boston firm will bring out a complete and uniform edition of her

novels and tales. It is about time that we had a complete edition of this most popular of living English novelists, and I wonder that such an arrangement was not made before. I can see, however, that there were obstacles in the way, which at one time may have looked insurmountable.



A reviewer of the "Letters of Dr. John Brown" (author of "Rab and His Friends") finds Thackeray, "as in his letters printed elsewhere, intimate and delightful, with many touches, however, of weariness and regret." One or two brief passages are cited, to show the novelist's sense of "the vanishing pleasures of youth" — among others, this: "At 47 Venus may rise from the sea, and I for one should hardly put on

my spectacles to have a look." Now if there is any virtue in Lindley Murray, the reviewer is barking up the wrong tree. It is not that Thackeray professes himself too old to enjoy a peep at Venus rising from the waves, but that she herself is too ancient to delight his critical eye. The ocean-born Goddess of Beauty, as she emerges from the foam in Botticelli's



painting, is a siren of sweet seventeen. "At 47" such an apparition would be altogether another affair. Even a man of fifty would put on his spectacles at the sight of Venus rising from the sea in the flower of her youth; while the veriest youngster might not be made perceptibly less forlorn by a glimpse of the goddess, fair, fat and forty-seven, emerging, porpoise-like, from old ocean's gray and melancholy waste.



Through the courtesy of a friend recently returned from Rome I am permitted to reproduce this picture of Mary Anderson (Mme. de Navarro). Her husband, Antonio de Navarro, is a

*cameriere di spada*, which means that he is attached to the Papal staff. His duties take him to Rome every winter. In the picture Madame de Navarro is represented in the costume worn by ladies when granted an audience by the Pope. Although Mary Anderson seldom visits this country, she is not forgotten by her fellow-countrymen. Very few actresses

have enjoyed such well-earned popularity as hers. She had her troubles, however, and left the stage without regret, being glad of the seclusion offered by retirement to private life.



Andrew Lang seems to find Anatole

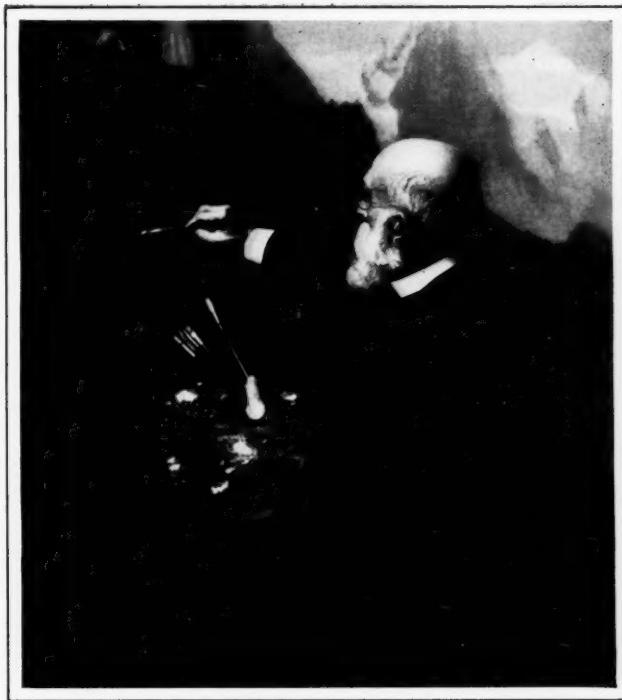
France's "Life of Jeanne d' Arc" as irritating as the bull finds a red flag. He tossed the first volume about on his horns till he left little or nothing of it, and now he has made ribbons of the second. Of the works a whole he says:—"I do not consciously exaggerate when I say that the 'Vie de Jeanne d' Arc' is the most carelessly inaccurate book that I remember to have read."

He is particularly offended because M. France speaks of a silver ring worn by the Maid as being something significant and unusual. He says that he wears one just like it, and that they are very common in Scotland. Mr. Lang gives M. France his due for pains-taking research, but for all this he does not find him trustworthy. He did not find Mark Twain any too



From a photo taken in Rome

MARY ANDERSON (MME. DE NAVARRO)



WORTHINGTON WHITTREDGE AT WORK, AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-SIX

accurate, but then the American humorist was writing an historical novel and not a history. That makes all the difference.



Though his eighty-eighth birthday was celebrated this year, that veteran artist, Mr. Worthington Whittredge, is still busy with his brushes. Last year he showed three paintings at the Academy, and this year one. The photograph by M. L. Green, reproduced on this page, was taken two years ago, but shows him as he looks to-day. Mr. Whittredge was born in Springfield, Ohio, and studied under Andreas Achenbach. In 1861 he became a member of the National Academy of Design, and was its President in 1875-6. In 1862 he joined the Century Club, of which he has been one of the very few honorary members since 1900. Painting chiefly landscapes, his work is

distinguished by a sturdy love of nature in her more tonic aspects, and a conservative feeling for composition. In most of his pictures, the modelling of the ground is carried to the extent of making its weight and substance felt almost more insistently than its color and surface.



Mme. Helena Modjeska has just finished writing her "Memories and Impressions," upon which she has been engaged for a number of years. It has been my good fortune to see some of the manuscript of this book, and I am telling no secret when I say that the writer's literary style has all the refinement and charm of her acting. The book is in two volumes, or two parts, the first dealing with her life in Poland, where she was intimately associated with Paderewski, the de Reszkes, Sienkiewicz, and others equally well known in this

country. The second tells us of her early life in America. It is well known that she did not come here to act, but as the leader of a colony of Poles, who hoped to establish a new Utopia among the flowery valleys and snow-capped hills of California. Then we have the story of her first attempt at acting in English, and what it led to; of her seasons in New York and London, and of her association with some of the most interesting men and women of our time. If this book does not take its place by the side of Joseph Jefferson's Autobiography, I am no prophet.



Mr. Upton Sinclair wants us to believe that he was born in the purple. (If he had said yellow, I should not have been surprised.) He tells us this because there are those—I plead guilty to being one of them—who have doubted his acquaintance with Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin's Fashionable Society, Limited. But in a letter to the *Times* Mr. Sinclair says that he knows all about the "upper succles," as he was born in them! Then he is a pink-tea Socialist, after all—one of the Stokes-Hunter set—and we had thought him the real thing! Alas, how our illusions are being destroyed! The next thing, Jack London will be claiming all the blood of all the Howards, and printing coronets on his copy paper.

It is most disconcerting to have to place Mr. Sinclair in the same category with Lady Warwick, who has been stumping the West in the interests of a Socialistic candidate. It is rude to smile at a lady so much in earnest; but when the daughter of an hundred earls, whose home is the ancient castle of the King-Maker, calls herself a Socialist, it is impossible for a mere republican not to be amused. But if Mr. Sinclair is the aristocrat he claims to be, we really must place him in the pink-tea class—those who shout in the market-place and keep themselves in the limelight for diversion, and sometimes for lucre.

Dr. W. J. Rolfe and others contradict the statement (on page 255 of PUTNAM's for May) that "Crow's Nest," the home of the late Joseph Jefferson, at Buzzard's Bay, is to be destroyed or removed in consequence of the building of the Cape Cod Canal. It seems the property is for sale, and the selling of it is not aided by a doubt as to its permanency. The statement came to me from a gentleman who had no interest whatever in the matter, and who obtained his information from Mr. DeWitt Clinton Flanagan of New York, to whom was granted the charter for the construction of the canal. Mr. Flanagan, however, tells me that he has only recently returned from Europe, and that Mr. William Barclay Parsons, engineer of the enterprise, is at the present writing (May 12th) in Cuba, and will not be back for five weeks, until which time he cannot speak definitely on the subject. In the meantime I am very glad to learn from Dr. Rolfe's statement and that of his son, who is Mrs. Jefferson's attorney, that the existence of "Crow's Nest" is not in any way jeopardized.



I take pleasure in helping to make public the fact that Mr. Lawrence Gilman, who has written so sympathetically of the late Edward MacDowell, is writing a life of that gifted musician which will be published in the fall. Mr. Gilman is desirous of getting as many of the letters written by Mr. MacDowell to his friends and pupils as is possible, and any one having such letters will be doing a favor to him and to the musical world by putting them at his disposal. His address is 227 East 72d Street, New York. Such letters as he receives will have careful attention, and will be promptly returned to the lenders.



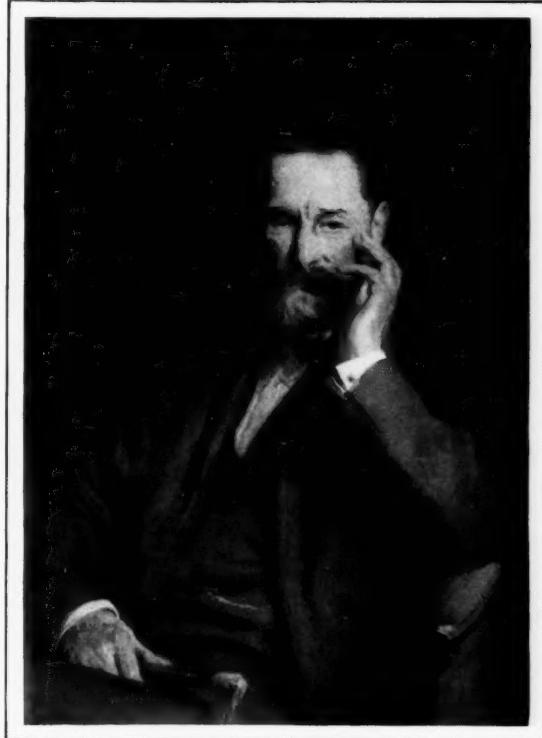
Women in France do not seem to care as much about public honors as they are generally supposed to. There is Mme. Tinayre, for instance, who refused to wear the ribbon of the

Legion of Honor; and now we have Mme. Zola regretting that the body of her husband was not left quietly in the grave of her choosing, instead of being taken up and laid at rest in the Pantheon. "I am grateful to those who desire to do my husband homage," she is quoted as saying, "but I do not find the transfer of his body to the Pantheon to be necessary to his glory." Neither is it; at the same time, it is as little as his countrymen could do to make amends for their treatment of him because of his stand in the Dreyfus case. Zola was not only a distinguished author, but he was a distinguished martyr.



Strange as it may seem, if it had not been for Mr. Pulitzer and the *New York World*, there would be no LOUNGER. This department, which began twenty-five years ago in the *Critic*, was originally intended for the *World*. The *Critic* was young and struggling in those days, and—so was I. My income from this source was small—so small that it hardly counted. It was necessary for me to do something else than write for its columns, to pay the butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker, who for one reason or another are supposed to be paid even if other tradesmen have to wait for their just dues. "Here is a young Lochinvar come out of the West," I said to myself. "He seems to have plenty of money and, so I hear, is on the lookout for young writers." I was young myself twenty-five years ago. With this idea in mind I sat down and ground out what would make about a column and a half of the *World*. I called

From the painting by John S. Sargent  
JOSEPH PULITZER



the stuff, as we say in journalism, "The Literary Lounger," and I marched down to the *World* office to deliver it in person. The *World* was not in its present building then, but in an old one nearer Broadway. As I stepped into the business office, I saw a man walking toward the door who looked like the pictures I had seen of Mr. Pulitzer, so I stepped boldly up to him and asked if he was himself. He admitted the fact, and I handed him my manuscript with a few words of explanation. He was most gracious, and said that he would give the matter his personal consideration.

This I know that he did, for when the copy was returned to me there was a note pencilled on the margin addressed to Mr. Ballard Smith, the managing editor, signed "J. P." telling him to use the material if it was at all suitable. Under this was an-

1883      The  World. 1908

The Press Publishing Company  
New York World

Takes pleasure in inviting you to be present  
at the reopening of the enlarged Pulitzer  
Building, Saturday evening, May 9<sup>th</sup>  
from eight to twelve  
and to witness the starting of the Presses  
on the publication of the Anniversary Number  
of *The World*, issued in celebration of the  
Twenty-five years ownership and direction of

Mr. Joseph Pulitzer

Musio  
Refreshments  
R.S.P.

Raeph Pulitzer  
Vice President

other pencilled note signed "B. S." — "Good, but over the heads of our readers." It did not seem to me over the heads of any readers, but then I may have been prejudiced. I confessed to my brother what I had done and showed him the "stuff." "It is n't over the heads of *our* readers," he said. "Why not print it in the *Critic*?" And so it came to pass that the LOUNGER was printed in the *Critic*; and, like the poor, it has been always with us.



On May 9th the *World* celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of Mr. Pulitzer's ownership, signalizing the occasion by throwing open a huge addition to its already monumental office-building. A long cablegram from the proprietor-editor, who was yachting in the Mediterranean for his health, was read by his son, who presided. Lieut.-Gov. Chanler spoke in praise of the admirable confession of journalistic faith contained in Mr. Pulitzer's message; and congratulatory remarks were made by Acting-Mayor McGowan, Congressmen Sulzer of New York, Keifer of Ohio and Slayden of Texas, the Congressional Delegate from Arizona, Senators Gore of Oklahoma and Smith of Michigan and Governor Mead of Washington. The wittiest speech of the evening

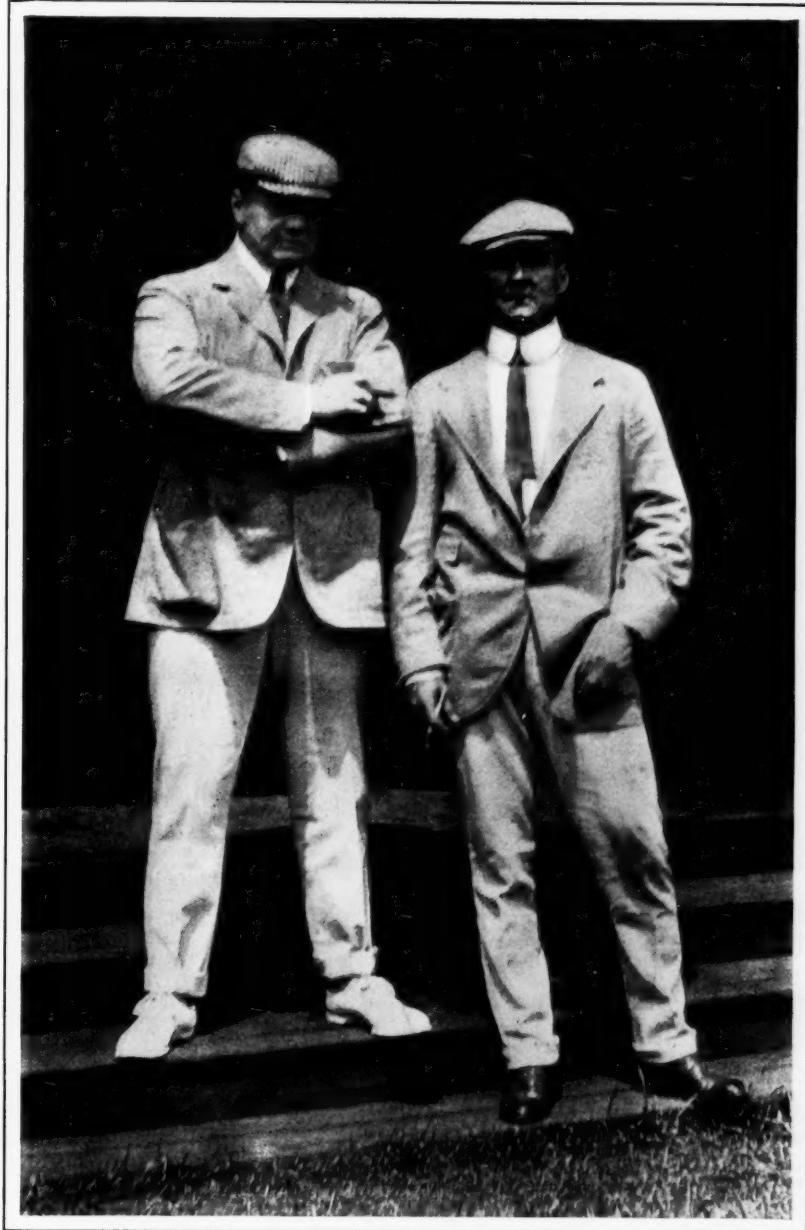
was made by the blind Senator from Oklahoma, whose every sentence was "punctuated with applause." On the wall behind the speakers' platform hung the admirable portrait of Mr. Pulitzer by John S. Sargent, a reproduction of which appears herewith.



Both Mr. Richard Harding Davis and his younger brother, Charles Belmont Davis, bear a strong resemblance to their mother, Rebecca Harding Davis, from whom they inherit much of their talent. Their father was a writer, also, but their mother is a story-teller and a good one. The picture of "the Davis brothers" on page 503 was enlarged from a snapshot taken at Mr. R. H. Davis's farm at Mount Kisco. The elder brother published a novel last month, "Vera, the Medium," while the month before the younger published a volume of clever short stories, called "The Stage Door." Mr. C. B. Davis is not only a good writer but a good editor, as is shown by his work on *Collier's*. For a while his name was overshadowed by that of his brother, but he is now coming into his own.



Somebody is reported to have asked Mr. Thomas Hardy, recently, when he was to write another novel. His reply was that he had put three nov-



THE DAVIS BROTHERS

Charles Belmont Davis and Richard Harding Davis, at Mount Kisco



Caricature from *The Onlooker*  
THE RIGHT HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL, AS HE APPEARS IN THE  
HOUSE OF COMMONS

els and more into his Napoleonic drama, "The Dynasts." I for one decline to accept this work in lieu of three novels by Thomas Hardy. One "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" or "Far from the Madding Crowd" is worth all the "Dynasts" ever written, and will keep the name of Thomas Hardy green when "The Dynasts" is buried

fathoms deep in dust.

22

Margaret Mayo, just before she sailed for a Mediterranean trip, finished a novel founded on her popular play, "Polly of the Circus," which will be published next fall by Dodd, Mead & Co. It makes a pretty story, as may well be imagined. It is not often that a playwright can write a story—no oftener than a story-writer can write a play. Miss Mayo, by the way, made the dramatization of "The Marriage of William Ashe" that has been successfully produced in this country and England.

23

While our Winston Churchill is writing political novels, England's Winston Churchill (half American) is making politics. As a member of the new Cabinet he has an opportunity that he will not let slip. It is all very well to criticise this young man—most young men are open to criticism; but there is no reason to doubt that he will make good in his new post, as President of the Board of Trade. While Mr. Churchill, after his appointment, was not re-

elected to Parliament by as large a majority as his predecessor, still he was elected—in spite of the suffragette who tried to break him up by ringing a big dinner-bell when he was speaking to his prospective constituents at Dundee. But he has been avenged, for a meeting of suffragettes was broken up by his admirers, who not only rang din-



From the bronze statuette by Abastenia St. L. Eberle

GIRLS DANCING



ner-bells, but threw things about and behaved in a manner that Mr. Churchill would not or should not stand for. The conduct of this campaign was an object-lesson in woman suffrage.



One sees many a painting and many a statue representing, or purporting to represent, figures in action, but in very few is the sense of motion so successfully conveyed as in Miss Eberle's "Girls Dancing"—a little group not more than ten inches high. You feel, with this statuette before you, that you are looking at the dancers themselves through the wrong end of an opera-glass, and that if you were close enough

you would hear the scuffle of their flying feet and the swish of their abbreviated skirts. Every one who lives in a big city has seen little girls dancing like this to the music of a hand-organ. This particular pair of youngsters was caught in the act somewhere on the east side of New York City, where music-loving children and barrel-organs most abound. The group was shown at the National Academy of Design last spring; and the sculptor has since exhibited a single figure in bronze—a "Dancing Girl" of another type, a veritable Salome, —that renders differently, though no less happily, the rhythmic action of the dancer.

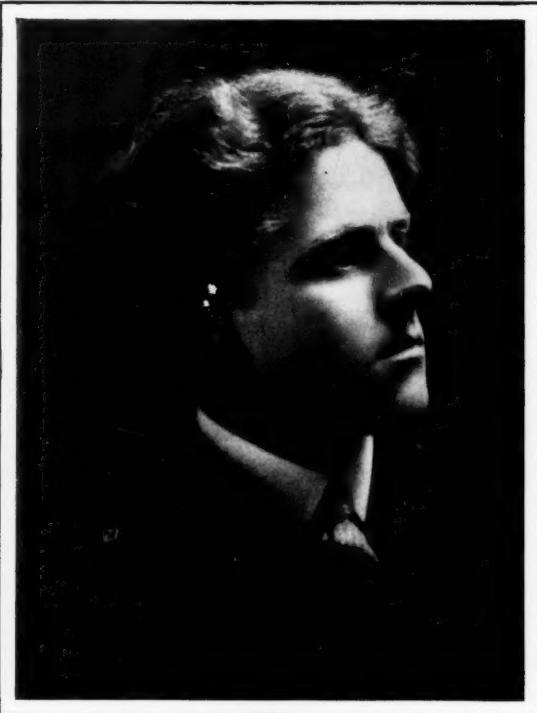
Miss Eberle has had her training in

America under George Grey Barnard. She never studied abroad—nor did she go abroad until she took her own work to be executed in Italy. Among the pieces that she brought back was her "Mowgli," which was purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. In the beginning of her career Miss Eberle gave her attention to classical subjects, but since then her interest in the life about her has led to the portrayal of the types to be found in the streets of this city. The interest excited by these works has led to her wide recognition as a sculptor of small bronzes.

John G. Neihardt, the young poet "discovered" by Gerald Stanley Lee in this month's PUTNAM'S, and quoted in "Idle Notes," has a good, poetic face, that reminds me strongly of that of the young man who played Paolo in Henry B. Irving's production of Stephen Phillips's poetic drama, "Paolo and Francesca," two or three years ago. Mr. Lee seems to have been able to learn nothing about him beyond the fact that he lives at Bancroft, Nebraska; but I have been somewhat more fortunate. I find that he was born at Sharpsburg, Illinois, 8 January, 1881, was "raised" in Kansas City, and has spent several years in Nebraska, where circumstances (or deliberate choice) have brought him into close contact with the Omaha Indians, whose primitive chants appeal to him with singular force and have appreciably affected his theories and practise of verse-writing.



Two books by Mr. Neihardt appeared last year—"The Lonesome Trail," a collection of short stories of the West, in all or nearly all of which Indians or half-breeds play conspicuous parts; and "A Bundle of Myrrh," a collection of short poems, so arranged as to constitute a song sequence, showing to a certain extent the intellectual and moral development of the author. Neither of these contained his first appeal to the reading public. That was made when he was but seventeen years old, and his long poem, "The Divine Enchantment," was reviewed—and praised—as the work of a full-grown man, not



JOHN G. NEIHARDT

of a lad in his middle teens. But even then he had been writing serious verse for at least five years. I understand that Mr. Neihardt is about to make a two-thousand-mile voyage down the Missouri in a house-boat, in the interest of *Outing*.



"Moonshine" whiskey, or "mountain dew," that form of strong water which is illicitly distilled and meant never to know the gauger's rod, is prized for its own sake, in districts where it is made, and is doubly dear for its parlous escapes from the relentless pursuit of the revenue officer and his axe and rifle. For many a day the distilling of mountain dew has had an honored place in fiction; witness the novels of Scott and other Scotch romancers and the tales of Irish life by Edgeworth, William Carleton, the



THE PARAPHERNALIA OF AN ILLICIT DISTILLERY IN THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS

Banims, Lover, Lever, and lesser lights of literary Erin. Mountain stills play an important part, too, in the novel of Tennessee life which is now running in these pages. Through the kindness of an artist in the region in question—Miss E. B. Miles—I am enabled to reproduce a sketch “from the life” of the paraphernalia of an illicit still in the Cumberland Mountains. Readers of “Judith of the Cumberlands” will be glad to see it. This particular still is now sunk into innocuous desuetude owing to the pernicious activities of the Revenue officers, who raided it and sent to the penitentiary a baker’s dozen of “moonshiners” connected with it.

22

Rosegger’s “Forest Schoolmaster,” that delightfully poetic story of primitive nature and peasant folk, published in English in the spring of 1901, was followed in the same year by “The God-Seeker,” a tale of old Styria, and a year later by a romance of modern Styria, “The Earth and the Fullness Thereof.” Owing to difficulties offered by the Styrian dialect, and perhaps also on account of certain peculiarities of style and subject, these forest tales waited long for a translator worthy of their merit. Until Miss Frances E. Skinner’s sympathetic translations appeared, nothing of Rosegger’s had been published in English, though he is one of the most prolific and most popular of German novelists. Miss Skinner’s work, done with love and devotion, added to a scholarly knowledge and appreciation of her material, may be

said to possess the charm and the quality of the original. It was the translator’s heartfelt desire to be able to present all that was best of Rosegger’s works to the English-reading public, and one can only regret that in her death this poet-novelist has been deprived of so gifted an interpreter.



Mrs. Thurston, the author of “The Masquerader,” has laid the scene of her new novel in Paris, and has been spending some time in that city to get local color. If ever there was a city in which local color was to be had for the taking, that city is Paris. It is all local color, and laid on thick. Mrs. Thurston not only went there to get it, but she stayed there to lay it on. In other words, most of the story was written on the spot. I say again, as I have said many times before, if I had my life to live over again, and were asked what profession I should choose, I would say—“That of the successful novelist.” The successful dramatist is not nearly so much to be envied. He must leave his work for others to interpret. When his play is accepted his troubles have only begun. He has to attend rehearsals, rewrite half of his play at least, and even after the first night he has still to work over it, and he is seldom satisfied with the way it is acted. Take Clyde Fitch, for example: He will write a play while you wait, but it takes him twice as long to produce it. His really hard work is done in the theatre. Your novelist, on the other hand, when his book is written and the publisher has accepted it, has nothing to do until the proofs come in



From a hasty sketch from the life by Miss Clare Avery

MADEMOISELLE GENÉE DANCING

to be read. When the book is published, he lies back and takes in his royalties. In many cases, a large advance on account of royalty precedes the publication. Instead of hanging about the theatre like the playwright, he goes off on a pleasure trip or retires to the country, or to Paris, to write another story.



Have you seen Mlle. Genée? If not, you have missed a great treat. She is the most graceful dancer that we have had here in my day and generation. We have had charming dancers, but none with the lightness and grace of this one. She seems to dance on air. The ground acts as a spring-board: she barely touches it. And then her appearance! Had she just stepped out of Cranford, she could not look more dainty and old-fashioned. Her refinement and art make one forget the play in which she is seen. One remembers only Genée. The man and his "soul-kisses" leave no impression. All one remembers is the soul of Genée without the kiss. It is gratifying to know that she is to return to us next season.



New York had reason to be proud of herself when Mrs. Cleveland, on May 14th, pressed an electric button in the Great Hall of the City College, and the college bell overhead gave notice of the dedication of the mag-

nificent group of buildings on St. Nicholas Heights. No municipality has ever devoted so large and well-equipped a plant to the free education of her sons; and the sixty years' history of this institution is a guarantee that good use will be made of its wider opportunities. To the importance of the event, witness was borne (in the unforeseen but unavoidable absence of the Governor) by the presence of Mayor McClellan, the President of the Board of Aldermen and the President of the Board of Education, representing the city; President Eliot of Harvard, spokesman of the eighty universities, colleges and other educational institutions sending delegates to the dedication; Ambassador Bryce, representing England and the British universities—particularly Oxford; Mr. Choate—New York's most distinguished son in private life—standing for American citizenship; Mark Twain, most renowned of living humorists; and Mrs. Cleveland whose gracious presence was doubly welcome as indicating, not only her own and her husband's interest in the College, but an appreciable improvement in the ex-President's health. The day was an especially memorable one for the young President of the College; and Dr. Finley's ears must have burned at the well-deserved personal compliments that found their way, as naturally as water runs downward, into every speech and letter and

telegram. Some of these he succeeded in suppressing; but not Mr. Bryce's tribute to his persuasive tongue, which, as the scholar and diplomat expressed it, would "wile a bird from a post."



A few months ago, President Finley told of a recent walk in the course of which he had "beaten the marches" of this city. Starting from the City College at noon on December 31st, he had proceeded along the railway cinder-path beside the Hudson River to the northern extremity of Manhattan Island; had tramped through the wild woods there to the borders of a swamp which had to be skirted to reach the Harlem River; had trudged thence along the Harlem and the East rivers to the Battery; and after standing there for ten minutes seeing the sun go down behind the Statue of Liberty, had returned along the Hudson or North River front to the point from which he had started. He had tramped thirty miles since noon, and doubtless slept the better for it that night; but for all his persuasiveness, he has n't been able to induce his friends to go and do likewise.



Reading of this adventure, I recalled a letter of Dr. Finley's that I had seen exposed in a Broadway shoemaker's shop, in which this ardent pedestrian testified to having walked some forty-eight miles, one day, in a pair of brand-new shoes which he had bought there. Now what does this strenuousness signify? Is Dr. Finley—poet, educator, administrator—nourishing political ambitions? Is it with the White House in view that he indulges in walks that might well stagger that stout Stagirite President Roosevelt himself? Is it to this end that he patronizes President Lincoln's bootmaker? Every New Yorker interested in the prosperity of the City College and the welfare of its four thousand students should pray that the Presidential bee find no lodgment in President Finley's bonnet.

A frightful bother has been raised over Dr. George M. Gould's recent book "Concerning Lafcadio Hearn." In Hearn's behalf, one of his friends has written column upon column in the *New York Times*, reviling the author and pronouncing his work anathema. To tell the truth, if some of the things it says of Hearn were to be said of Longfellow, or Bryant, or Hawthorne, every newspaper office in the land would be flooded with protests from aggrieved friends and admirers. But then Hearn was not one of these, nor of their kind, save that he was a man of genius. What his critic accuses him of is lack of character. This is no new charge, nor was it originated by Dr. Gould. If any man of standing in the community has ever come forward and, hand on heart, asserted that Hearn had a high sense of honor, was thoroughly responsible in his social relations and steadfastly loyal to his friends, he has either failed to mount a platform, or else to raise his voice above a whisper. Dr. Gould himself has more than once championed his former friend and protégé, when damaging facts in his career have been unduly magnified or maliciously distorted. Into the details of the rumpus, I do not care to go; but I am convinced that no unprejudiced reader, knowing anything of Hearn's career, could read this book—any more than he could have read the two articles in *PUTNAM'S MONTHLY* on which, in part, it is based—without feeling that Hearn has been treated fairly, if not magnanimously.



Dr. Gould is persuaded that no biography of Hearn is called for; but if Mr. Stedman was right in telling him that "Hearn will in time be as much of a romantic personality and tradition as Poe now is," we may rest assured that many biographies of him will be written. None that ignores the present volume can be definitive. As an oculist, the author is inclined to lay undue stress on the part that eyesight plays in the making of a writer. If his theory is correct, how account

for the literary mastery achieved by Helen Keller? But all that he says in this connection of Hearn himself, who was blind in one eye and virtually could n't see with the other, is of particular interest. Of value, too, is the analysis of Hearn's writings, unpublished as well as printed; and

exists between rainfalls and freshets; and whether streams have ever been known to overflow their banks when sudden thaws occurred in springtime. It would be interesting to know, too, whether water is wet and whether it runs downhill; and whether the wood-pulp makers are going to stop deforesting the White Mountains and Appalachians while the Congressional committee is ascertaining elementary facts about the nature of water.



GIULIO GATTI-CASAZZA

of exceptional usefulness is the admirable bibliography furnished by Miss Laura Stedman.

Instead of passing the White Mountain and Appalachian forest reserve bill, which the Senate approved in May, the House of Representatives appointed a committee of investigation. There is great doubt in its mind as to the connection between an abundant water supply at the head of a river and the navigability of the river's lower reaches, and this doubt has got to be removed. While the committee is at work, it might determine what connection, if any,

22

Every once in a while the newspapers come out with statistics to prove that servants' wages have gone down, and that we can now have our pick at greatly reduced figures. Pure nonsense, I assure you. Perhaps, if you have been paying your cook sixty dollars a month, you can replace her with one who will demand not more than thirty-five or forty. But the "girls" who used to be satisfied with fifteen and twenty dollars a month now want, and get, twenty-five and thirty. I have known housewives, after reading these attractive figures in the newspapers, to set out on joyful quests, only to return as disgusted and disheartened as before the hard times. In shops and offices salaries have been cut down and men and women discharged wholesale. But servants are still riding on the top wave.

23

Anne Warner has gone abroad for six months, and it will be strange—and a pity—if she does not journey through some new lands "with Uncle John."

24

If Signor Caruso had not been a singer, he could have made a good living with his pencil. He has unusual



LUISA TETRAZZINI



"JOE" WEBER



CHARLES GILIBERT

facility, and sketches as easily as some people talk. All these stories about Caruso having been a waiter in a restaurant, or having followed some other equally humble occupation, are nonsense. A volume of his clever caricatures, together with a sketch of his life, has recently been published by *La Follia di New York*, the leading Italian weekly of this country. The book is handsomely printed, and for

its amusing sketches of well-known men and women of the stage, of Bohemia, and in diplomatic circles, etc., it is well worth preserving. It is from this collection that I am permitted to make the accompanying reproductions. In justice to Signor Caruso, it should be said that the grouping of the figures on these pages is wholly arbitrary. I am responsible for it,—not he.



ARTURO TOSCANINI



WASSILI SAFONOFF



OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN



# Noteworthy Books of the Month



## History and Biography

Duncan, David.  
Fisher, Sydney George.  
Lowell, A. Lawrence.  
Nojine, E. K.  
Stubbs, William,  
Ed. by Arthur Hassall.

Life and Letters of Herbert Spencer.  
The Struggle for American Independence.  
The Government of England.  
The Truth about Port Arthur.

Appleton.  
Lippincott.  
Macmillan.  
Dutton.

Germany in the Early Middle Ages.

Longmans.

## Belles-Lettres and Poetry

Balfour, A. J.  
Hamilton, Clayton.  
Horne, Charles F.  
Lounsbury, Thomas R.  
Royce, Josiah.  
Stephens, Winifred.  
Van Dyke, John C.

Decadence.  
Materials and Methods of Fiction.  
The Technique of the Novel.  
The Standard of Usage in English.  
The Philosophy of Loyalty.  
French Novelists of To-day.  
The Money God.

Cam. Univ. Press.  
Baker-Taylor.  
Harper.  
Harper.  
Macmillan.  
Lane.  
Scribner.

## Travel and Description

Abraham, Ashley P.  
Cresson, W. P.  
Havelock, Ellis.  
Holbach, Maude M.  
Lomas, John.  
Selous, F. C.  
Ware, Richard D.

Rock-climbing in Skye.  
Persia: the Awakening East.  
The Soul of Spain.  
Dalmatia.  
In Spain.  
African Nature Notes and Reminiscences.  
In the Woods and on the Shore.

Longmans.  
Lippincott.  
Houghton.  
Lane.  
A. & C. Black.  
Macmillan.  
Page.

## Fiction

Barr, Robert.  
De La Pasture, Mrs. Henry.  
Gillmore, Inez Hayes.  
Henry, O.  
McGrath, Harold.  
Oppenheim, E. Phillips.  
Rhodes, Harrison.  
Roberts, Charles G. D.  
Viebig, Clara.  
Willcocks, M. P.  
Williams, Jesse Lynch.

Young Lord Stranleigh.  
The Grey Knight.  
June Jeopardy.  
The Voice of the City.  
The Lure of the Mask.  
The Avenger.  
Adventures of Charles Edward.  
The House in the Water.  
Absolution.  
A Man of Genius.  
The Girl and the Game.

Appleton.  
Dutton.  
Huëbsch.  
McClure.  
Bobbs-Merrill.  
Little-Brown.  
Little-Brown.  
Page.  
Lane.  
Lane.  
Scribner.

## Miscellaneous

Stanton, Stephen B.  
Worcester, Elwood, D.D.,  
and others  
Zeublin, Charles.

The Essential Life.  
Religion and Medicine.  
The Religion of a Democrat.

Scribner.  
Moffat, Yard.  
Huëbsch.

Noteworthy recent publications are recorded on this page, the list serving as a supplement to the reviews and literary notes on the preceding pages. Books bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons are not included.

